THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FEBRUARY 5, 1927

5c. THE COPY

Elizabeth Alexander—Arthur Stringer—Margaretta Tuttle—Sophie Kerr
Horatio Winslow—Struthers Burt—F. Britten Austin—Octavus Roy Cohen

This month's
Health Interest Poster

* * *

Watch for new one next month

HANG THIS IN YOUR CHILD'S ROOM

Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins. Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD					
1st Week					
2nd Week					
3rd Week					
4th Week					

Don't say "ought" or "must"

You can tell your child he "ought" to eat a hot cereal breakfast because school authorities say it is good for him—and you make no impression. But show him how eating hot cereal makes other children able to do the things he wants to do well—and you have stimulated a new interest and co-operation in this health habit. Hang this poster on the wall; it is *his* record for *him* to keep. Send to us for free package of gold stars and every school day he eats a hot cereal breakfast, have him paste a star in the record form. We will also send you a sample box of Cream of Wheat and authoritative book on children's diet. All free. Write today to Cream of Wheat Co., Dept. A-10, Minneapolis, Minn.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

Long wear has been the one important feature smart silk socks have lacked. Now a new weaving process changes this—makes Ex Toe as outstanding for its long-time life as for its smartness.

You Be The Judge

We say, these new-type socks outwear all others 3 to 4 times . . . the smartness of their silk is unsurpassed

NO need to take our words for the surprising figures —"3 to 4 times more wear in these smart socks." Three million men confirm them. So do their wives. Now let them tell you. Or test this claim yourself by getting a single pair of these smart socks today. New-type socks that follow a recent invention.

The new way

Science has discovered a new way of knitting. The toe—where most socks wear out first—now becomes the strongest part of all. Wear is increased by a simple scientific principle.

Just at the point of hardest wear a special wear-resisting thread is woven at the tip and over the top of the toe.

An easy thing to tell about, yet it took experts months to find the perfect way to do it. Hundreds of tests were made, thousands of experiments. Different machines were designed and built. Special thread was carefully selected. At last came the hosiery achievement known to the world as Ex Toe. And by it wear was multiplied by three and four.

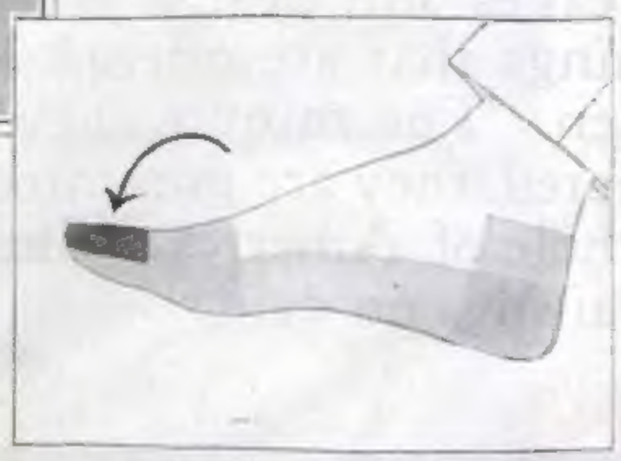
In lustre and sparkle the silk one finds in Ex Toe is supreme. Their tailored fit is strikingly distinctive.

Holeproof also makes socks in fine wool mixtures. Ask to see the smart new patterns. Also the special line of imported designs at ordinary prices.

Smartness at ordinary prices

Above all, these socks are extremely smart. Sheer silks in striking colors make them faultlessly correct. Glove-tight fit at ankles adds to trimness. Yet prices are not high. Only 75c and $1.00 for the finest silks. A wide variety of other materials for 50c. Several specially priced lisle numbers at three pairs for $1.00.

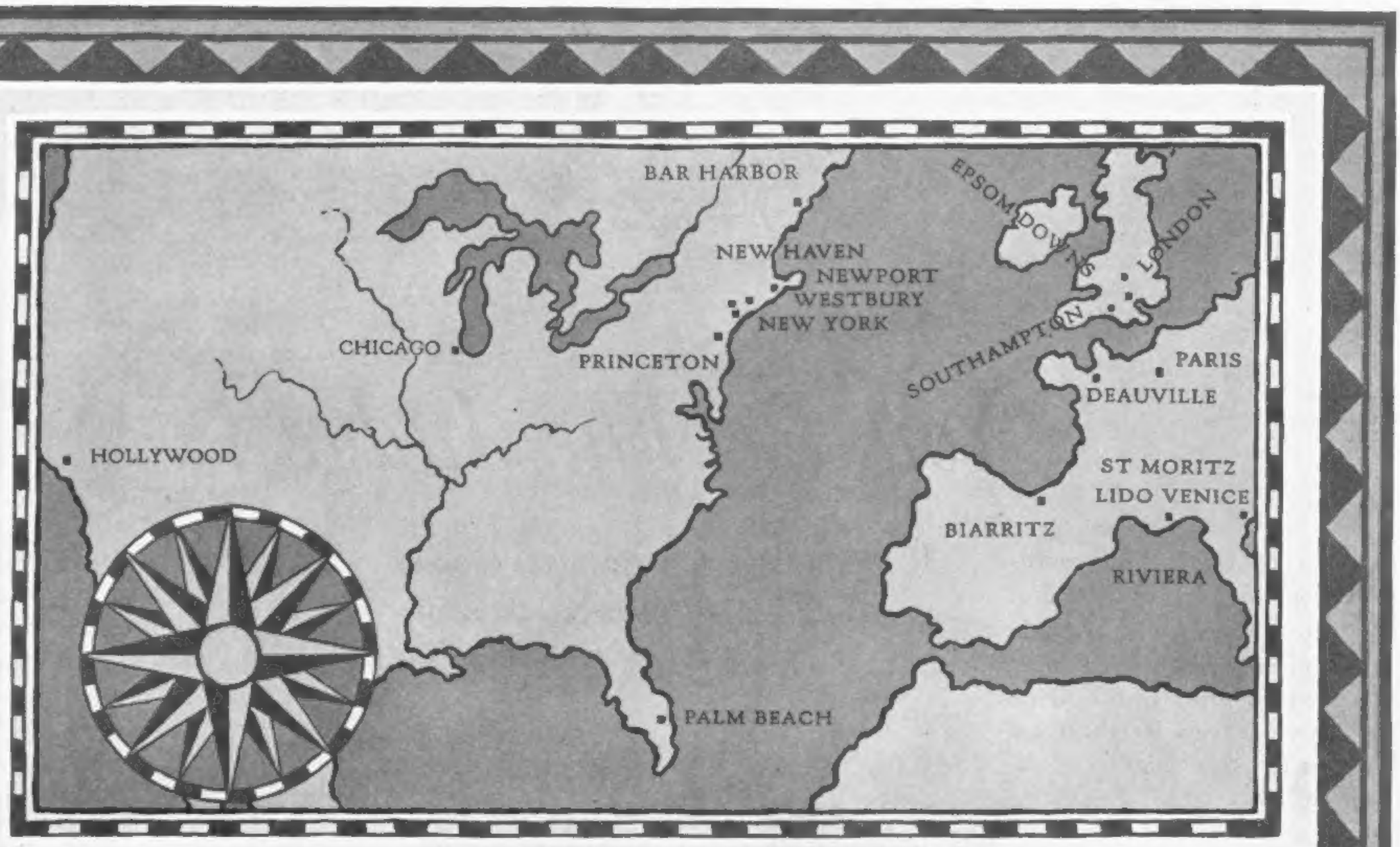
Get a pair today. Be sure to say "Ex Toe." If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.



This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves. That's why these socks are different, for it's in the hiding that the trick lies . . . that the difference is between bulkiness and comfort.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN · HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO



THESE ARE THE STARTING PLACES OF STYLE

Men who know and care about what to wear, and how to wear it, gather at these places for business, pleasure, social activities

The things these men wear are "the style"

In order to forecast style accurately we must know what these "style leaders" are going to wear. And we do

Our experts in colors, patterns, weaves and design create new things that are offered to these men. The minute they are accepted, they are presented to the whole of America. There's no waiting - no delay

There are three new colors for spring, for example; you can know they're right because they have already been adopted at these style centers; silver blue, pigeon gray, and hazel tan

You'll hear more about them; Hart Schaffner & Marx merchants have them now. You'll hear more about the new styles, too, as they're accepted. We'll give you the news in these Saturday Evening Post pages. Read about them; they're authentic; the last word; the styles you want

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THE VIKINGS' DAUGHTER

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

BAR HARBOR, Mt. Desert, Maine.
Desire retain your services in important matter. Please come at once. All expenses paid. Money no object.
ALLISON DINGLE.

THE telegram had arrived at a moment when Mr. Tutt—the rest of the office force, with the exception of Miss Sondheim and Bonnie Doon, having departed for a vacation—was feeling particularly old and lonely.

"Dingle? Dingle? Ever hear of him, Bonnie?" He tossed the yellow sheet toward the ambulance chaser. "Look him up in Who's Who."

Mr. Doon reached for the unwieldy red volume that always stood on the end of the table alongside the Bible, the World Almanac, Burke's Peerage, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, the Shaksperean Concordance, Bibby's Pocket Dictionary and Plœtz's Manual of Universal History.

"Dingal — Dingball —, Dingbat — Dingel — here he is: 'Dingle, Allison; b. Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1870; s. Thomas and Sarah Jane D.; m. Mary Haskell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1904.' Gee! This guy certainly hates himself! They write their own obituaries, you know! Claims he's a manufacturer, financier, author, genealogist, agrostologist ——"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Got me!" answered Bonnie. "But whatever it is, he says he's it!"

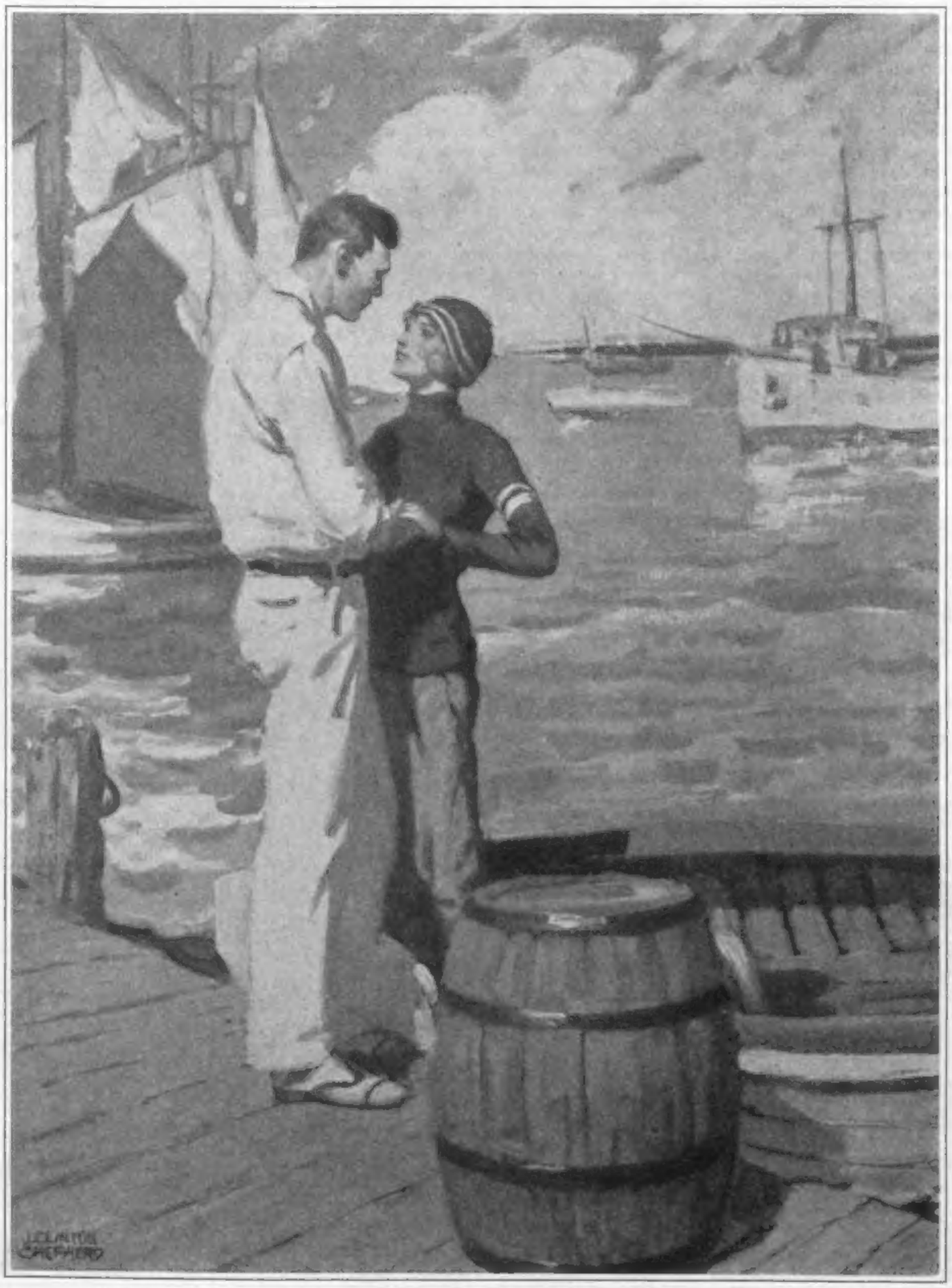
"What clubs or societies does he belong to?"

"Union, Yale, Sons of the Revolution, Society of American Wars, United Order of Americans—there's a lot of it!"

"He's everything but a Blue Goose and a Sacred Camel!" declared Mr. Tutt.

"Anyhow, I guess he's good for a ticket to Bar Harbor." Bonnie replaced the book. "If you don't feel like taking such a long trip this hot weather, I ——"

Now, although Mr. Tutt had always insisted that New York was par excellence the finest summer resort upon the American continent, he was at this particular juncture yearning to get out of it. In the first place, there was absolutely nothing doing in the office of Tutt & Tutt; in the second, the weather had been unspeakably hot; thirdly and lastly, he hated to be left there all by himself when everybody else was off having a good time, and even the Saturday-night meetings of the "Bible Class" at the Colophon Club, where they played deuces wild and everybody raised on a red and black nine, had been temporarily suspended.



A Girl Was Standing in the Stern, Evidently Engaged in Saying Good-by to a Young Man Upon the Float Who Seemed Disinclined to Let Go Her Hand

Besides, strange as it may seem, in spite of the fact that Mr. Tutt was by birth a New Englander and had fished most of the inland waters of the state of Maine, he had never visited the sea coast, although he probably knew more of its early history than most of the native inhabitants. He had passed many a winter evening beside his sea-coal fire in his musty old library on Twenty-third Street, smoking innumerable stogies and reading of the earlier expeditions from France and England to the North Atlantic coast nearly two decades before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620.

Champlain was one of his favorite heroes, and he was familiar with the fact of his picturesque but ill-starred expedition, which, under the charter of Henry of Navarre, King of France, and the leadership of Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monts, had visited the coast of Maine in 1603, discovered the island of Mt. Desert, and attempted unsuccessfully to establish a colony at the mouth of the St. Croix River, where most of them had fallen victims to starvation, scurvy and Indian arrows. Hence Mr. Tutt's interest in Mt. Desert was not social, nor even professional, but historic.

He had always wanted to go to Mt. Desert; and now the chance was being offered him—all expenses paid—by the distinguished Mr. Allison Dingle. Send

Bonnie Doon in his place? Perish the thought! It made no difference who or what Mr. Dingle might be, or the nature of the matter in which the latter desired to retain him. Service was the motto of Tutt & Tutt.

So Mr. Tutt gave Bonnie Doon a paternal smile. "It is very kind of you to suggest going in my place," he said. "But as I read his telegram, Mr. Dingbat demands my personal attention."

"Dingle is the name," corrected Mr. Doon with hauteur.

His employer arose. "I shall honor the call of this patriotic manufacturer of dry cereals," he announced. "You and Miss Sondheim can hold down the office furniture while I am gone."

Thus it was that Mr. Tutt, at five o'clock next morning, had found himself in the wilds of Maine. He had gone by a night express and debouched at Bangor, tired and rather cross, after a sleepless night in a Pullman wherein still hung the humid atmosphere of the Grand Central Station; but having snatched a cup of coffee at the station restaurant and transferred himself to the back platform of the train, he had begun to revive. As he rattled down the single track to Ellsworth and the Mt. Desert ferry, Mr. Tutt, breathing into his tobacco-tanned old lungs the cold air in which the balsam of the pine forests was mingled with the breath of the ever-nearing sea, revived more and more.

Later he had stood clinging to his hat in the bow of the Norumbega as it churned across the bay toward the mountains that ranged themselves like a row of gigantic elephants over the island of Mt. Desert, passed through a narrow channel between some small spruce-covered islands, called Porcupines, and threading its way among the yachts lying in the harbor, bumped at length against the Bar Harbor pier. Mr. Tutt had enjoyed every minute of that beautiful sail, and it was by reason of his desire not to miss anything, and his consequent commanding position in the bow of the steamer, that he was the only passenger to observe the tableau being at that moment enacted upon a neighboring float at which lay a small stubby white launch.

A girl in khaki overalls and blue jersey, her yellow hair cupped by a round worsted blue cap, was standing in the stern, evidently engaged in saying good-by to a white-flanneled young man upon the float who seemed disinclined to let go her hand. They evidently had a great deal of importance to say to each other, and they were much too engrossed to notice either the approach of the Norumbega, which had obligingly stopped its engines, or the inquiring presence of Mr. Tutt; and just as the former bumped the pier the youth bent swiftly, threw his arms about the girl's neck and implanted a kiss upon her smiling lips. For several seconds they stood thus before he reluctantly released her.

"Looks like the kind that would hang on," thought Mr. Tutt, his old heart expanding at this unconscious demonstration of the fervency of young love. "I guess, in his place, I would myself."

"All ashore that's going ashore!" yelled the mate as the hawser looped one of the piles; and Mr. Tutt, grasping his carpetbag, descended the plank, smiling too.

Reaching the pier, he turned to see what further might have happened. The launch was by this time a couple of hundred yards from the float, scudding for the open bay, and the girl looking back, with her hand upon the wheel. They were waving good-by to each other, still smiling.

A trimly gaitered chauffeur relieved Mr. Tutt of his carpetbag, conducted him to a shining limousine, whirled him through the town and up a mile of curving bluestone drive to a château surrounded by pines upon the summit of a neighboring hill.

It was a sparkling day, one of Stevenson's "green days in forests, blue days at sea." The odor of roses drifted from the garden near by; across the tree tops he caught the glint of the ocean.

Mr. Tutt would have liked to throw himself down on the lawn, stick his face into the hot grass, and maybe roll about and kick his old heels in the air; but a portly pink-faced manservant was standing upon the marble step beneath the porte-cochère.

"Mr. Dingle wished me to say that he will be down in a few minutes," he said. "Breakfast is at nine o'clock. Shall I show you to your room, sir?"

So Mr. Tutt turned his back on the sunlight outside and followed the butler through a shadowed entrance hall, hung with armor and mounted trophies, and up the heavily carpeted stairs, to a vast white bedchamber, adjoining an equally vast bathroom, resplendent in tile and gleaming nickel.

At the door of this natatorium, Mr. Griffin, the gentleman in waiting, paused. "How do you like your bath, sir?"

"Er—medium, I guess," temporized the old lawyer.

The eyes of the stately one enfiladed Mr. Tutt's congress shoes, string tie and rusty old frock coat. Elevating the carpetbag upon a supercilious finger, he inquired unhopefully, "Shall I lay out some other clothes for you, sir?"

Mr. Tutt, who had thrown himself at full length upon a lounge and was feeling in his pockets for a match, waved him aside. "No," he replied. "In point of fact, I haven't got any. And you needn't bother to open that bag, either. There's nothing in it but a toothbrush, a pair of socks, a bundle of stogies and my last copy of the Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir," said Mr. Griffin.

"Not at all!" said Mr. Tutt.

II

"I'M A NORDIC," said Mr. Allison Dingle, half an hour later, with one eye on the butler. "And," he added with a significant nod at Mr. Tutt across the breakfast table, "we Nordics must hang together." He drained his cup of coffee nervously and poured half a pitcher of cream over the cereal on the plate before him. "Oh, I'm not a pessimist! But America ought to be for the Americans—the real ones. We, in this country, where the best elements in the stock have a chance to rise to the top, ought to breed true." He waved a stubby arm. "Yes, we ought to breed true—particularly since we live in a country where the really good elements in the stock have a chance to rise to the top. There's where we put it all over the English and the Germans, who weaken the strain by intermarriage within an artificial nobility already run to seed—yes, sir!"

An egg spoon jingled. Mr. Dingle was addressing an imaginary audience of thousands.

"Yes, sir! 'Out of a democracy of opportunity we have created an aristocracy of achievement!' There is no wealth, no honor, no public position which is not within the grasp of any man who has it in him. Look at the Vanderbilts, the Astors; at Rockefeller, at Carnegie, at Ford—and, in a more modest degree, myself! These men had nothing except their natural inheritance of brains and moral fiber, and the other dominant characteristics of our race."

He leaned back in his wicker chair, which creaked ominously, a short, snugly tailored fat man with restless gray eyes. "When did you come over?"

Mr. Tutt regarded him abstractedly. "Me? The ferry landed me at the Bar Harbor pier about twenty minutes ago."

"I know that—I meant your people. When did they come to America?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

Mr. Dingle refused to be placed in the position of entertaining a mongrel. "Tutt sounds like a Scotch name," he mused, ignoring his guest's admission of ignorance. "We Dingles are Scotch. Dingwell the name was originally, until it was unfortunately corrupted over here to Dingle. There is a barony in the family. The first Lord Dingwell dates from 1609. My personal forbears are naturally not in the direct line, but are merely good, honest yeoman stock who came over somewhere toward the beginning of the last century. I find genealogy rather interesting to play with. Everybody should have a hobby, don't you think?"

"I certainly do," agreed Mr. Tutt.

Here, in a Patch of Sun, a Tall Old Man With Snow-White Hair and Beard Was Sitting With Closed Eyes. Beside Him Lay a Girl Reading Aloud—the Girl Mr. Tutt Had Seen That Morning on the Float

Mr. Dingle cast his other eye at the tall Englishman who was fussing at the side table.

"That will be all, Griffin," he said impatiently. "You needn't wait." Griffin reluctantly retired and his master arose and closed both doors leading off the breakfast porch.

"We may as well get down to business," continued Mr. Dingle as he sat down again. "Your time is valuable and so is mine—and I have a golf engagement at ten o'clock. Try one of these." He extended a gold case containing a row of oversized cigarettes, each bearing the initials "A. D." surmounted by a discreet crest.

Mr. Tutt produced a withered stogy. "I'll smoke my own brand, if you don't mind."

Mr. Dingle helped himself and returned the case to his pocket. "Well, the fact is I'm up against a delicate situation. Every rich man has to face the possibility of blackmail, I suppose, but this is different from the ordinary run. . . . The trouble is Robert insists on marrying the girl. He's only twenty-two, and still in college. All my hopes are centered on him. I want him to take my place in the business world—to start where I leave off—and so far he has come right up to scratch. But last Sunday he broke the news to me that he wanted to get married. At first, naturally, I supposed that it was some girl friend of his whom I knew, whose parents come up here in the summer—from New York, Philadelphia or Boston. Then I discovered that this woman had been a waitress at the village tea room and that she was the daughter of a—of a lobster man."

Mr. Dingle paused to allow the full horror of the disclosure to sink in.

"Yes, sir! The daughter of a common fisherman—a man who got his living by catching lobsters. Imagine my son tied up for life to a woman like that! It would ruin him socially—and in a business way too. Ridicule is the one thing that kills a man. Lobsters! It would spoil all my daughter's chances of making a proper match. There is a young Englishman of title over here just now who is quite attentive to her. If he knew about this lobster business he'd run like a rabbit!"

Mr. Tutt nodded. "No doubt he would. . . . Have you seen the young lady?"

"No! And I don't want to. Whatever she looks like—and I assume that she must be good-looking or Robert wouldn't have fallen for her—such a marriage would be preposterous—a calamity."

"Do you know anything against her except that she is a lobster man's daughter?"

"That's all I want to know. I don't want to be allied with that sort of people."

"What's her name?"

"Her name?" Mr. Dingle's gray eyes held the glint of ice. "Her name," he announced, "is Dizzy Zucker—and she comes from Mud Island!"

Mr. Tutt experienced a certain sympathy for his dogmatic host. Dizzy Zucker, of Mud Island! It certainly sounded like bad news! "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Go there and buy her off."

"But suppose she won't be bought off."

"Every woman has her price. I'll pay her anything she asks, so long as it doesn't get into the papers; buy the whole island rather than have my only son married to a lobster man's daughter! Can't you see the headlines? Mud Island! There'd be photographers and reporters swarming all over it! I've no idea what kind of a name Zucker is—Italian probably, or maybe it's Portuguese—there are a lot of them scattered along the coast. But that's the least of my troubles. I could even swallow Mud Island! What I can't stomach is the lobsters—and the girl's front name! Dizzy might mean anything. I can't find out from Robert whether it's her surname, her Christian name—if she is a Christian—or a nickname. If it's the last, she probably drinks. I don't know how a girl would get a name like that in any other way—unless she was an acrobat or suffered from vertigo. Some of these islanders are a tough lot." He leaned back and patted his forehead with his napkin. "Dizzy! Lobsters!" he muttered.

"Where is this Mud Island?"

"Thirty miles offshore from Bass Harbor Light. I'll send you over, when you're ready, in my motorboat. You'll get there in a couple of hours. If money won't turn the trick, maybe your powers of persuasion will. I appreciate that what I'm asking you to do for me is a bit unusual, and I'll not forget it. Do whatever is necessary, and if you're successful, you can fill out your own check and I'll sign it without looking to see how much it's for. I've a lot of other business—and my present attorney isn't altogether satisfactory."

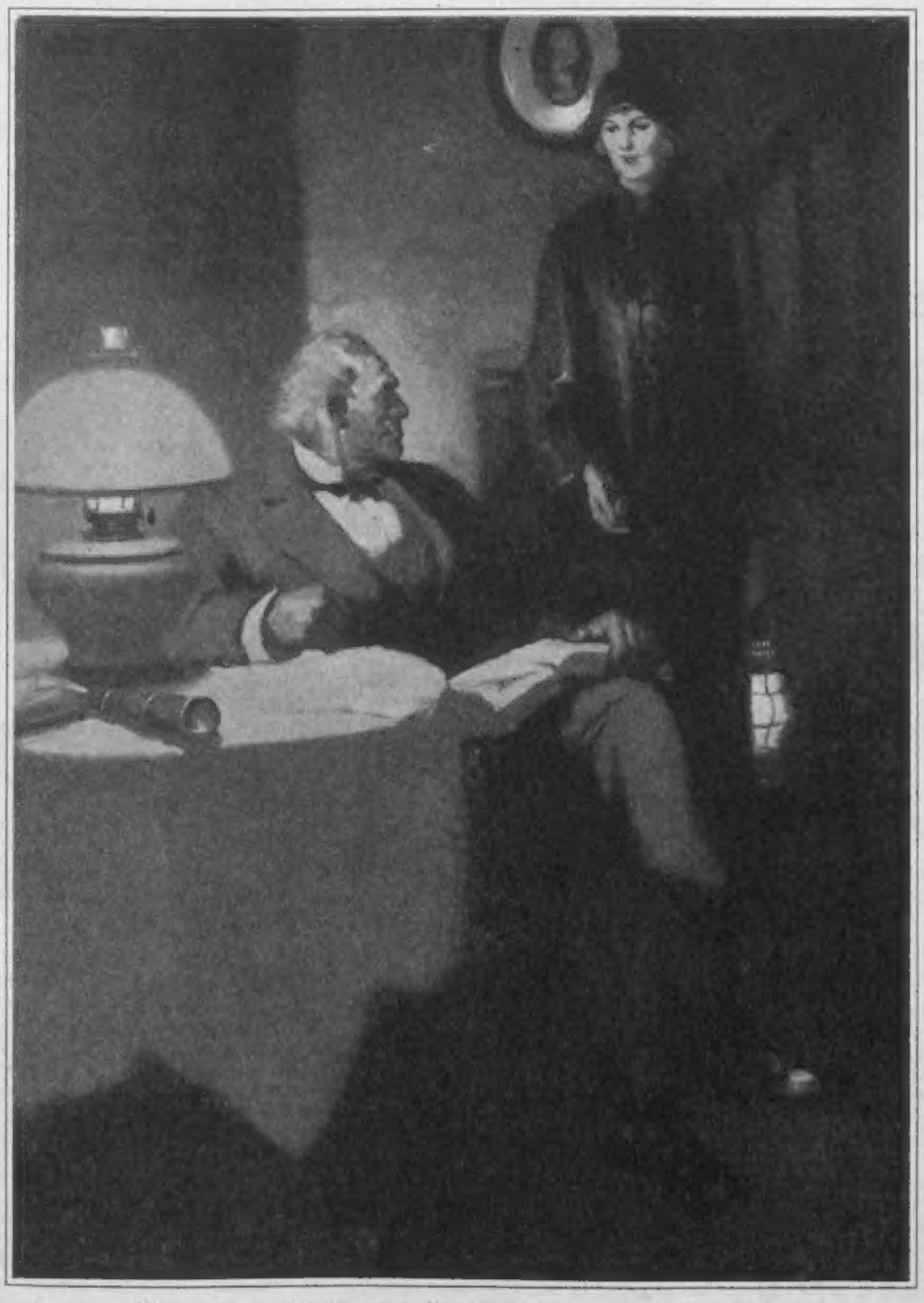
He was the kind of client all lawyers dream about.

"I've only one suggestion," said Mr. Tutt, "and that is that you go with me. It would be much safer if you were on hand to sign your check and close the transaction yourself. If I went alone, the girl might change her mind while I was making my report to you, or perhaps tell your son."

"There's something in that," agreed Mr. Dingle. "We'll go together, and start after luncheon. Now I must hustle off to the golf club. Meantime try to amuse yourself."

"I'd like a chance to talk to your son before we go," said the old lawyer. "It might be wise to get a slant on the young lady through him."

"All right. But you'll find him very obstinate. He simply won't talk to me! In fact we're barely on speaking terms. However—see you at one o'clock. Ta-ta!"



"It's Not Early," She Replied. "It's After One. I Have to Go and Pull My Traps. . . . I'm Sorry You Couldn't Sleep"

III

FROM where Mr. Tutt stood on the veranda, awaiting the arrival of the younger Dingle, he could see the whole grand sweep of Frenchman's Bay. Eastward stretched the hundred-harbored coast, promontory after promontory lying in echelon. Behind him, on the hill, crows summoned one another to council in the pines, squirrels scampered over carpets of pine needles. The air was tonic to the old lawyer's soul.

"What a place to live!" he exclaimed as, with his eyes wandering over the horizon festooned with the smoke of distant steamers bound for Halifax or New York, his thoughts flew back three hundred years to the day when Champlain in his *patache*, a tiny open boat with lateen sails and oars, had come coasting by the reefs and rocks, the bays and harbors of the then unknown coast, until he had sighted the bare summits of *les monts déserts* from which the island took its name. Hardy explorers those, who, braving shipwreck, starvation and savage enemies, had come in their tiny shallops to found a new empire for the King of France!

The seascape shifted its lights and shadows to suit the play of the old man's fancy. The low-lying islands became the shelter of Spanish buccaneers, their rakish schooners hiding behind clumps of trees to swoop down upon the unconscious fishermen—that far-off sloop carrying its load of lumber from Eastport to Boston, changed to a Portuguese caravel, a Norse trireme, a shallop of the Cabots, or the quaint bark of the brave De Guast—Sieur de Monts—with his motley company of nobles and vagabonds; a crew of whom François Villon would have loved to sing—of gamblers, cutthroats, gay young blades of Paris, bloods of the court of Henry IV, and thieves fleeing the torture of the galleys. Mr. Tutt knew the stories of all of them. Under the still, blue, burning sky he saw the mists enveloping De Guast's fragile vessel amid the crags of the long-sought islands; heard the surf roaring along the barren granite shores; watched the creaming of the sunken reefs, the flapping sails of the pinnace; heard the boom of cannon above the songs of Lescarbot. Did Dingle suspect the debt he owed De Guast?"

"How do you do, sir?" The words, in a clear, boyish voice, brought Mr. Tutt to himself. Robert Dingle, tall, brown, was courteously extending his hand. Mr. Tutt recalled the scene on the float. It was thus that he had first seen him. His heart warmed to the young man. Was Dingle, Sr., on the right track, after all? In his self-assured capacity of adjuster general of the universe, Mr. Tutt resolved to get at the bottom of the matter.

(Continued on Page 88)

THE PUREST PASSION

"I'm Sorry. I Didn't Mean to. I'm Sorry," Apologized Juliana

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE small neglected houses in that narrow street were pressed right up against one another like fading flowers squeezed too tight. But each had its tiny yard in front inclosed by iron railings. And though at the left of the house into which Juliana had moved was a creaking sign—For Rent—and scurrying papers, on the right all was order and ruffled curtains and a polished name plate: Dr. Sylvanus Pardee. As Juliana skated on the sidewalk three little Pardees came out of their clean white door and hopped down their path with their sticks. That is, the eldest, a girl about Juliana's own age, hopped. The baby was merely banging his stick about. While the middle one, the smaller girl, was bouncing frantically, giggling and squeaking: "Oh, Angie, I can't! Please show me! Pretty plee-yees! An-ge-la!" But Angela, with a fine haughty nose and calm dropped eyelids, never once turned round, nor answered. So they came through their little iron gate and out on the pavement, where Juliana had paused, quite frankly, to stare at them; and they paused, quite frankly, to stare at Juliana.

Juliana thought it was odd that they were all dressed alike, in dark-blue coats and caps, and white socks—even the big girl's knees were bare—and odd to see a thick mane of fair hair hanging, quite unbraided, down the larger girl's back. But she liked the smaller girl, all brown and quick and curly, dimples and giggles; and the baby was as prettily golden as the cupid on a valentine, though he looked as if he might cry too easily. What her neighbors thought of her was not apparent, for they had all glazed their stares in imitation of Angie. But there was something—something about these children that troubled Juliana. So she began to skate again, very expertly and daringly, on one foot, on one skate, on the old wavy pavement—quite thrillingly, like a beautiful circus lady.

So it happened that the little Pardees came under the spell of Juliana, the magic she could make of the most ordinary play, that special talent of hers for throwing herself headlong into a game, do or die, and infecting others with her own madness. And so it happened that the little Pardees got into the habit of meeting Juliana every afternoon about the same hour, when Millie was too busy in the kitchen to notice, and mamma was even busier, sewing in her own room at the back of the house, and Angela had been trusted to take the younger children out. Besides, they had never been forbidden to play with Juliana. So they often went round the corner—not crossing the street though!—or played at the other end of the row of houses.

It was only a sidewalk friendship—Juliana knew that. Knew that, always, the moment would come: "Well, good-by Juliana!"—and the little iron gate would swing behind them, and the rush of their eager feet up the brick path to their door. Then Juliana would swing on the gate and watch the lights at their windows and the stir of figures behind their curtains. Finally, inch by inch, she would draw herself away from their bright house; and, sometimes hopping on one foot, as if hopping were the only thing in life that really mattered, but often just walking along soberly on both feet, like grown people, Juliana would approach her own house, which was dark.

Katie was usually sitting in the kitchen with her shoes on a paper in the oven, having another cup of tea. There would be the little knitted shawl round her shoulders, which meant she had the rheumatism again. She would sigh, and say spring was an awful time, like damp, and "rahr," and when Juliana tried to tell her about the children next door—Angie her own age, and the five-year-old baby they called "Boopie," and the middle one—her favorite—"Trix."

"Tricks! That ain't a girl's name. That's a dog's name!" cried Katie.

Oh, well, it was no use. So Juliana would run away through the dark house. She always ran. Katie said it wasn't good for her, now she was growing so fast. But how could she sit, sit, and creep along like grown people? For there was a mysterious stirring in the air, as if something wonderful was just about to happen. She had felt it all spring, wondered what it was; and now she understood. The children—the people next door! Mrs. Pardee, whom she had never met, but whose voice she knew.

Through the frail old walls between the two houses Juliana could hear what went on next door. Not actual words, but the hum of talking and laughter, hurrying footsteps, closing doors, the tinkle of a piano, the deep rumble-rumble-bumble that was the doctor speaking, as if he had stones in his mouth. And then the children running upstairs to their nursery, which was next to Juliana's own room. As she lay in her bed, pressed close against the wall, she could hear the little Pardees going to bed—no, being put to bed—and the sound of their mother's voice.

II

CARVED out of ivory, frail seeming but firm, was Charlotte Pardee. Her hair was ebony on ivory, sleek as a blue dove's wing. The dimple at her mouth—geranium mouth—deceived men. They turned in the street. But her face was frozen—purely frozen to one purpose. Intent as a face exquisitely carved from ivory. Her small, exquisite, ivory figure was in flight. Hurrying—hurrying

always—winging, like a bird, straight home; and with more than the ingenuity of a robin had she contrived her nest.

Out of this old neglected house, in this poor old shabby street, she had built a delightful nest for her babies. With her own hands, pointed as those of an idol, she had repainted the woodwork—ivory too—and reclaimed the wide-boarded floors from long abuse to dark gleaming. With her own eyes, rapt as those of a saint, she had persuaded the landlord to knock out a partition. Two small rooms on the second floor were now a nursery. There, every night, she sang her babies to sleep, in a voice that was small but true, sweet and birdlike:

"One night in a man-ger,
No place for his bed,
The lit-tul Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head. . . ."

There, in the little white beds enameled by their own mother's hands, the little Pardees lay. There, under the sheets she had hemmed, under the soft blankets with linen folds stitched by her own fingers, snuggled into small pillows with handmade cases, the Pardee children drifted into the land of sleep on the tide of their mother's voice.

On the other side of the wall Juliana was caught in the overflow of that bountiful tide of mother love; and she, too, slept.

III

ONE afternoon about a fortnight after their friendship began, the Pardee children did not meet Juliana at the accustomed hour. For their governess had taken them up to the park. And a very neat, pretty governess Millie made, in an old black dress and hat of Mrs. Pardee's done over.

In fact, Millie's appearance was the best thing about her, Mrs. Pardee said. She couldn't cook or clean or do anything properly, but she was the only servant they could possibly afford, and she was devoted. In time she could be trained, Mrs. Pardee said. In the meantime she looked like a nice-people's servant.

So, while cook-butler-charwoman Millie played governess in the park—way up at the other end of town where nice people lived—Mrs. Pardee played maid at home. Very neatly and expertly, as she did everything, but with a certain compression at her lips. Charlotte Pardee did not like housework. But if she must, she would do it excellently—for her children! And work twice as hard as other women, too, because she wouldn't let go—sink down into poverty as if it were her natural state. No! Her husband's meager income, this shabby street, should never defeat Charlotte Pardee! That meant an immaculate house and attractive, immaculate persons in it; manicured nails, shining hair, dainty frocks for herself and for her children. Monogrammed towels, linen serviettes. Nothing sham or shoddy. Simple things, but real things.

These her children must have! These she would fight to the death for! Work herself to death, if need be, embroidering, crocheting, knitting; scalloping, pleating, fluting and frilling; turning, and mending, and pressing, and planning, and contriving. Doubling on her financial tracks like a hunted animal. Playing on the more susceptible tradesmen to get the best of everything always, and always just a little bit more than she paid for. Vanquishing with her smile the big red-cheeked butcher, the inflammable Italian grocer, the gawking adolescent youth in the creamery—stepping back, daintily as a cat, within herself, and away from their odious answering smiles—odious as the smells of raw meat and much milk—but using her charm, with a sort of proud wantonness, for her children. Squeezing every cent out of the dollar and every ounce of energy and devotion out of Millie. Well! But she never spared herself either!

She ran upstairs now, and bathed and changed into her tea gown, cleverly made out of an old evening dress. When the children came home at twilight she was seated at the piano in the low-ceilinged, square, white living room, satin shining rosily under the lamp, deep lace falling over round elbows, hands running as gayly over the keys as if they had never scrubbed a sticky saucepan—in rubber gloves—nor polished the silver—ditto. The silver shone on the low tea table before the open fire, and the glossy linen and the frail transparent cups—many a mother would not have allowed her children to touch them; but Charlotte's children must become accustomed to nice things.

So she gave them their tea—very weak, of course—largely milk and hot water—but they must become accustomed to the tea ceremony—with all the gracious airs of a hostess.

She listened to their narratives with the attention due to guests. But when a lull came among the eager voices Charlotte asked, in a tone that tried to be casual:

"So you didn't happen to see your little cousins in the park?"

"No, mamma!"

"And we came back by their house too," Angela added with a conscious air of virtue. "But still we didn't see them!"

"Oh, really? Well! Too bad," said Charlotte. But she laughed lightly to show it didn't matter in the least.

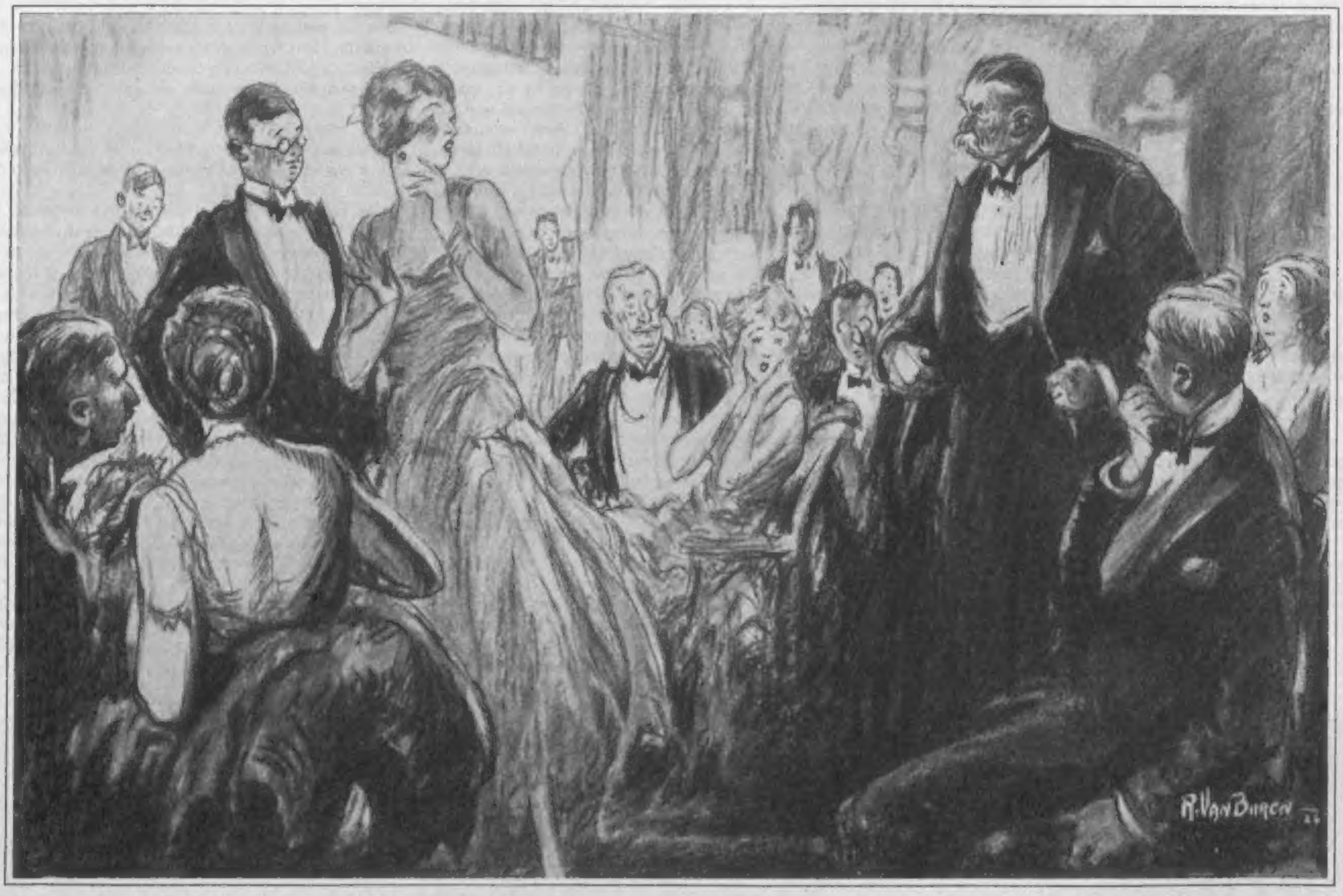
Then, because she disliked for her children to see her face marred by vexation, she turned toward the window. It had just begun to rain when the children came in, and now the light drizzle had settled to a swift drenching downpour. It had become so dark that Mrs. Pardee could only faintly see something moving outside her railings. No; hanging on the gate! The hinges would soon be broken if children were allowed to swing on that gate! The doctor must put a stop to it. But since he was not at home, and Millie, of course, could not be asked to go out in the rain, Mrs. Pardee rapped on the window.

The child, whose face she could not see, remained perfectly motionless for an instant. "Stupid!" thought Mrs. Pardee. And then it jumped off the gate and ran. Mrs. Pardee drew down the blinds. That child had been staring in her windows. How perfectly horrid! In the rain too. Perhaps it was half-witted! A dreadful shudder of fear shook Mrs. Pardee as she thought of the dangers her children were exposed to in this slumlike neighborhood, and a little quiver of bitterness pierced Mrs. Pardee's heart. For

(Continued on Page 181)

On One Foot, on One Skate, on the Old Wavy Pavement—Quite Thrillingly, Like a Beautiful Circus Lady

AMBITION AND THE LADIES



"Oh, I Will, Will I?" Said the Man With the Mustache, Now Stopping His Remarks About "He Does It With His Stomach"

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

YES," said Newt Runkle, better known to us in Lamson's Mills as Noodles, "that is the scandalous truth about Miss Lamson and that is the scandalous truth about Doc Kiddene, and them are the scandalous facts about the rest of these summer people who think they are better than we are. And I may earn my crust of bread by mowing their lawns and taking care of their furnaces when necessary, but I hope I am a free American citizen, and when you ask me what I think about these summer people with their practical jokes, I will say I think they are a lot of leering nitwits, and if Miss Lamson and Doc Kiddene had had hearts in their bosoms, instead of chunks of ice, they would have told me before I sat down that the chair was broken."

Well, I have always been in favor of free speech, but when you have heard the same scandal repeated three times by the same stewed character, and all in fifteen minutes, and when you know he will start again if not stopped, you feel relieved to see him led outside and told not to come back into the shop again until sober. Though it must be added that the only difference between Noodles stewed and otherwise was the fact that when drunk he ripped out scandalous cracks every time he opened his mouth, and when sober sometimes he minded his own business.

"Sam," I said, laying down my hammer, when he came back from having put Noodles out of the shop—"Sam, I will now take up the subject which we started to discuss when interrupted. You remember, Sam, that little conversation we had three months ago on the subject of ambition?"

"Yes, Arnie, I remember that conversation," said Sam, sitting down beside the bench.

"You said to me, Sam: 'Arnie,' you said, 'it is all right to make and repair automobile springs, and when I pass on to a better world I hope to leave this business to you if you still want it. But at best it is only a trade and not a profession, and a young man like you with ambition ought to look for something higher.'"

"Yes, Arnie; I remember saying that."

"I then pulled out of my pocket and showed you, Sam, the ambition literature I had just received in three lines—namely, gratis pamphlets showing how the untrained man could become an electrical engineer or a finger-print engineer or a ventriloqual engineer."

"Yes, I remember all that distinctly, Arnie."

"And you said, Sam, that there seemed to be too many electrical engineers just now, and that the detective trade was not healthy on account of detectives being obliged to pass their time watching for clews in damp places. But, Sam, you did not say anything against becoming a ventriloqual engineer."

"No, Arnie, I did not say anything against that."

"Well, Sam, as a result of secret practice night and morning, that is what I have become."

Sam looked surprised. "Do you mean you have become a ventriloqual engineer already?"

"Yes, Sam," I said, "and I do not see any reason why I should not be among the cream of my chosen profession. There is big money in vaudeville—performers earning from five hundred to three thousand dollars a week, and all for a few moments of work that is the same as play. They travel all over the world at the expense of others, making friends with all the prominent people, for a ventriloqual engineer is a favorite wherever he goes. So that is what I have become and am now prepared to demonstrate the results of my studies and practice."

"Do you mean to say, Arnie, that you are already a full-fledged ventriloqual engineer?"

"That is just what I mean to say, Sam."

"I would certainly appreciate it, Arnie, if I could see you throw your voice somewhere."

"Well, how would you like it if I should throw it down cellar, Sam?"

"I would like that fine, Arnie."

Accordingly, with my glottis in Position Three, I began the following dialogue—and I hope I do not have to explain that in this dialogue I spoke for both characters because, though one party appeared to be in the cellar, this was merely an optical illusion which may be produced by any trained ventriloqual engineer.

"Hello, hello, hello, up there."

"What are you doing down there?"

"I am getting ready to go fishing. What are you doing up there?"

"I am just entertaining an evening party. How would you like to come up and help me out?"

"Help you out? When did you fall in? Can you swim? Wait a minute and I will throw you a line."

I had got just this far when a sudden burst of applause caused me to turn around. Immediately behind me stood Sam's daughter, Ruth, by name, to whom I was engaged to be married, and by the pleased expression on her face it was easy to see that she had heard all.

"Oh, Arnold, when did you learn to do that? Why didn't you tell me? Isn't it wonderful."

In a few words I began to explain all about my ambition, which up to this moment I had cultivated in secret. In the midst of this explanation I was much surprised to observe Sam take a position in back of his daughter and make frantic motions to me to stop talking and say no more. But I could see no reason for this, and going right ahead, continued to explain to Ruth what I was now going to do with my life.

"It is simply wonderful, Arnold," she said, when I had finished, "and how I will enjoy it, not only traveling around as your wife and meeting all those prominent people but also how proud I will be to feel that in my little way I helped you attain your ambition. Because I am not only willing and eager but determined to help you, Arnold. I am a modern girl, Arnold, and very broad-minded, and

when I promised to marry you I decided that, whatever my personal feelings, I would always do what was best for your highest interests."

As she said this last Sam leaned back against the bench and fanned himself with his right hand the same as if all in, and remained in this position until I came back from having helped Ruth into her car.

"Arnie," he said in a depressed voice, "it is all over; and it is my fault, because I ought to have warned you, but I did not think in time."

"Why is it all over, Sam, and what is all over?"

"Your ambition, Arnie. Try as hard as you can from now on, you will never get to be a practicing ventriloqual engineer. It is too late."

"Why is it too late, Sam?"

"Because of this little incident that just happened."

"Do you mean because of what I said to Ruth about my ambition?"

"That is just what I mean, Arnie."

"But she said she would help me, Sam."

"Arnie," he remarked in the most discouraged voice I ever heard him use, "it is not manly to knock a woman, especially when she happens to be your own daughter, but you can never tell what any woman means by what she says. If you ever ask Ruth what she thinks of Miss Lamson, Ruth will tell you that Miss Lamson is a lovely lady and she thinks the world of her. But the facts in the case, Arnie, are that last summer Miss Lamson queered a church social Ruth was getting up, and ever since, Ruth has been waiting for a chance to get back at her. And she will, too, because Ruth is just like her mother before her."

"What has that got to do with my becoming a ventriloqual engineer, Sam?"

"Arnie, all women are alike in one thing: They have got no use for ambition. They do not understand it and they do not like it. They would rather die in their tracks than let their husbands act progressive and not the way everybody has always acted. I was a young man, Arnie, when I met Ruth's mother. I had just learned the blacksmith trade and was earning fair wages, but was dissatisfied as a result of having refined ambitions; and I never had any idea that at this time of my life I would be in a small town making and repairing automobile springs. What I wanted to do, Arnie, was to become a magnetic healer."

"A magnetic healer, Sam?"

"Yes, Arnie, for I had magnetic gifts, and I had signed statements to this effect from three different magnetic professors. Then one day, not knowing any better, I told Ruth's mother about my ambition. And here I am now, Arnie, making automobile springs."

He shook his head and looked so sad that I felt obliged to wait a minute before speaking. "Sam," I remarked finally, "Ruth is a modern girl and very broad-minded."

"So was her mother, Arnie," said Sam, with a groan that told more than words; "and you may as well make up your mind that what happened to me will happen to you Arnie, you will never get to be a practicing ventriloqual engineer."

"But Ruth is not opposed to my ambition, Sam. On the contrary, she has promised to help me."

"Yes, Arnie," Sam went on in the same voice, "that is what she said—that is what she said."

II

A LITTLE investigation of what had really happened in the case of Sam and Ruth's mother made me feel that Sam was simply prejudiced in the matter. His wife had been a school-teacher, and when Sam had confided to her his heart's ambition, she had bought him a large medical anatomy and had made him start learning it by heart, because she said it was foolish to think of being a capable magnetic healer without knowing all the parts of the body by their Latin names. She had got Sam through the bones and into the muscles before he made up his mind it would be easier to stick to the old anvil. That was the reason that today he was only a manufacturer and repairer of automobile springs earning six thousand a year net.

But what convinced me that Ruth was not pulling anything, the same as Sam thought her mother had pulled, was her willingness to see me start in at once. Instead of saying I had better study a couple of years more, she was eager to have me begin on Broadway the soonest possible.

"Ruth," I said, "I do not see how I can get a chance to perform before a New York audience without preliminary experience first."

"You are right, as usual, Arnold, and I have a splendid idea that will solve your difficulty. Miss Lamson is always giving entertainments for the summer people and I am sure she would be glad to give you a chance."

"That is all right with me, but I do not see how it can be worked. I am practically a stranger in town, never having met Miss Lamson, and I heard you did not like her."

Throwing back her head, she replied, with a burst of merry laughter, "You must have been listening to father, Arnold, to say anything so ridiculous. Of course I like Miss Lamson and I think she is a perfect dear—always so jolly. We had a slight difference of opinion last summer when she gave a social for the benefit of the flood victims the same night we gave ours. Thus, instead of our social being a success, it cost us each twelve dollars apiece just to break even, and as I was getting it up, they all blamed me. But I never believe the stories that Miss Lamson did this, as they claimed she did, 'to put the blacksmith's daughter in her place.' Or if she did make the remark, it was only in fun, and Miss Lamson is full of fun. No, Arnold, I consider Miss Lamson a sweetly sympathetic character."

I was glad to hear that Ruth was not vindictive like her father thought she was, and that if I gave an exhibition at the Lamsons' it would not hurt her feelings. "Well, Ruth," I said, "what do you think I had better do first?"

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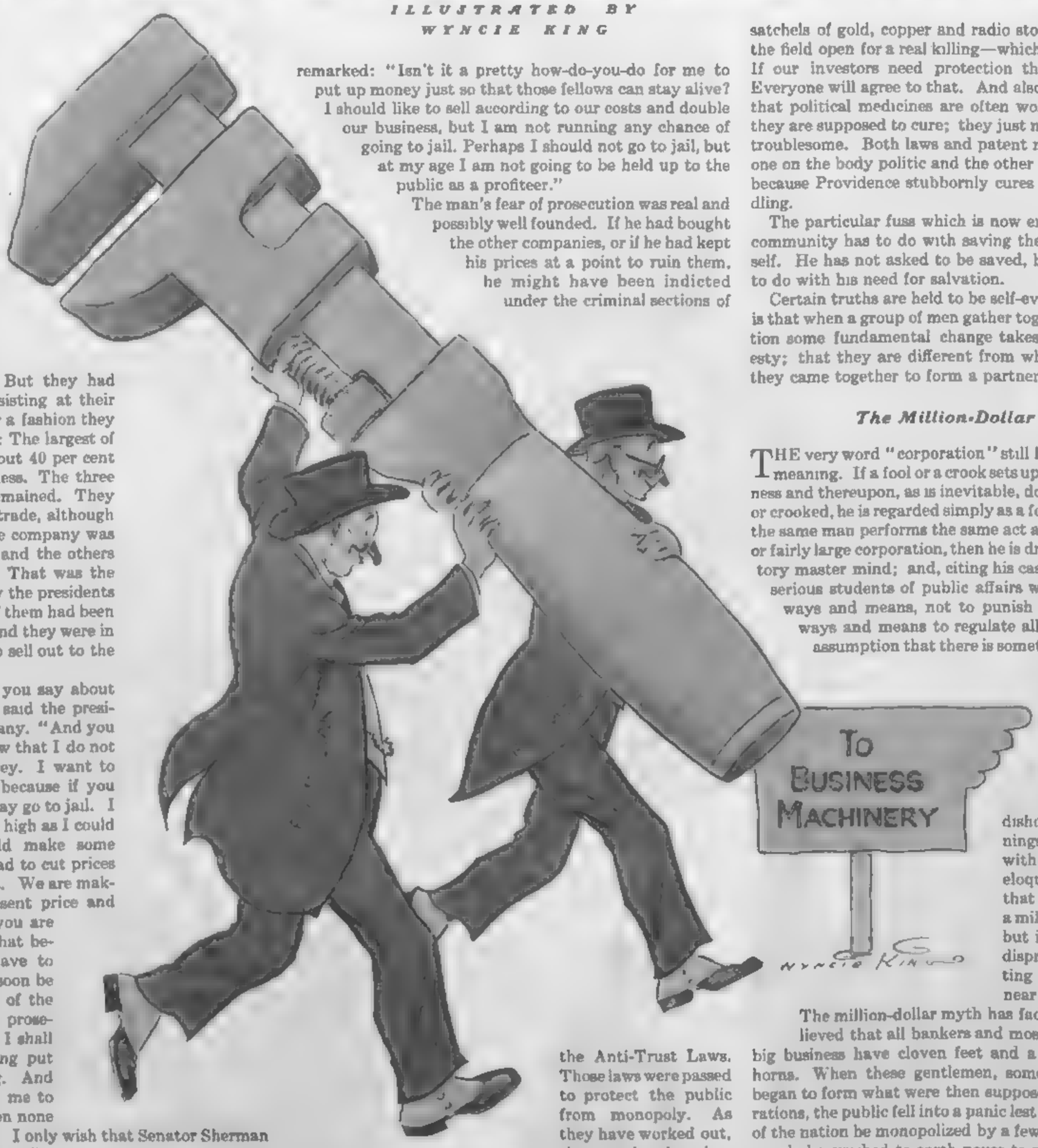
And at the Same Minute Two University Football Players With Broad Shoulders and Pleasant Smiles Left the Audience, and Stepping Behind the Scenes Close to Where I Was Sitting, Picked Up a Pole From the Corner

COME, LET US REGULATE

By William R. Basset and Samuel Crowther

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



THE presidents of four corporations sat gloomily in a Lower Manhattan office—one of those offices where the windows frame the harbor's passing ships. But the meeting was not for the view. These men had something else on their minds.

Their four corporations represented an entire industry. By all the books they should have been plotting destruction. But they had rather the look of assisting at their own funerals, and after a fashion they were. It was this way: The largest of the companies had about 40 per cent of the country's business. The three others divided what remained. They were competitors for trade, although not on price. The large company was the low-cost producer and the others simply had to follow. That was the trouble. That was why the presidents were so dour. Three of them had been losing money heavily and they were in that room proposing to sell out to the big company.

"I know that what you say about losing money is true," said the president of the large company. "And you know as well as I know that I do not want you to lose money. I want to keep you in business, because if you go out of business I may go to jail. I have kept my prices as high as I could just so that you could make some money. But I have had to cut prices in order to get business. We are making money at the present price and could go lower; but you are losing money so fast that before long you will have to quit, and then I shall soon be doing all the business of the country and may be prosecuted as a monopoly. I shall be charged with having put you out of the running. And it won't help you for me to raise the prices, for then none of us will sell anything. I only wish that Senator Sherman were here to sit in with us."

Their product was a food derived from what had been waste. This food was also grown, and therefore the price of the derived product had to be kept lower than that of the natural, and the price of the natural food was then low.

Nursing Sick Competitors

THE big company was the pioneer in the field, had been skillfully managed, had accumulated a great deal of money, and had so perfected its plants and processes that it could earn a profit, selling at half the prices of its competitors. These competitors had rushed into the industry half a dozen years before in the hope of getting a share of the profits of the big company—or getting bought out. They had neither the brains nor the money to be real competitors, but the astute president of the pioneer concern had secretly welcomed them because their presence relieved him of the charge of monopoly. He had carefully nurtured them and here they were on his doorstep, as supplicants and not as competitors. He finally had to arrange in a most roundabout way for these companies to borrow enough money to stay in business. It was his own money that they borrowed, although no investigation would ever have traced the money to him. In telling me the story he remarked: "Isn't it a pretty how-do-you-do for me to put up money just so that those fellows can stay alive? I should like to sell according to our costs and double our business, but I am not running any chance of going to jail. Perhaps I should not go to jail, but at my age I am not going to be held up to the public as a profiteer."

The man's fear of prosecution was real and possibly well founded. If he had bought the other companies, or if he had kept his prices at a point to ruin them, he might have been indicted under the criminal sections of the Anti-Trust Laws. Those laws were passed to protect the public from monopoly. As they have worked out, they merely raise prices to the public. In most of the great industries there is one outstanding company with low costs which can sell at a profit at prices that would wreck all the other companies. They cannot do this during booms, for they have not the capacity to handle all the business, but they can do it when business is slack. But they never price as low as they might, for they are advised by their lawyers that they will be in danger of prosecution if by any chance they do more than half the business of the country. The only exception to this seems to be automobiles, and it is significant to note that we now get more automobile for a dollar than before the war.

We have an odd way with business. With the right hand we anoint the rich man, while with the left we swat him. The rich man and big business once meant the same thing. The plain people had to be protected against them. Now the plain people directly, as well as through life-insurance companies and savings banks, own more of big business than do the rich. That was thought to be rather to the good. But now it appears that the rich men have just unloaded and that the plain people in their thrift have bought only the right to be conveniently swindled in a respectable and very thorough way. The bankers, it would seem, have chased away the blue-sky boys with their satchels of gold, copper and radio stocks in order to have the field open for a real killing—which is important if true. If our investors need protection they ought to get it. Everyone will agree to that. And also everyone will agree that political medicines are often worse than the disease they are supposed to cure; they just make the illness more troublesome. Both laws and patent medicines thrive, the one on the body politic and the other on the body human, because Providence stubbornly cures in spite of our meddling.

The particular fuss which is now engaging much of the community has to do with saving the investor from himself. He has not asked to be saved, but that has nothing to do with his need for salvation.

Certain truths are held to be self-evident. Among them is that when a group of men gather together into a corporation some fundamental change takes place in their honesty; that they are different from what they would be if they came together to form a partnership.

The Million-Dollar Myth

THE very word "corporation" still has a slightly sinister meaning. If a fool or a crook sets up individually in business and thereupon, as is inevitable, does something foolish or crooked, he is regarded simply as a fool or a crook. But if the same man performs the same act as an officer of a large or fairly large corporation, then he is dramatized as a predatory master mind; and, citing his case as an example, our serious students of public affairs will set out to devise ways and means, not to punish crooks or fools, but ways and means to regulate all corporations on the assumption that there is something in the corporate form which creates crooks and fools.

Most people now know that it is possible to make a million dollars honestly and decidedly difficult to make it dishonestly. William Jennings Bryan is credited with having said in the eloquence of his youth that no man could make a million dollars honestly, but in his riper years he disproved himself by getting together somewhere near a million dollars.

The million-dollar myth has faded, but it is still believed that all bankers and most of the presidents of big business have cloven feet and a tendency to sprout horns. When these gentlemen, some twenty years ago, began to form what were then supposed to be large corporations, the public fell into a panic lest the essential services of the nation be monopolized by a few malefactors and the people be crushed to earth never to rise again.

The large corporations were then controlled by a comparatively small group of wealthy men. The public agitation found expression in the various antitrust suits, such as those against Standard Oil, the Steel Corporation and the Tobacco Company, although nearly every large corporation had a suit filed against it. Previously the Interstate Commerce Commission had been created to keep the railroads in line, and later the Federal Trade Commission was established to keep a running watch on corporations. At the same time the states set up all sorts of regulating machinery.

The general thought was that the public had to be protected from monopoly.

The academic type of mind never knows how business functions and is always suspicious of it. Woodrow Wilson made his reputation while governor of New Jersey on a series of laws to regulate corporations which were known as the Seven Sisters. Those laws helped to give him the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

The last of them was repealed the other day, not because bad finally triumphed over good, but because the laws, by common consent, were abandoned as unworkable. Their enactment was front-page news; their repeal was a minor item.

The fear of monopoly is dead. Corporations have been growing ever larger; but when La Follette brought out a platform repeating the stuff about corporations and big business that was popular fifteen years ago, the public could work up not even a moderate interest, even though the newspapers did exercise themselves considerably. The people are not exactly for big business, but neither are they against it. They do not have to register their wills one way or the other, and it is to be remembered that the present generation of voters were playing marbles when the agitation against business was at its height. If you said "malefactor of great wealth" today, it is likely that nine out of ten people would think you were referring to a bootlegger or a gunman.

It is said that the opposition to business has died because so many people are becoming investors. It is true that the stock of many great corporations is daily having a larger distribution, and this very distribution has started a new and rather curious movement which represents another cycle in the turn of public opinion. The men who were yesterday saying that business had to be regulated lest it prey on the public are now saying that business must be regulated lest it prey on investors.

An Expensive Game of Tag

THE movement is just beginning. It is plausibly and forcefully presented. The presidents and bankers who a few years ago were running around in circles lest the Sherman Law catch them, today are going through much the same maneuvers to avoid being charged with hornswoggling, short-changing or otherwise maltreating their stockholders. It would seem that all are guilty as charged. Else why should strong, cold, silent men bother to note what is said about them?

There are a great many strong, cold, silent men in the financial districts of New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, but nearly all of them are ex-policemen holding down jobs as bank guards. They are utterly impervious to public opinion. But the men who count are rarely of the cold, hard type. Those who appear to have the hardest shells are really the supersensitive men who are rude because they are self-conscious. The very insensitiveness which a Napoleon of finance or a captain of industry is supposed to have would prevent him from ever becoming more than a top sergeant.

There are plenty of brigands, potential or actual, in business and finance, but they are not to be found in high places. They get so sharp that they cut themselves early in life. There are some very stupid men holding prominent offices, and every once in a while one of them breaks out with something superlatively ridiculous; but none of these stupid men are all-round stupid. You will always find a developed, possibly overdeveloped, quality to which they owe their position. But, like certain opera singers, they can be depended on to do the wrong thing when off the stage.

Then, of course, there are always a few men who owe their positions to family connections. But unless they have brains they rarely have power. They are quite harmless, except sometimes to themselves. The incompetent rich are no longer permitted to play with financial buzz saws; they go in either for farming or matrimony in an experimental way. The out-and-out buccaneers of the heyday of railroad building and stock-exchange speculation have no successors—and few imitators. A cross section of our leaders of finance and industry would disclose just about the same kind of men as one would find in a cross section of a town of twenty-five thousand people. The scale of ability would be different, but the human beings would be quite the same.

The reason why so many of the men whose names you know are bothered by this latest turn in corporate affairs is that all of them know what it means to have the politicians and reformers go berserk. It has long been recognized that governmental regulation of corporations is a game into which neither right nor wrong enters. It is just a game of tag, but a very expensive game. It costs big corporations millions a year to be chased. And if they are tagged, then it costs more millions. Usually no more moral turpitude is involved than in a traffic court. Every motorist knows that it is not possible to drive without violating a law—that if he keeps within the speed law he may be arrested for obstructing traffic. And just as he is at the mercy of the digestion of the traffic officer, so is the large corporation at the mercy of not one but dozens of political officers.

The serious aspect is this: We are in a transition stage of business. We do not quite know what the stage is or what is going on. We do know that something has brought a higher level of well-being to the people of this country than any people in the world has ever had. This is not the golden age of the few. It is the golden age of the many. We also know that this result has been attained by absolutely flying in the face of the serious and suspicious academic students of business who have combined with the irrational and the mercenary types of politicians to stuff our statute books full of regulatory laws.

If the courts would consent to enforce every corporate regulation in this country in a literal accordance with its text and intent, then we should practically have to go back to the petty, wasteful, individual trade of half a century ago, and much that we today think of as necessities would return to the luxury class. Cheap automobiles, electric light, motion pictures and a thousand and one articles and services are in daily use only because they have been made cheap and convenient by national corporations of great resources.

That our machinery of supply is great and important is no reason for standing in awe of it. But neither is it a reason for throwing rocks at it. We ought at least to know what we are about.

The present agitation was begun by a college professor and it centers on three points:

First, that the managers of corporations and the bankers behind them have set themselves up as dictators and have practically withdrawn voting rights from the stockholders, even where on the face of things they have rights, and recently in a number of cases they have gone even farther than this by issuing classes of stock which specifically have no right to vote. This frankly centers the control in a small amount of stock which is held by the managers and the bankers and gives the investors no say.

Second, that the financial reports of many corporations are so meager as to tell the stockholders practically nothing, and hence only the insiders know exactly how much money the corporation is making or how it is making it.

Third, that the practice of many public-utility companies, such as electric-light and gas companies, of selling stock to their consumers is dangerous, because these public utilities are so intricately organized that the investor actually has no means of knowing what he is buying. Since it has become possible economically to transmit electric current a thousand miles or more over high-pressure lines, we have had the superpower movement by which the electricity, instead of being wastefully made in a little neighborhood plant, is generated hundreds of miles away at some coal mine or powerful stream, and then distributed to hundreds of the local companies which formerly manufactured their own power.

The Great Dollar Mystery

THESE local companies have to be kept in existence because of their charter rights; but in order to get them under a single management, a majority of all their stock is bought by what is called a holding company—as distinguished from an operating company—and then as the systems become more powerful these holding companies go into larger holding companies, and so on until in the end we attain organizations of extraordinary complexity.

Further to complicate matters, all these companies have outstanding issues of bonds, one or more classes of common stock, and sometimes preferred stock. The real money is earned by the operating companies. Their earnings in turn become the earnings of the holding companies, and the earnings of these holding companies become the earnings of the holding companies above them. Thus, when a dollar finally reaches the top, only an accountant who is also a detective can tell whence that dollar actually came. The principal objection is that the final holding company may be made to appear something which it is not; it may be made to look as though it had all assets and no liabilities, because the liabilities are technically those of its subsidiaries.

It is said that some fifteen million people in this fair land are now the owners of stocks and bonds of corporations. It is not specifically charged that the managers and bankers are defrauding stockholders. But, it is said,

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THE PIG'S EARS

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

MICHAEL RANDALL and Rufus Randall were brothers and, what is more important and certainly more unusual, they were close, understanding friends. Each actually liked the other, and they enjoyed being together. There was none of this dutiful-affection stuff which merely masks critical antagonism, as in so many families. Michael was married, but his wife Molly was fond of Rufus, too, and the three of them lived pleasantly and easily in the big old Randall house at the head of Beech Street. And Molly, who was a housekeeper in a thousand, the sort who can do three times as much as the average woman and yet not appear fussed, tired or hurried, spoiled both her menfolks in every way possible.

Michael and Molly teased Rufus a good bit about being a bachelor, and joked him about one girl or another to whom he paid attention, but Rufus didn't mind. "I won't get married until I can find a girl like you, Molly," he insisted; usually adding, "I don't see why you ever took Michael when you could have had me—only lapse in taste you ever showed."

It was all very well for him to say that, because he didn't mean it. He'd never felt a flicker about Molly that wasn't brotherly and calm. And everybody knew that Michael and Molly were devoted and always had been. Still, such speeches to a sister-in-law do no harm to family unity. Molly laughed at Rufus, bossed him round sometimes, mothered him, and with the aid of Linda, her super-excellent colored cook, catered to his tastes and wishes almost as slavishly as she did to Michael's.

So Molly and Michael were surprised and a little dismayed when Rufus returned from a three weeks' trip to the North and told them, almost before he got through the door, that he had fallen desperately in love, that he was engaged and that he was going to be married in two months. Her name was Anita Sloan; she had never been below Mason and Dixon's Line; she had almost no living kinsfolk, and she was an illustrator!

Her Name Was Anita Sloan; She Had Never Been Below Mason and Dixon's Line; She Had Almost No Living Kinsfolk, and She Was an Illustrator!

Rufus had pictures of her—she was small, skinny, big-eyed, and attractive enough, if you like the very modern type. Molly, who was tall and inclined to plumpness, felt instantly sorry for Rufus as she looked at Anita's photographs. She could tell that Anita was one who knew nothing about linen sheets or drip coffee or potpourri.

"You must live here with us," she said generously, at once. "There's heaps of room." In that way she could supply any deficiencies in Anita's housewifely skill.

But no; Rufus said that Anita wanted a home of her own and, what was more, she wanted to pick it out and arrange it herself. She had lived so long in a studio apartment that now she wanted a real place. But he'd told her about the Branch house, which was for sale, and she had said that it would be all right to go ahead and buy it, and he was to send her the pictures and floor plans of it, and she would arrange about the painting and decorating.

"She's got so darned much work on hand she can't take time to come down before we're married," explained Rufus. "But she knows what she wants. Thank the Lord, I'm included in that last!"

"But let me do everything I can," said Molly. "I can oversee the cleaning and the painting, at least, and keep the men from making mistakes."

"That would be perfectly corking of you," said Rufus.

So Molly wrote welcoming letters to Anita, and Anita wrote back cordially, and the Branch house was bought and cleaned and repaired, and then Anita sent down samples of paint and directions. Molly went sick when she saw those samples. They were weird—absolutely weird, like nothing there had ever been in Dortown; like nothing there had ever been anywhere, in Molly's opinion. She ventured a protest—by letter—and Anita replied blandly that Molly would like it when it was done. So Molly went ahead and conscientiously forced the painters to use the exact colors Anita had selected. When the work was finished Molly admitted that it was effective, but very, very odd. She told Michael privately that the whole place looked as crazy as a loon. Still, she had done what Anita told her to do.

Just before the wedding day, Anita sent down furniture and curtains and cushions and lamps, and they were so different from anything Molly had ever imagined that she could have wept for Rufus. However, she had them all carefully uncrated and put them about as well as she could. Then she went back home and rejoiced in her old mahogany and cherry and rosewood. Cumbersome and dark and hard to keep polished they might be, but, contrasted with the painted and inlaid things of Anita's choice, they had, to Molly's eyes, real distinction. Poor Rufus! Poor Rufus!

Only, Rufus refused to be poored. He was enchanted with everything Anita planned. He was so happy he was downright funny. This made Molly even more sorry for him. She wanted to tell him about the ragtag-and-bobtail china and linen Anita had bought. She wanted to tell him that there wasn't a pot or pan for the kitchen and, apparently, Anita didn't think they were necessary. She wanted to tell him heaps of things, but she didn't. Instead, she furnished that kitchen with as complete an outfit for cooking and cleaning as ever kitchen contained, and she even put scalloped paper on the cupboard shelves and initialed all the dusters, glass towels and dishcloths. She would have liked to initial the scrub rags, the silver chamois and the roller towels, but that seemed a bit excessive.

Michael and Molly didn't go on for the wedding, because it wasn't really any sort of festivity. There were no bridesmaids, no Mendelssohn or Wagner, no flowers and white satin, no punch or cake—none of the things that make a wedding what a wedding ought to be, according to Molly's taste. Rufus and Anita were married by a magistrate and then got into Rufus' car and went away—they didn't tell where. After ten days or so, they drove into Dortown late one afternoon and went to their own house.

Of course, they went over to Michael and Molly's for dinner. They had wired ahead and this was Molly's chance. "I'll have a dinner of all the things Rufus likes best," she told Michael. "That will sort of give Anita an idea of how to do for him, and what he expects. I want to help her all I can, but not seem to be officious, you know, Michael. I want her to like me."

Michael gave Molly a kiss. "If she doesn't like you she's o-u-t, out, so far as I'm concerned. But she will like you, Molly. She couldn't help it, unless she's a plumb fool, and I think better of Rufus' choice than that."

But Molly felt very anxious. She had asked several family connections to the dinner—Cousin Jim Pennewell and Cousin Celie Pennewell and the Wilbur Stevenses, who were kin on Michael's mother's side. Michael had been a little surprised at her making it a party, but Molly had a hunch that if there were others present, the first meeting might go better. Deep in her heart she was almost sure that she and Anita were not to be congenial.

The Pennewells and the Stevenses accepted with all the pleasure that comes of having curiosity satisfied early. They were crazy to see the girl Rufus had picked out, and when Anita and Rufus came into the Randall living room they were all waiting for her. Cousin Jim was a stout, perennial beau, rosy and gallant. His hair had receded from his forehead, leaving a little fluff of it down the middle, which he parted carefully and thereby gave himself the look of wearing a very sparse ostrich tip flat on his head. Cousin Celie was plump, too, and had not changed the style of her corset since 1887. Curved at bust and hip

she was then, and curved she was still, in the same places, but much more so. Wilbur and Rhea Stevens were younger in years than the Pennewells, but no younger in spirit and manner. Molly was fond of Rhea Stevens and respected her air of fashion. Anita should see, from herself and Rhea, that it was no hick town she had come to live in.

With this in mind, Molly had put on her second-best evening dress, the one she had made for the Christmas cotillion the year before. It was dull-blue chiffon and very becoming. Cousin Celie was wearing her brown satin and Honiton lace; and Rhea Stevens, appreciating Molly's position, thought it worth while to wear a brand-new dress of pink crêpe heavily beaded—she had sent for it specially to Baltimore.

But when Anita came in, Anita in a slip of silver cloth, with long scarlet tassels at shoulder and waist, scarlet heels on her little silver slippers, a scrap of scarlet handkerchief tied round her wrist—well, she turned them all three dull and dowdy. Even the diamond bar pin which Michael had given Molly on her last birthday became a stupid and commonplace ornament beside Anita's string of carved crystal, linked with frosty platinum. And Anita's hair—a thick straight bang, a boyish crop in the back—how different, how individual, beside the others' careful marcels!

But Anita was sweet; Anita was jolly; Anita had a way with her. She kissed them all round and she was scared to death of Rufus' family, and specially of Molly—"because Rufe thinks you're such a perfect angel"—and before they knew it, they were all laughing and talking like old friends and not at all like kinsfolk. They liked Anita; they couldn't help it. So they trooped out to dinner gayly enough.

"M-m-m," said Cousin Jim Pennewell. "I cert'n'y am anticipating this meal. Dinner at your house, Molly, is an event for me. You know all there is to know about food, and then some."

"That's what Rufe says," supplemented Anita, looking down the table at Molly.

"What a reputation to live up to!" said Molly. "I do hope you won't be disappointed, any of you, for I'm having the simplest meal tonight—just the things Rufe likes best. If I'd only known your tastes I'd 've catered to you instead," she added graciously to Anita.

They were eating at this moment halves of iced grapefruit, the centers filled with white grapes, cut in half and seeded, the whole flecked ever so lightly with sugar dissolved in the bland strength of Swedish punch. The pale yellow and green colors of the combined fruits were as subtle as their flavor. Cousin Jim was detected licking his spoon for the last drop

Followed another color symphony, a *purée* of fresh young peas dotted with dice of brown *croutons*, and with it the thinnest of round sandwiches, each holding a slice of red tomato seasoned and drained from mayonnaise.

Now, on a long platter, came a noble James River shad, stuffed and baked so slowly, so carefully, that all of the smaller bones had been dissolved in the process.

"Oh, Molly," sighed Rufus, "you know my absolute passion for baked shad! I'm going out in the kitchen after dinner and kiss Linda. This stuffing —— Do you taste the herbs, Nita? I don't want you to miss anything."

"It's marvelous," said Anita, but there was something in her voice that made Molly wonder if she really thought so.

With the shad came new potato balls, dipped in melted butter and chopped parsley, and curls of pale crisp cucumber, sprinkled with green pepper and grated egg, bathed in French dressing ruddy with paprika.

Hot beaten biscuits, too, little and round and light and, as Cousin Jim remarked, taking three at once, indecently edible.

And then—"Oh, Molly, not really?" said Rufus. But Molly nodded, and there appeared a heaping pile of slender young scallions, steamed to melting tenderness and bathed in a creamy sauce!

"I consider this dish," said Rufus, "Nature's noblest vegetable, enriched by woman's greatest art. I shall kiss Linda twice."

Anita, Molly noticed, said nothing at all this time. However, she ate some of the scallions and seemed to enjoy them.

The dessert was a lemon pie—a superb, proud lemon pie, all quivering gold below against a flaky and two-inch flavorous meringue above, the kind of lemon pie one dreams of, but meets no more than once in a lifetime.

And with it came Bel Paese cheese, just soft and complaisant enough to make the lemon pie seem even more ravishing by contrast.

Rhea Stevens pounced on this: "You've been going to that Italian grocery across the tracks, Molly. You are the bravest girl! I'm afraid of my life in that settlement. Yet I adore this cheese and you can't get it anywhere else in town."

"You must show me where that store is, Molly," spoke up Anita. "I love Italian food too."

"I'll take you over there myself," said Molly. "And wouldn't you like me to get you a cook? My Linda's got a niece who's really quite good. I'm sure she'd come to you."

"No, thank you," said Anita. "I have a cook coming tomorrow morning—an old Frenchwoman I had in New York."

"French cooking's fine," said Cousin Jim, coming up from his lemon pie, "but very rich, very rich. American cooking, at its best—mind you, its best, as we have it here"—he bowed to Molly—"seems to me the height of culinary art."

"Oh, Jeanne knows how to make lots of American dishes," said Anita. "Corn bread, and pies of different sorts."

"That's nice," said Molly, "for Rufus is accustomed to American cooking."

She was piqued by Anita's unwillingness to let her send a cook to the new ménage, and perhaps she put an unnecessary emphasis on Rufus' tastes. At any rate, Anita looked at her and smiled.

"Rufus won't suffer, I assure you," she said, lightly enough but not so lightly that it didn't crystallize in Molly's mind the conviction she had tried to suppress—that she and Anita would not be congenial.

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"Oh, Molly—Molly, You're Such a Darling!"

CAME THE VIKING

She Saw, the Next Moment, a Mounted Rider Pull Abruptly Up Between Her and the Solemn Golden Globe That Still Floated Low on the World's Rim

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT WAS Sunday on the Spitzer ranch, and should have been a day of rest. But under the shadow of the windmill, between the corral and the calf pens, Carl Lindal was leisurely reassembling a seeder drill into which a new cogwheel had been fitted. He worked slowly and thoughtfully, paying scant attention to big Olie Ekstrom, the new hand, who sat on the near-by well platform smoking a black-bowled pipe with a ludicrously short stem. About them on every side stretched the level floor of the northern prairie, as far as the eye could see, greening under the high April sun. Warm as that sun fell on the flat new wheatlands, however, there was still a sharpness to the clear air, a sharpness suggestive of a sword blade wrapped in flannel.

Both men looked up indolently as a figure in faded blue calico came out of the ranch-house, shook out a red-and-white checkered tablecloth, and stood regarding a phalanx of wild geese arrowing northward. This flaxen-haired figure shadowed her eyes with her hand as she stared high overhead, following the flight of the tireless wings. And even after they had gone she continued to stare dreamily up into the high-arching azure dome, bastioned in shimmering opal where it met the wide-flung rim of the world.

Olie's heavy brow wrinkled as he watched her. "What's she seein' up there anyway?" he finally demanded.

Carl, with a monkey wrench in his hand, considered her for the second time. "It'd take some figuring to say what Finna sees when she wants to," observed the wide-shouldered youth with the wrench.

"That kid's kind o' got her wires crossed, hasn't she?" inquired the older man. His smile, as he spoke, was an indulgent one.

"Not unless you'd call it insanity to be the hardest worker on this wheat farm," Carl retorted with unexpected spirit. "Old Spitzer took her in when that Icelandic settlement at Elk Ridge was starved out three years ago, and he's sure made her rustle for her bed and beans."

Big Olie's smile was still indulgent as he knocked out his pipe. "But I heard the poor nut talkin' to herself last night," he contended; "dreamin' she had somebody on long distance and handin' out a lot o' Swede lingo that gave me a creepy feelin' up the spine."

It was Carl's turn to frown as he bent over his seeder drill. "She's a dreamy-minded kind o' kid," he admitted, "but I can't say there's anything crazy about the way she cooks a batch o' bread or builds a blueberry pie or does the washing and runs the house for that old she-hellion who pretends she's so stiffened up with chalk in her knee joints."

"But ol' Spitzer was tellin' me she has visions," contended Olie. "He tells me she goes off in a trance an' sees things that ain't discernible to right-minded people."

Carl's face darkened as he turned slowly about and confronted the other man.

"Old Spitzer's a liar," cried the youth, with a deeper light in his sky-blue eyes. "He hands out that line o' talk just to keep the kid double cinched to this dump where they near work her fingers down to the bone. He gets her cheap and he intends to hang on to her. But that girl's as right-minded as you are. And if she talks to herself now and then and acts different to most folks, it's because she's found her own way of amusing herself. Why, that girl hasn't seen a rodeo or a music hall or a market town or a railway train in all her born days. She's over eighteen years old and she's never seen a movie. So she just makes up her own movies. She makes 'em up in her own mind and rests her aching bones by sitting down to a little private performance of her own breeding, and then going back to her work the same as we would after an all-night blow-up down to Carbon Crossing."

Olie's smile was a sardonic one as he studied the rapt figure by the chopping block. "Well, that's a mighty queer eye o' hers," he protested. "An' she certainly ain't no mixer. She's handed me vittles for seven days now hand runnin' an' she ain't said seven words to me."

Carl regarded the bulkier man with an openly hostile eye. "Why should she?" was his curt demand.

"Why shouldn't she?" was the prompt counter-demand. "I'm as good as any Swede half-wit from that Elk Ridge colony of ex-walrus-eaters. And when you're livin' with folks I believe in livin' with 'em!"

Carl's steps were measured as he crossed to the well platform. And his voice was quiet—ominously quiet—as he addressed the newcomer to the Spitzer ranch.

"I want you to get this right, Ekstrom, for your own well-being. Finna Halsson is no half-wit. And she may have come out of that colony of Icelanders that went bust after a couple of bad years, but her mother was a Gormson and could trace her line right back to Harald Gormson, who was king o' Norway just a little over ten centuries ago."

The unperturbed Olie Ekstrom spat contemplatively on the prairie sod.

"Ah!" he murmured with ironic deference. "So that's the way the land lies! She's a queen of the royal blood—a queen of the royal blood who's stoopin' to cook cabbage and sowbelly for low-born hunkers like me an' you! And bein' considerable better'n us riffraff, instead o' holdin' talk with her dinner mates, she goes out an' communes with the prairie dogs an' the dickey birds!"

"You're a liar!" cried Carl, feeling the feral wave sweep through his body.

"Am I now?" the huge-bodied Ekstrom meditated aloud. "Then cock your eye on your Norwegian queen right now an' tell me why she's talkin' out loud to that line o' wild duck goin' over the haystacks. And is that her grandpaw King Harald she's smilin' at up overhead?"

Slowly the younger man swung about and studied the girl. He could see the intent face raised heavenward, the youthful shoulders thrown back, the reddened arms held close on either side of the soft-lined yet erect body touched with its nameless air of ecstasy. Her lips were moving, and a smile, faintly rhapsodic, was on her face. Carl, watching that face, was struck by something unearthly and etherealizing about its expression; something that touched him into a nameless awe, as the face of a sleeping woman might. He could see it, definite feature by feature, in the clear northern air, from the full fair brow under the heavy plaits of flaxen hair to the softly rounded chin and

the youthfully smooth throat that whitened as it met the edge of the faded blue waist. But it impressed him, in some way, as merely a mask, a covering for burning and glowing depths that could never lightly reveal themselves. And at the same moment that he stood arrested by something about her which could never be quite fathomed and explained away, he found himself angered by a childishness which he could not easily defend.

So his eyes, prematurely wrinkled by their prairie squint, were unnaturally hard as he walked slowly toward her. If she saw him, if she became even remotely conscious of his approach, she betrayed no knowledge of that intrusion on her reverie. The transporting smile still lurked about her lips; the look of dreaminess still remained in her incredibly blue eyes; the rapt light still played about the quietly upturned face. And even in his anger Carl was arrested by the wistfulness of that face, by its other-worldliness, by its odd mixture of softness and austerity. It reminded him of a picture he had once seen of Joan of Arc—Joan on the edge of a twilit forest listening to the voices that were to guide her life. But folks who listened to voices, he remembered, were uncomfortable companions in a prairie farmhouse, where life was as bald and flat as the landscape that lay from horizon to horizon as level as the sea. And when you're fond of a girl, you don't want a sneering roughneck like Olie Ekstrom making fun of her.

"Finna!" said the wide-shouldered youth. His first intention had been to shout at her, to shock her out of that absurd catalepsy. But there seemed something so quiveringly in earnest about her, something so poignant in the raptness of the upturned eyes of blazing blue, that he lowered his voice without being quite conscious of doing so. "Finna!" he repeated, stepping still closer to her.

She turned slowly about at that and regarded him with the empty eyes of a sleepwalker. The smile slowly faded from the clear-cut edges of her lips.

"*Ya*," she said, still with the abstraction of a somnambulist. But a moment later, as a flush crept up into the virginal smoothness of her forehead, she said "Yes," in the manner of her later life.

"What's the matter with you anyway?" demanded Carl, looking down into the opaque-grown azure eyes. "What's the big idea?"

She made no effort to answer him. But wave by wave, as he stared at her, he could see consciousness return to the abstracted face. He could see her, breath by breath, coming back to earth, like an evening bird settling into its nest. She passed one small hand, hardened and reddened by toil, across her troubled brow.

"I was only dreaming," she said in her slow and full-throated voice. And as she spoke a faint tinge of color mounted to her pallid cheek.

"Dreaming of what?" persisted Carl, frowning as she backed away from him.

"You would not understand," she answered after a silence, seeming to grope for the words that came so reluctantly to her lips.

"But that big leatherneck," said Carl with a gesture toward the well platform, "is giving you the laugh out there."

"He does not understand," was the still deliberate response.

Carl found it hard to say what he wanted to. He cleared his throat and looked down at his feet. Then, taking a deeper breath, he let his gaze slowly lift again until he found himself staring into the unfathomable blue depths of Finna's eyes—the eyes that could always give him a small ache about his foolishly troubled heart.

"Honest, Finna, it can't get you anywhere," he said with almost a note of pleading in his voice; "stargazing like that in the middle of the day!"

Finna's smile was a remote one. Her unfocused gaze swerved and went out into space. But otherwise she did not move.

"It takes me to places where I belong," the rapt-eyed girl finally replied, "as much as I belong to the kitchen of Wolf Spitzer."

Even in His Anger Carl Was Arrested by the Wistfulness of That Face, by its Other-Worldliness, by its Odd Mixture of Softness and Austerity

Carl's gesture was one of impatience. "But that kind o' thing isn't good for you," he contended. "It isn't normal and natural. And it gets people to calling you queer."

"Maybe I am queer," acknowledged the low-voiced girl.

Carl dropped his hands. It seemed like a gesture of resignation, of hopelessness. "Then I wish you'd be queer enough to care a little about me," he said, without the courage to meet her slowly returning gaze.

"You are the only one, Carl, who has been kind to me," said the girl in the meager blue waist.. "And if I was free, as other folks are free, I would be very fond of you."

"But you are free," he contended. "You're as free as anybody else. You're freer, for you haven't a family standing off and saying you must do this and do that. You haven't anybody but yourself to answer to."

Her quiet smile seemed to wall her up, to encompass her and hold her impregnably beyond his reach. "But I have my family to remember," she quietly reminded him.

"What family?" he challenged.

"That of Harald Gormson, king of all Norway," was her soft-spoken response. And Carl's unhappy young body needled with a prickling of nerve ends beyond his control.

"But that old sea robber's been moldering in his grave for eleven long centuries," contended the honest-eyed man confronting her.

"And I tell you, Finna, you've got to snap out of it, or first thing you know they'll be saying you're clean off in the upper story. They'll call you loony."

Finna did not stir. Her eyes remained abstracted. Her face betrayed no feeling.

"He still tells me what I must and must not do," she said in little more than a whisper.

Carl Lindal, with a second gesture of frustration, turned away from the worn chopping block near which the venturing farm fowl were now feeding unnoticed about his feet.

"Look here, Finna," he said as he swung back to her, "if you keep to yourself this way you're going to get locoed. What you've got to do is get out of yourself and out of this house. Will you drive over to Willow Crossing with me this afternoon when you get your dishes done up? Will you swing the lid down on this spook chasing and see if you can't get something out of three or four hours o' good wholesome trail pounding?"

The meditative deep pools of azure studied his weathered young face. "That is good of you, Carl," said the girl, "but this afternoon I have promised to meet my people."

"Your people?" he cried. "What people have you got?"

She shrank perceptibly before the harsh and accusatory scorn in that cry. But a moment later the old serenity came back into her face.

(Continued on Page 42)

FUNNY NOSE

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

152222, 2nd Class Air Mechanic, Sykes, Henry, was not a gentleman. The thought didn't worry him very much. In fact, nothing worried him very much since Mr. Bollinge had taken him on as his rigger. As far back as he could remember, he had never had such a decent time. There was Mr. Bollinge's camel to take care of, and there was Mr. Bollinge. Mr. Bollinge was tall and handsome-loike and jolly and a pukka fine pilot.

Mr. Bollinge said, "Ho! Sykes, m'lad, how rides the chariot of doom this morning?"

Whereupon Henry would grin and say, "Foine, sir. Thankee, Mr. Bollinge, sir."

People like Mr. Bollinge seldom spoke to people like Henry Sykes unless they had to, and then they never smiled or looked quite at you unless they were angry. And then you couldn't look at them. Not so Mr. Bollinge, himself. Mr. Bollinge not only spoke but he really chatted sometimes. He seemed to take it for granted that Henry Sykes was in the war too. It was, "Well, Sykes, old fruit, we popped one off this morning over Péronne"; or else, "Young fella, m'lad, we'll have to look over that left lower wing. She's badly cut up and dragging low and the aileron's groggy."

Henry Sykes stood with his feet crossed and his shoulder against the edge of the open hangar door, thinking about it all. He got all warmy-loike inside when he thought about Mr. Bollinge. He wanted to do things for him. Of course there was the bus to look after, but as much time as he spent on it, it wasn't enough for Henry Sykes. He wanted some miracle to happen so that he could save Mr. Bollinge's life. He wanted to fly with him, and when Mr. Bollinge was wounded, he would fight off all the Hun machines and land Mr. Bollinge safely and carry him back to a dressing station. Or perhaps they would land over the lines and be taken prisoner. Then he would tunnel under the wall as they had in that book he had read long ago and he would help Mr. Bollinge escape. Mr. Bollinge would say, "Thankee, Sykes, m'lad." And after that they would always be together—even after the war was over. He would be Mr. Bollinge's valet-loike.

He shifted to the other foot and stared absently at the ground, puzzling it out. Of course Mr. Bollinge was a scout pilot and no one really could fly with him in a single seater. And then again, Henry Sykes had never flown but twice, as a passenger, when he was training in England, and he didn't know very much about machine guns. Funny that—how some people were lucky. Some people they taught to fly and some they didn't. For a long time after he had enlisted, he had waited patiently to be taught, and then one day he had asked the sergeant.

"Fly?" the sergeant had snorted. "Fly! You're only a blinkin' hair mechanic, m' man. It's not for th' likes o' you to be askin' to fly." And that had ended it somehow.

It had never seemed quite right, though, to Henry Sykes. He could fly easily, if he had the chance. He knew all about aeroplanes—picked it up quickly, too, and he was quite willing. Only, they didn't seem to understand that. They seemed to think he wasn't. They seemed to think he was just like the rest of the mechanics. Only officers could fly—except once in a while a sergeant like Sergeant Upjohn. It was all more or less luck, and Henry Sykes had stopped thinking about it since he had become Mr. Bollinge's rigger.

An engine blipped and sputtered behind and above the hangar roof, and there was the dull, flat swoosh of a side slip. Henry Sykes straightened up and stepped out on the tarmac. A tan streak swept the air above him, the engine coughed again and the first machine of the afternoon patrol banked lazily in, to pancake at the far side of the 'drome. A moment, and the second slid in beside it—and the third. The first one was taxiing slowly back toward the hangars, its wings sawing the air as the wheels bumped along the uneven ground. Henry Sykes squinted at the markings. That would be Captain Allaire. The two other machines turned slowly about and wabbled up toward the hangars. Mr. Brown and Mr. MacClellan. Henry reached under the bench and pulled out his wheel chocks. He dragged them by their ropes out to the edge of the tarmac and stood waiting eagerly for Mr. Bollinge to come down. There was another swoop and a scream of wires above him as the fourth machine came in for its landing.

Mechanics were running out to the taxiing camels, catching at wing tips to pull them around, bracing and shoving on leading edges to swing them into line. Still Henry Sykes waited. The fourth machine turned and started to wabble back across the ground. Captain Allaire was climbing out and calling sharply into the spitting, hacking bedlam of dying engines.

"You man there, double to the mess for the M. O.—lively!"

Mr. Brown and Mr. MacClellan were standing back with their helmets off, staring silently upward. Henry Sykes turned and looked. Everywhere, as the word spread, the men dropped their immediate jobs and squinted up into the gathering dusk.

The last lone machine was gliding in slowly in a long straight line, with no attempt to bank or sideslip for a landing. Henry Sykes watched it curiously and wondered what was wrong. Then suddenly he heard it in whispers all around him:

"It's Mr. Bollinge—must be badly hit—usually tears in and slaps down for a three-point landing out of a sideslip."

Something with great claws on it tore at Henry Sykes' insides and a cold steely chill rippled up his spine to the roots of his hair. "No—no—no," he was saying softly to himself, and each time he said it he drew in his breath in short, sharp jerks against his teeth.

The lone camel sank lower and lower in its slow, deliberate glide. Henry Sykes turned fiercely on the mechanic behind him: "'E's not hit himself—not Mr. Bollinge! It's 'is machine wot's hit. He's just bein' careful-loike not to strain nothink." And then he threw off his sheepskin jerkin and started to race beside Captain Allaire, out toward the center of the 'drome, with the rest of the men, in a breathless, straggling crowd, after him.

They heard the whistling shriek of wind in flying wires and felt the back draft over their heads. The lone camel pancaked far in front of them and bounced high into the air like a winged duck. As it struck the second time, the left wing crumpled and whipped the machine sideways onto its nose. For a moment it wabbled and then slapped sharply down on its back with a crackling thump. Henry Sykes grabbed the quivering tail and thrust his shoulder fiercely under it to raise it while Captain Allaire unstrapped Mr. Bollinge.

They had him out on the ground now, flat on his back, with his coat open and his face showing dead white against the brown of the damp soil.

"Stand back, you men!" The ring of scared faces opened and moved away. Mr. Brown was kneeling on the ground, undoing buttons—feeling—feeling.

Henry Sykes' throat was quite closed in the back and the palms of his dirty hands were slimy with cold sweat. Then quickly he grabbed at the buttons of his own tunic and ripped it off: "For a pillow, sir, loike."

No one paid any attention to him, so he knelt quickly and slipped the rolled tunic under Mr. Bollinge's lolling head. And because nobody said not to, he just stayed there listening to the slow gasps, watching the purple lips writhe. Then suddenly Mr. Bollinge's eyes opened and stared curiously upward.

"Sykes, m'lad," he said softly, "you've got a funny nose."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bollinge. Thankee, sir." He grinned and started to tremble all over. Then the M. O. brushed him roughly aside and stuck a thumb under Mr. Bollinge's eyelid, and then he stood up and shrugged his shoulders. There was a stretcher presently. Henry Sykes stood there dumbly while they lifted Mr. Bollinge onto it. Suddenly his arm whipped up. "No!" he said. They were spreading his tunic over Mr. Bollinge's face. The M. O. turned around sharply.

Henry Sykes Saw the Fingers of One of His Hands Still on the Basket Rim, Saw His Ring Glint in the Sun, Then They Slipped Off and He Was Gone

"'E can't be, sir. 'E spoke to me, 'e did!"

The M. O. stared curiously at Henry Sykes for a brief moment, then he dusted his hands and walked away in the darkness. Henry Sykes watched him follow the straggling crowd that trudged slowly along behind the two men who were carrying the stretcher—watched the slow-moving figures blend into one dark crawling shadow that faded presently against the gloom of the distant hangars.

He was alone at the far side of the airdrome. For a moment he stood there. Then he turned slowly and stumbled toward the crashed camel. He stared dumbly at its grayish outline looming in the darkness. He stretched out his hand and touched the wrinkled fabric, ran his hand gently down the polished surface of a strut. He patted the strut once, as if it were a thing alive, then he thrust his hands in his breeches pockets and hunched his shoulders forward against the cold which he didn't know he felt.

"Mr. Bollinge, sir," he said softly, and tears welled into his eyes until the gray outline of the upturned camel rippled and blurred like a mist wraith. The tears rolled to his chin and cut two white channels through the grease smudges on his cheeks. Then he turned suddenly and ran toward the hangars as fast as he could.

Henry Sykes didn't think very much for several weeks after that. There was a dull flat ache inside of him that wouldn't let him think. They gave him to Mr. Agnew to be Mr. Agnew's rigger, and he did his work carefully as he always did; but Mr. Agnew was just another pilot who yelled for things in a loud, sharp voice and never gave you a cigarette when he opened his case. Mr. Agnew didn't think anyone was in the war except himself, and he always acted sort of scared-loike, as if he hated flying. Gradually, as the days went on, that thought began to gnaw at Henry Sykes' mind. With Mr. Bollinge, he had always thought he was part of the war, helping Mr. Bollinge to fight. Now he was just a ruddy air mechanic—healthy and young enough to be in the war, but not in it—just as if he was sort of scared-loike to be hurt or kilt.

One night as he lay on his bunk in the tin hutments, he raised himself quickly on his elbows and stared intently into the sweating darkness, and suddenly there was fear in his heart—cold throttling fear. Mr. Bollinge wouldn't loike it! He might not even go to heaven when he died, loike parson sometimes said. He was a slacker. And the more he thought of it in his slow way, the more he worried. Just a blinkin' air mechanic loike the rest—young and healthy—but content to stay where he was—a-tightenin' of turnbuckles—safe and sound behind the fightin'—a ruddy slacker.

If they would only let him fly!

For four days he slept badly, while the thought burned within him and tormented him. He could see Mr. Bollinge's face turned from him in disgust, see Mr. Bollinge's lip curl in scorn. Presently he could stand it no longer. All one day he screwed up his courage and then went to the sergeant.

The sergeant shook his head firmly. "No, Sykes, you ain't got the edjewcation, in the first place, for observers' school. And we're short-handed. You're a good rigger and we need you here."

"But——" said Henry Sykes.

"No buts," said the sergeant. "The major wouldn't hear of it, and that's that."

But the major did hear of it.

Henry Sykes sat at a table alone with his beer in front of him, and the evening to do with as he chose until the tender left at eleven o'clock for the airdrome. The place was crowded with infantrymen who had come into Amiens from rest billets for the evening's riot. Henry Sykes watched them idly as he sipped slowly at his foaming seidel. They were big men, with great hands and broad shoulders, and uniforms that were stained and worn threadbare.

And they were drunk for the most part, and getting drunker, slowly and deliberately. One of them turned and leered at Henry Sykes' cleanly brushed walking-out tunic.

Mr. Bollinge Was Tall and Handsome-Loike and Jolly and a Pukka Fine Pilot

"Bleedin' Flyin' Corpse!" he said.

"Wot abaht it?" asked Henry Sykes curiously. The infantryman rose slowly and stared at him.

"Well," he snarled, "wot abaht it?"

Henry considered his beer. He was a small man, and he knew when to speak and when not to speak, as only small men do. But the big Tommy was not so easily satisfied. He towered above Henry and put a great paw on Henry's shoulder.

"Come on," he said. "Speak up. Wot abaht it?"

"Nothink," mumbled Henry Sykes.

"That's better," said the Tommy. He swayed over Henry.

Meanwhile Henry's heart beat nervously within him. Then the Tommy laughed harshly. "You've got a funny beaker!" he said.

For a moment Henry Sykes' heart stopped beating and his throat closed completely. His face went dead white. He clutched at the iron table edge with both hands, then suddenly his heart beat furiously again, pumping the hot blood of madness through him. He leaped to his feet and stood breathing in short, hard gasps.

"Tyke it back—tyke it back!" he screamed into the sudden stillness of the staring restaurant. And the Tommy laughed—a horrible laugh—laughed at Mr. Bollinge. Henry's arm lashed out once—it was a strong wiry arm—and the fist smashed against the man's half-opened mouth, tearing his lips and shearing three teeth cleanly. The crowd roared and shoved madly at the tables, pushing them back, clearing a space for the fight that didn't wait for them.

"Go it, bantam! Smash him!"

"Come on, the Durham's!"

Round and round they circled, the big man's huge arms flaying the empty air while Henry Sykes dodged and ducked and lashed in furiously, under the Tommy's guard. His own lips were torn and bleeding now and his teeth were clamped tightly on the lacy shreds. Twice he went down, and scrambled up as quickly, to lash in again and again. His ear was a living patch of white-hot pain and his left shoulder shot fire stabs into his heart every time his fist crashed home. Still he fought on.

Once in the breathless thudding silence they heard him: "Mr. Bollinge, sir!" And his arms lashed on at the big man's pulpy face. Then just as the Tommy crashed down for the last time and lay still on the floor, a whistle shrieked: "Party, 'shun!"

Backs stiffened, heels clicked together and scared faces turned toward the door. Henry turned with them and stood gasping and licking at the blood that oozed in the corners of his mouth.

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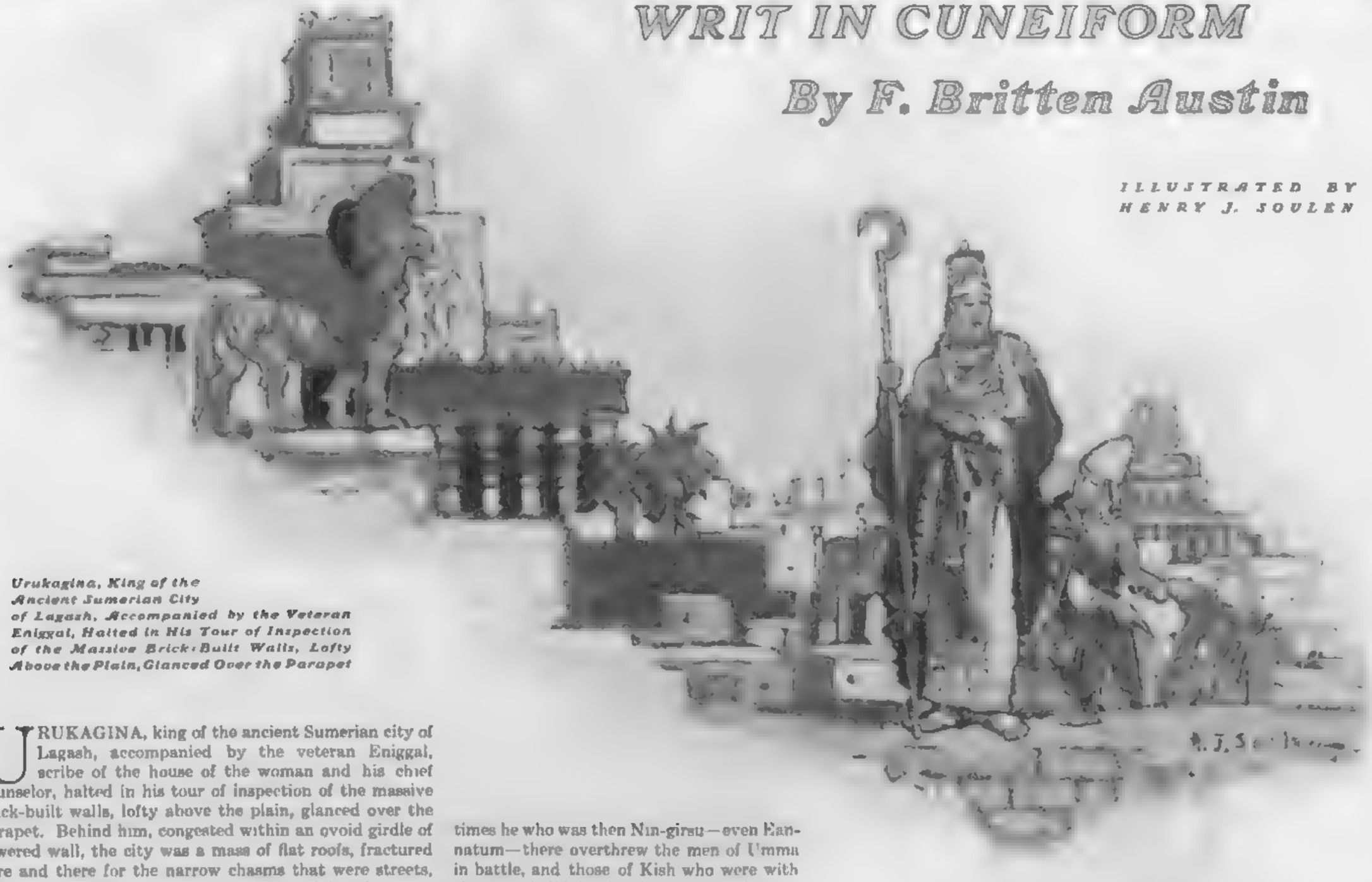
They Gave Him Three Days' Leave to See His Folks, and Because He Didn't Have Any Folks, He Walked the Streets Aimlessly

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

WRIT IN CUNEIFORM

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



Urukagina, King of the Ancient Sumerian City of Lagash, Accompanied by the Veteran Eniggal, Halted in His Tour of Inspection of the Massive Brick-Built Walls, Lofty Above the Plain, Glanced Over the Parapet

URUKAGINA, king of the ancient Sumerian city of Lagash, accompanied by the veteran Eniggal, scribe of the house of the woman and his chief counselor, halted in his tour of inspection of the massive brick-built walls, lofty above the plain, glanced over the parapet. Behind him, congeated within an ovoid girdle of towered wall, the city was a mass of flat roofs, fractured here and there for the narrow chasms that were streets, rising over the irregular hillocks crowned by the great temple of Nin-girsu, lord of the floods, the god in whose name and on whose behalf he reigned, coequal with his consort Shagshag, personification of the goddess Bau, wife of Nin-girsu. Beneath him, coming in a shimmering ribbon from the heat-misted horizon, a branch of the Euphrates broadened between banks of reeds until it was muddily wide close to the great walls, and then again began to diminish as it stretched away to an opposite distance similarly blank of any specific feature save the reticulations of canals irrigating a uniformity of green cornfields.

Very troubled was the clean-shaven face of Urukagina, its normal plump benevolence—was it not he who, causing to be written the first known code of laws, had boasted that in his reign "to the widow and the orphan the strong man did no harm"?—now replaced by a haggard anxiety as he contemplated that monotonous landscape. Very troubled, too, was the shrewd, clean-shaven, withered face of old Eniggal, garbed, like his master, in a cloak that left one shoulder bare. For on the dusty tracks radiating out across the plain, multitudes of fugitives—mere dots, those in the distance—were hurrying toward the city; the broad river below the walls was covered with reed rafts, supported by inflated skins, that were awash and almost unmanageable with the packed crowds the yelling ferrymen were trying to pole across the current; and from the city gate beneath them came the screaming clamor of those who jostled and fought, panic-stricken, to enter.

"May the great Nin-girsu smite those of Umma!" exclaimed the king in a spasm of bitter anger. "The heads of those who rebel against his allegiance shall he break with the club! The house of the goddess Nidaba shall be made desolate, and he who reigns in her name—even Lugal-zaggisi—will I myself slay. The curses of En-lil, king of the gods, are upon those who throw down the boundary stones!"

"The god has spoken with thy lips, O great one!" replied Eniggal diplomatically. "Nevertheless, should we call together speedily the spearmen and march now to the ditch of Gu-edin. Haply the men of Umma, though they come swiftly, will not yet have overpassed it. And thus shall we save the sacred land from ravage. Even as in old times he who was then Nin-girsu—even Ean-natum—there overthrew the men of Umma in battle, and those of Kish who were with them, so shall Nin-girsu be strong in thy arm and destroy Umma utterly before the men of other cities come to the call of Lugal-zaggisi, servant of her goddess."

Urukagina pondered irresolutely. Great in works of peace had been his reign; many new temples had he built to Nin-girsu, to the goddess Bau, to the great mother goddess Innini, to En-lil, king of the gods; many were the irrigation canals he had dug; the widow and the orphan cried his name in gratitude; virtuous he was and the record of his virtues has survived some 4800 years; but nothing of a warrior was he. Rather did he despise and hold distant from him the rough soldier-counselors who aforetime had led the men of Lagash to many victories, devoting the revenues of the state to those majestic achievements of religious and social beneficence which should perpetuate his name. Surely none would dare attack Lagash whose mightiness all men admitted! Did not many cities pay her tribute? Was not her wealth beyond compare? Bewildering, incredible, startlingly disconcerting had been the tidings which had come in with the dawn.

"Not yet are all our young men come in from the fields," he said hesitatingly. "The spearmen in the city are not more than must guard the walls. Who knows, if now we go out against the men of Umma, they will not march by another way against the city and find it empty of fighting men? Better is it that we should wait yet a day or two until all stand with their spears ready for the battle, and then will we leave some upon the walls and with the others will we fall upon the men of Umma, and then will we destroy their city utterly, as merits their great evil. Even thus saith the god in me."

Old Eniggal grunted, by no means convinced. Much of war had he seen in his long life. Better was it, in his opinion, to attack the men of Umma when they were yet far from the city, and before they had been reënforced by the contingents of the other cities, Sumerian and Semitic, with which his spies had told him they were in recent confederation. But Nin-girsu the god, through his mouthpiece Urukagina, alone spoke with authority in the city of Lagash, and Eniggal was silent.

Many times before, in the thousand or more years that the men of Sumer had dwelt in the Mesopotamian plain, had the cities of Lagash and Umma been in conflict. Their history was an epitome of the history of the many walled cities scattered over this flat, fertile, periodically flooded land, where—as simultaneously in Egypt—primitive agricultural ancestors had found the corn to grow as nowhere else it grew, and where, accordingly, population had swarmed as nowhere else it could swarm in that ancient world.

Each in its origin a reed-fenced hillock refuge above the annual inundation, each had long ago, invention springing from urgent necessity, been girdled about with those huge walls made with bricks at first sun-dried and then baked from the abundant clay. For the long-bearded lip-shaved gods of Sumer—once had the now clean-shaven Sumerian men worn such beards—who ruled in each city through the *patesi*, who was their human representative, had anciently been thirsty for that blood of sacrifice which alone insured their vitality.

Not less thirsty had been the full-bearded gods of those black-bearded Semites of the north, who centuries earlier had seized many cities originally Sumerian. Sumerian and Semitic deities alike had sent their votaries ravaging for victims to be slain in lieu of members of the community. Later, as the land filled up with people, there had been quarrels over boundary marks, over the irrigation canals which one city dug and another city coveted. Thus, already for a thousand years—and for thousands of years to come—the myriads of that vast corn-producing plain were forced into city communities, shut up from one another in mutual deadly fear behind walls that could not be too thick or too high. Temporary huts in the fields they might occupy for brief agricultural operations, but only behind mighty battlements could they find security where families might be reared and wealth amassed. If it is to the city that men owe civilization, paradoxically it is to war that they owe the city.

Various of these cities, led by theocratic rulers of superior martial skill or good fortune, had successively achieved a brief supremacy, and their *patesis* had even magniloquently assumed the title of *lugal*—king. But such kingdoms had no permanence. Essentially independent, the

city-states had revolted, formed themselves into new combinations, Semitic and Sumerian in alliance, Semitic and Sumerian at war. Still in a distant future were the centralized great military empires of Babylon and Assyria, wherein the Semite would triumph in barbaric magnificence, absorbing and obliterating the Sumerian who had once been his rival.

Throughout the whole of that turbulent long past, this city of Lagash, whereof Urukagina was now king, had been in bitter antagonism with Umma, at no great distance to the northward. In the long ago a predecessor of Urukagina—the *patesi* Eannatum—had disastrously defeated the men of Umma, ravaged their city and brought it into subjection. Since then the men of the Semitic city of Kish had come down from the farther north, had allied themselves again with the men of Umma and had conquered Lagash. And then Lagash had reasserted herself, had reconquered Umma, had driven back the men of Kish. Many such wars had there been between them, advantage now on one side, now on the other, until Umma had seemed definitely defeated, had for a long period been held vassal to Lagash. A year or two back, however, under her vigorously warlike *patesi* Lugal-zaggisi, Umma had once more revolted, and the peace-loving Urukagina had weakly, disdainfully or philosophically, made no attempt to reimpose his authority. Profiting by this impunity, Lugal-zaggisi had engaged in several local conquests, outside the territory of Lagash, that swelled his strength. Now, reënforced by her ancient ally Kish, Umma was once more attacking her hereditary enemy.

Much reason had Urukagina and Eniggal, his counselor, to be troubled as they gazed upon those fugitives streaming to the city. For, if wealthy was Lagash, high heaped the corn in her granaries, almost beyond the calculation of the priests the hoarded stores of silver ingots and precious stones in her temples, many the women slaves in the houses of her rich men, not in the idyllically peaceful reign of Urukagina had the spearmen been massed in their array. The walls needed repair, weapons were unready, and the citizen warriors were alarmingly unexercised in the movements of battle.

In ominous and disturbing contrast, the men of Umma had been fighting victoriously for several of those spring seasons in which men went to war, bringing into the power of the ambitious Lugal-zaggisi divers cities necessary to him before he might challenge the formidable prestige of Lagash. Those who had fled first before the invasion were eloquent in their trembling terror. Not to be resisted were these foemen who marched as one to the word of command and slew pitilessly all who were in their path. Coincident with this panic-clamoring influx of agriculturists into the city, where were their permanent homes, was already a stealthy trickling exodus from it toward small tributary cities in the south, where, distant only two days' journey from Lagash, the waters of the Persian Gulf laved a coastline now far inland. There might the dread-inspiring Lugal-zaggisi not penetrate, even if Lagash became his prey.

Eniggal pointed out to Urukagina several such fugitives, driving their burdened asses on the rough tracks to the southward.

"Meet is it that thou closest the gates to all who would go out, O great one," he said, "and then make the proclamation of Nin-girsu, warrior of En-lil, to all of age to wield the spear. With tomorrow's light shall the god in thy person lead them out to exercise in the fields, and then when Babbar the Sun-God rises again shall he stand at thy right hand while utterly thou destroyest those of Umma. Speak not my lips wisdom, O great one?"

Urukagina, the mild, breathed a deep sigh.

"I will go into E-ninnu, the temple of great Nin-girsu," he said, "and haply will the god come to me in a vision. If he comes not, will we make the divination of oil upon the water. So shall we know his will for the destruction of these his enemies. Aie! Verily misfortune hath smitten the land that was glad in my greatness. Haply have the sacrifices been insufficient, so that Nin-girsu is weakened and angry, that this calamity befalls us. The blood of many victims shall he have before he goes with Babbar the Sun-God to his rest."

In the narrow uphill streets of the city, mere cracks between the tall yellow-washed houses inhabited by many families, there was clamorous confusion. Here and there, jammed tight from wall to wall where a bundle-laden ass obstructed passage, throngs of field-tilling men, women and children streamed hurriedly up from the gates to their homes in the labyrinthine alleys. Above the noise of their voices came every now and then from window and doorway the clang of a stone hammer upon metal, the thud of blows upon wet leather, as a helmet or shield was fashioned or repaired. Hurriedly were the men of Lagash preparing their weapons. Already the heralds of Nin-girsu had gone through the streets, blowing long horns, and making the proclamation of the god. With tomorrow's light must every sound man present himself fully armed upon the broad terrace of the great temple, ranging himself under the standard of his city ward.

In the rented single room which was his home in the swarmingly inhabited warren of such, E-Abzu, hired laborer upon the fields in the service of Nin-girsu, hammered upon a long-shafted copper spear, restoring the blade to straightness and edge and point. Like all Sumerians, save of the highest class, he was nude down to the kilt around his waist. The perspiration beaded itself upon his shaven head, upon his dull, honest face, as he worked in the thick heat oppressive in the barely furnished room. Opposite him squatted his wife Beloved-of-Innini—piously named after the great mother goddess whom the Semites called Ishtar—a baby at her breast. Standing over him, watching the work with intent interest, was Enitarzi, his sister's son and junior scribe in the house of Nin-girsu. For this young man, intelligent and youthfully handsome, was E-Abzu fashioning the spear.

"Thinkest thou that tomorrow we shall march out, O brother of my mother?" said the lad eagerly. "Surely shall the multitude of our spearmen give those of Umma to the vultures ere they cross the ditch of Guedin! He who is Nin-girsu shall fall upon them and destroy them before they ravage the sacred land!"

E-Abzu grunted. Of an earlier generation, many times had he wielded his spear in the press of battle.

"Never has he who is now Nin-girsu loved to hurl the dart and lead the spearmen into the fight," he remarked pessimistically. "Rather does he sit with the priests and with her who is Bau, the goddess, in the house of the woman. Haply the god fails in him. Of old time we should have marched long ere this and smitten the prophet of Nidaba in his palace within the walls of Umma. Now are we unready, and they haste upon us before our spearmen are gathered. May Nin-girsu reveal himself as indeed the warrior of En-lil, king of the gods, when the battle is joined!"

The woman had watched the enthusiasm fade out of the lad's face as he listened.

"Turn not the boy's heart to water with thy words of evil omen!" she cried. "When have the boasters of Umma ever prevailed against Lagash? Truth does

(Continued on Page 59)

The Great Ladders Were Reared and Overthrown, as the Great Stones Came Crashing Down and Flaming Nets Enveloped Those Who Tried to Climb

THE OLD LIVERY STABLE

By CHET SHAFER

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT IS not such a far hark back to the days when the livery stable was pretty much the center of every town's activities. Yet none of the colorful institutions that rose to the climax of their prominence in that leisurely, interesting period through the 80's and 90's has been more effectually eliminated since the dawn of the era of carburetion.

At the livery stable the Smart Aleck, wearing a swastika stick pin crosswise through his bow tie and a round plaited fob of leather swinging from the watch pocket of his peg-top trousers, rented a rig on a Sunday afternoon and drove around town with the top down. He hung one foot nonchalantly over the side of the buggy box, and spotting a lounger in a group moored to an awning rope, he'd sing out airily, "How's your corporosity sagaciating today, Elmer?"

To which Elmer, with a chuckle, would reply, "So as to be around. How are you, Ez?"

"Sick abed," he'd retort, as he cracked his whip and clattered on for more sallies, leaving in his wake tumultuous laughter and the comment from Elmer, "He sure's a card. Got an answer for everything."

Auction sales were held out in front of the livery stable. Arguments, while the auctioneer bellowed "I'm bid fifty. Who'll gimme fifty-five?" concerned nags sold with the guaranty: Kind and good wind. This meant that the animals were sound in wind and limb and free from spavin. Auctions were good entertainment and were well attended. The auctioneer, if his descriptions were amusing, was generously applauded. Several times each day the bus rattled out behind a pair of plodding, disinterested plugs, bound for the depot, where the driver swapped stories with loungers on the baggage trucks until the train came in and he picked up a load of wise-cracking traveling salesmen. On his way back to the Central House he'd give a lift to the reporter of the local paper, who had been down to pick up some snappy personal items which would give a savor of veracity to those he faked off the hotel register.

The Ceremonial Coach

NOW and then, in the summertime, as a fresh breeze off the water-lilied mill pond stirred up the chaff and dust on the sidewalk on a sunshiny morning, the carryall, with seats along the sides and steps in the rear, issued through the portals to carry a merry crowd of children to the Sunday-school picnic at the lake. And what a vehicle that was! Of generous capacity and superbly cushioned, it was called into play on all important occasions. It carried the visiting team out to the ball park from the hotel, where the players changed their duds, and the uniformed athletes, arms crooked over the back of the seats, flirted with any girls they passed and kidded the natives. At least until some cautiously audacious youngster, whose heroes were all on the home team, would yell from a safe distance: "Aw, go soak your head in a rain barrel!" This outfit was used for Memorial Day parades, taking old ladies to the cemetery for the exercises, and it was uncommonly active when the county fair was in progress. It operated from in front of the hotel, and the driver, Washboard Crites—so called because he was hit over the head some twenty years before with a scrubbing board in the capable hands of an indignant housewife whom he tried to kiss—ballyhooed for business with: "Ha-aa-ck to the fairgrounds! Low and easy! Spring seat! One more and away we go! Ha-aa-ck to the fairgrounds!"

Traveling men secured light wagons at the livery stable to make their drives to inland towns off the railroad, paying $2.50 and $3 for a team and driver for all day. The driver was expected to help juggle the sample trunks, and he voluntarily regaled his fare on the way home after dark with stories of local unsolved murders and the tale of a ghost which, after a hair-raising investigation, turned out to be only a decayed phosphorescent stump.

Almost Every Town Had its Livery-Stable Fire That Was Talked About for Years Afterward

A dray and transfer line, operated in connection with the livery stable, hauled loads to any part of the city for two bits. This dray also stood an equal chance with the drays of S. C. Edgett and George Reed—The Old Reliable—to win a two-dollar commission for being first on hand to haul the hose cart to a fire. Competition for this rare plum was keen and the race for the right—the drivers being enthusiastically unmindful of the loads they had on at the time—was often more exciting and drew as appreciative an audience as the fire. Sometimes, if the blaze was close at hand, the volunteers had the cart out and the hose laid when the drays came galloping up in a neck-and-neck finish. In this case the race went unrewarded and the disgruntled draymen cast aside personal jealousies and collaborated effectively in telling the firemen what was what for interfering

Stalls were rented occasionally at the stable by farmers on a Saturday afternoon if all the hitch rails along the main street were taken and the Ten-Cent Tie Sheds were filled to capacity. Drives of eight miles to a dance, with a kerosene lantern hanging from the front "ex" to light the way, were quite common. And when the surrey with its fringed canopy top and new toe pads went out with two roistering blades in the front seat, it was generally wagered by those who were hanging around that the proprietor would find some hairpins in both seats on the following morning. This surrey and the buggies were the then accepted vehicles of courtship, of material aid to the establishment of nuptial negotiations.

In the Arms of Morpheus

THE young swain, having scraped up $1.75 by saving in an almost niggardly fashion for two weeks, gave the stable keeper $1.50 and had twenty-five cents left for other expenses—a neat sum. He'd drive up in front of his girl's house, unless he met her at the library, and hitch to the horse block or a cast-iron post ornamented with a horse's head. He'd get his girl, after bragging to her folks of the long drives he had made, to establish confidence, and with the mother's advice to keep well tucked in, they'd drive out into the country. They might attend an ice-cream social, where they got a gigantic dish of cream and all the cake they could eat for ten cents. Or perhaps, if he was unusually flush and had several extra dollars, they'd go to another town to see a professional performance of The Count of Monte Cristo or a home-talent production of The Moonshiner's Secret. If they did, he'd hitch the horse in the sheds out back of the church without permission, a very nervy thing to do.

The way home, of course, counted most, for he'd tie the reins around the whipstock and let the horse have his head while he gave his undivided attention to other details. As they jogged along dark leafed-over roads, romance thrummed. He'd catch a sleeve button in her hair net and she might go to sleep, fragrantly entrancing, with her head on his shoulder. But when they came to the city limits she'd make him take his arm away and pick up the reins. For they had to quit spooning as soon as they began passing under the electric lights. If they didn't, someone was sure to recognize them, and the story was all over town the next day.

Long lines of vehicles, from buckboards to the democrat and an occasional hearse, lined the spaces on either side of the main-floor driveway, their shafts propped high with notched boards. Every stable had a sulky, too, and a prim little gig with patent-leather dashboard and glass-sided square lamps at the sides of the seat in which candles were burned. A lamp with a quicksilvered reflector and bull's-eye chimney shed a weird dancing light between the rows at night. Tangles of harness hung in profusion on numerous pegs, some sets gaudily decorated with celluloid rings of bright colors and with a glinting crest under a glass medallion near the blinders.

Yellow fly nets, and the white, lacy kind the undertakers used, were festooned here and there. Boxes nailed around in convenient spots contained currycombs, sponges, round cans of axle grease, boxes of harness soap and horse clippers. Ropes of sleigh bells were conspicuous, looped over spikes in the sides of the grain bin. Pitchforks leaned. The horses, usually stalled downstairs, were led up a dark, winding cobwebby ramp cleated with lengths of old fire hose to afford traction. On the ceiling beams tin signs were tacked that advertised Mitchell's Liniment—a

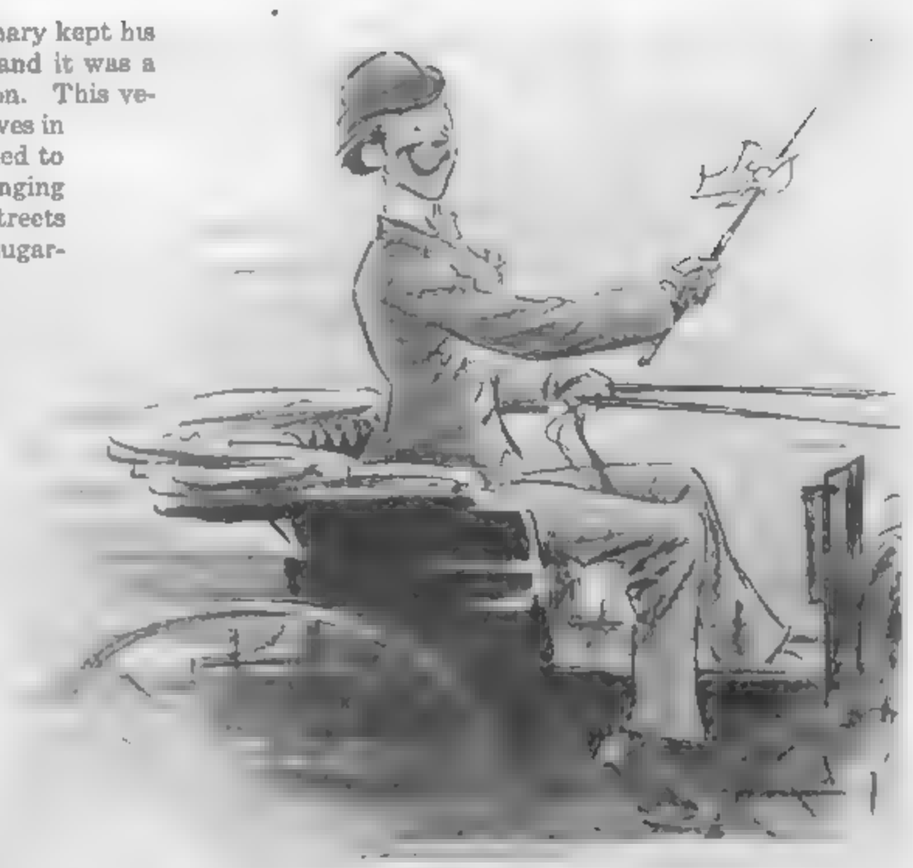
panacea for distemper—and Spindle's Spavin Cure. And above a slate, tacked to the wall near the office door for the tabulation of horses that were out, was this terse, though comprehensive general admonition of the livery business:

Whip Light,
Drive Slow.
Pay Cash
Before You Go.

The planking of the floor was worn and splintered by the action of many sharp-shod hoofs. The running gear of the rigs was washed by a swipe dressed in overalls, an apron and an undershirt. He worked out back in the addition designed specially for the purpose, with the boards of the floor separated so the water could drip through. With his sponge and hose he was a real artist, and he had a very fascinating manner of giving a wheel a twist after he had backed a buggy up by hand, jacked it up and put some fresh grease on the axle. Particular care was given by this genius to the rubber-tired buggies that rented at from fifty cents to a dollar more than other rigs. These were much in demand among the bloods of the town, but were never let out without advice to the driver to be careful about making sharp turns. This would cramp the wheels in against the iron guard on the buggy box and cut the rubber, it was explained.

Whips were kept in a rack, hung by the knot in the tip in a notched board, and all inveterate drivers, before starting away, tested the crack of one on some near-by legs, and made it whistle and whine through the air to see if it was good and limber. The accepted style for tony driving was with the lines crossed and gripped together in the left hand, leaving the right hand free to snap the whip and attract as much favorable attention as possible. Not infrequently one of these customers, on returning, would make the turn in front on two wheels and negotiate the entrance at a full trot, to be reminded harshly by the proprietor that his stable was no race track. And along about midnight, especially in winter when the sliding doors were closed as far as they would go, the muffled thud of the hoofs of a restless steed was a weird and frightening sound to the belated passer-by.

Sometimes a medical doctor kept a glass-inclosed coupé at the stable, and it was also invariably used as the night haven for the meatman's wagon. The veterinary kept his buggy there, it being his stamping ground, and it was a shelter for that queer, delightful bakery wagon. This vehicle had a set of drawers in front, a bin for loaves in the rear. The driver, his lines tied and hooked to the top, sat on a little stool in the center. Clanging a big brass bell as he deviated along quiet streets on a drowsy summer morning, he sold great sugar-sprinkled vanilla and frosted chocolate cookies at ten cents a dozen, throwing in one extra and making it a baker's dozen if his disposition was good. His bread was five cents a loaf, or six loaves for a quarter when an aproned housewife bought a batch of tickets. Next to the steam calliope on circus day, his was the most-followed vehicle in town during vacation. The dray was left outside the stable in all weather, but the bus was backed in late, because it would be the first out in the morning. Cutters with bells on the under side of the thills were stored back, and hacks for funerals and weddings were kept in special spaces and were polished often to keep up their distinguishedly awesome appearance.



He'd Sing Out Airily, "How's Your Corporosity Sagaciating Today, Elmer?"

Literature and the Fine Arts

ON A TABLE in the office, set against the wall under a glass-doored case containing shiny chain and jointed bits for high-stepping nags in the organization, were a few stained magazines, smudged copies of the village newspaper and a smeary deck of cards for games of pedro and casino. Prints of Maud S, with her record of 2:08¼, The Chimes and Palo Alto adorned the walls, to vie for notice rather unsuccessfully with small card photographs of popular burlesque actresses that came with one of the few brands of cigarettes known to the time. These generally surrounded a garish calendar, or a photograph of the stable, taken by an itinerant photographer, showing the horses and the proprietor, mustache and all, holding a spirited steed with one hand and a whip with the other.

In winter the round-bellied stove was red-hot much of the time, simmering the water in a pan or teakettle on top, and in summer the flies buzzed with insolent abandon through wide rents in the screening of the door. Loafers abounded aplenty, in all seasons, regularly stocked with rheumatic excuses when opportunities bobbed up to do odd jobs or drive extra at a funeral. Tipped back in their chairs, their priority rights were inalienable, and were usurped only when some shrewd gentleman, tired of standing,

(Continued on Page 158)

The Buggies Were the Then Accepted Vehicles of Courtship, of Material Aid to the Establishment of Nuptial Negotiations

STEW'S COMPANY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Ah-h-h! Oui! An' the Other? The—How You Call—Bobbacue?"

FROM a sky of unflecked azure torrents of early spring warmth poured down over Paris. The trees along the broad and beautiful reaches of the Champs-Élysées were urgent with new life. Flowers bloomed, children romped merrily on the new, velvety grass; taxi drivers gazed dourly at the radiant weather which induced people to walk and thus injured their business.

Capped and ribboned nursemaids led wee tots by the hand or pushed smaller ones in perambulators, occasionally pausing to flirt with gendarme or porter; luxurious cars, windows open, rolled idly along the majestic boulevard between the Place de l'Etoile and the Place de la Concorde. A short half block off the Champs-Élysées, on the Avenue de Marigny, old men, young men, women and children crowded about the busy and picturesque open-air stamp market.

Itinerant toy venders did a land-office business in hoops and rubber balls and gas balloons.

A figure strolled down the parkway. The man was slender and his complexion was dark. He walked with head thrown back so that the sun could bathe his countenance.

Mr. Florian Slappey, of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., was at peace with himself and most of the world. He moved with the easy indolence of the man who has nowhere to go and doesn't care particularly when he gets there. And to even the most casual observer it was readily apparent that Mr. Slappey was vastly well pleased with himself

For the first time in a long and eventful life Florian Slappey was raimented as he had always craved to be. He wore a new, snug Prince Albert coat, under which gleamed a striped vest and a scarlet tie. His slender legs were incased in wide trousers which were distinctive chiefly for the broad vertical stripes. Beneath elaborate cuffs white spats showed, partly concealing and partly revealing the gleam of patent-leather shoes. On the hands of Mr. Slappey were white gloves and atop his head was a shiny silk hat. He swung a cane with easy nonchalance.

But the pièce de résistance of the sartorial ensemble was not yet. It lay not in Prince Albert or spats or cane or scarlet tie.

Florian Slappey wore a monocle!

A gentleman of leisure, a man who had eked a more or less comfortable living from a skeptical world with the help of nimble wits and fertile brain, Mr. Slappey's greatest passion in life was haberdashery. In his home at Birmingham, Alabama, he had been known always for his magnificence of dress. As a member of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., manufacturers of two-reel comedy pictures successfully showing in more than one hundred and seventy first-class, first-run houses throughout America, Florian maintained his sartorial supremacy.

Then, as a member of the troupe selected to tour Europe for the purpose of setting modern slapstick against backgrounds of Old World dignity, the artistic soul of Mr. Slappey perceived an opportunity to give full and artistic vent to his somewhat thwarted desires to costume himself even as the green bay tree or the giddy, gaudy peacock.

For five months Mr. Slappey had given himself over to intensive and specialized study. The monocle had been purchased in Nice two months before, and since that time the slender little negro had practiced with it for hours in front of critical mirrors.

At Nice and in Paris he had strolled the boulevards, watching with studious eyes the manipulations of tourist Englishmen. Each gesture, each arch of eyebrow and crinkle of eye, he had arrogated to himself after assiduous practice, until now he felt himself as perfect in his chosen art as any master.

The warm and sensuous weather of an early Paris spring afforded him the natural setting for his initial sortie into the world of perfectly dressed men. For two hours he labored over the minute details of his wardrobe. And now he found himself on the Champs-Élysées, stared at enthusiastically by others, gloriously at ease with his cane and eyeglass.

He moved languidly across the Place de la Concorde, crossing that buzzing square with fine disregard for his own safety. He turned into the Rue Royale and strolled casually toward the Boulevard de la Madeleine. He found that chief artery of Parisian business and traffic crowded and interesting. He paused languidly to stare into shop windows; he posed in front of tourist offices and gazed without enthusiasm at photographs of large ships plowing through larger waves. He crossed the Rue Scribe where, for no good reason, the Boulevard de la Madeleine becomes the Boulevard des Capucines and came at length to the Place de l'Opéra—the pulsing heart of all Paris, the corner of corners, the ultima Thule of the boulevardier. There Mr. Slappey posed ostentatiously at the curb, leaning on his stick and staring through his paned eye at tram and bus, limousine and taxi, Parisian and tourist.

Once he caught a glimpse of himself in a window of the Café de la Paix and was moved to a murmur of self-applause.

"Hot diggity dawg!" said Mr. Slappey to himself. "I reckon did a bunch of roses git one good look at me, they'd die of jealousy!"

The sun dipped slowly into the west. The luxurious warmth of afternoon was giving way rapidly to the chill of approaching night, and Florian became conscious of the fact that if the dinner hour was not approaching, it should be.

Mr. Slappey had walked many miles and was hungry. For an instant he considered dining away from the hotel where the twenty-three members of the Midnight troupe were housed on *pension* rates. But that plan was discarded on the grounds of financial stringency. Mr. Slappey's exchequer had been taxed to the limit in the purchase of his present wardrobe and he found himself faced by the necessity of making out somehow until the next pay day.

Unfortunately Florian Slappey was no longer in a position to borrow from friends in the company. A brutal fact stared him bleakly in the face. Today he had no friends with Midnight.

As Mr. Slappey himself expressed it—Midnight was off him. By some process of reasoning they all appeared to have found him more or less obnoxious since the company arrived in Paris. Even his cronies, Director J. Cæsar Clump and Actor Welford Potts, seemed to care appallingly little for his society. Opus Randall, always an enemy, declared frequently and loudly that Mr. Slappey had become too dawg-gone uppity.

There were others. Exotic Hines, the cameraman, for instance. Florian's lips compressed into a straight, firm line at thought of Exotic Hines. Warfare existed between them; a harsh and relentless hostility, in which the company, queerly enough, seemed to have extended its sympathies to Mr. Hines.

To Florian's way of thinking, Exotic was attempting a grand little holdup at the expense of the company. Here in Paris, where his expert work at the camera crank, coupled with his knowledge of proper lighting for the various complexions he was called upon to photograph, was necessary, Exotic had chosen to demand an outrageous increase of salary.

That in itself brought down upon Mr. Hines' head the undiluted wrath of President Orifice R. Latimer and Director J. Cæsar Clump. They held a conference which was shot through with righteous wrath, and into this conference Mr. Slappey intruded with his fixed opinions. Mr. Slappey expressed himself passionately on the subject. He declared that it was a clear case of holdup and he insisted that Exotic's demand be refused.

Ever since a certain experience in the city of Biskra in Algeria, Florian had appeared to be presuming on the fact that he had saved the life of President Latimer. His unasked advice, coming in this moment of strife and stress, awakened the chief executive of Midnight to a sense of his almost forgotten dignity. He swung furiously on Florian.

"An' who ast fo' yo' opinion anyhow?" he inquired.

Florian frowned. "I guess my judgment is pretty good."

"You thinks ev'ything about you is pretty good. Ever since us was in Africa you'd think you was president of Midnight an' I was just sweepin' out the studjo. Ise plumb sick an' tired of it. I never seed a man as strutful as what you is ——"

"Oh, be yo' age, fat boy; be yo' age!"

"Fat boy! You calls me fat boy, does you? Git out of heah an' stay got. When I craves yo' advice I send fo' you."

Mr. Slappey shrugged and turned toward his friend, Director Clump. "I an' you bofe know, Cæsar, that when Exotic Hines makes such a ridiculous deman' as this ——"

"I an' you don't know nothin'," snapped Mr. Clump irritably. "Maybe I knows somethin', an' maybe you knows somethin', but we don't know it together. I is as sick of you as what Orifice is, an' ——"

Florian swaggered from the room. He told his troubles to others in the company and met with small sympathy

There were some who naturally resented Mr. Slappey and they were quick to take advantage of his fall from official grace. And when Orifice explained to Exotic, with great particularity, Florian's part in the tentative refusal of the cameraman's exorbitant salary demands, the efficient and greedy Mr. Hines took it for granted that his undoing was Florian's sole handiwork, and he developed a passion for revenge.

Things had rapidly drifted from bad to worse. Florian became obsessed with a sort of narcissism and thus failed to take proper heed of his danger until it was too late. Once having declared his independence of Florian, President Latimer missed no opportunity to impress upon the other members of his company that whatever bond had held them together in the past was permanently dissolved. Exotic Hines preached the doctrine of anti-Slappeyism and Florian's own cocksure manner did the rest.

"Hot Diggity Dawg!" Said Mr. Slappey to Himself. "I Reckon Did a Bunch of Roses Git One Good Look at Me, They'd Die of Jealousy!"

Since arriving in Paris from Marseilles, Florian had been living a life of increasing friendlessness. His rambles about the French capitol had been done alone; his accumulation of dazzling raiment had been a matter of individual labor. And only now, when it seemed that his personal popularity was damaged beyond repair, did Florian realize that he had best be doing something to reëstablish himself in the good graces of Midnight's president and the chief director

He crossed the Place de l'Opéra and rambled along the Boulevard des Italiens, swinging left on the Rue Drouot and coming eventually to the exceedingly modest hotel where the company was sojourning. He moved into the lobby, where a dozen Birmingham negroes were sitting about chatting.

His appearance created a sensation, but not exactly the sort of sensation Florian relished. He heard the audible intake of breath and then, instead of compliments, a broadside of sarcasm smote his sensitive ears:

"Li'l' lily boy!"

"Was he a flower, I'd pick him, an' th'ow him in the gutter!"

"Cast yo' eyes on that monocule!"

Mr. Slappey leaned on his cane and attempted to wither them with a glance. "*Canal!*" he snapped in his best French.

A roar of laughter arose. Ridicule cut Mr. Slappey to the quick. His heart was breaking. He raised hopeful eyes as Exotic Hines swaggered toward him. He yearned for physical expression of his anger. But Exotic seemed content to converse

"I got a piece of news fo' you, Brother Slappey," he proffered with honeyed sweetness. "President Latimer has decided to raise my sal'ry."

Florian closed the eye which was unmonocled.

"Raise yo' sal'ry?" This seemed to be a direct slap at himself.

"Uh-huh. That is, they says when my contrack expires day after tomorrow I can come in an' 'scuss matters with them about gittin' a raise."

"Fumadiddles! That don't mean they is gwine raise you."

"It's the one thing it don't mean nothin' else but. 'Cause they said did nothin' occur to change their minds ——"

Florian turned miserably away. He crossed to the lift and was carried to the fourth floor, where he occupied a room by himself. He moved to the window and stared down into the narrow, congested street with its rattling trucks, rattletrap taxis and incessant cacophony of whining auto horns.

Paris! Paris in springtime, and he—the best-dressed colored man on the Continent—bereft of friends. Mr. Florian Slappey of Birmingham forced to play a lone hand in the greatest city of Europe.

He knew that it behooved him to do some intensive thinking. The Exotic Hines situation was not without its direct personal significance. Ordinarily Latimer and Clump would have stuck to their original decision to refuse Exotic's demands point blank. Their very yielding was a gesture of defiance toward Florian. Or so, at least, Mr. Slappey construed it.

Exotic had deliberately taken advantage of the situation to push himself. Florian's original resentment had been actuated by a genuine interest in the company's well-being. To have his advice misinterpreted; to have his well-intentioned interference boomerang in favor of Mr. Hines; to find himself suddenly cast out, a pariah among his kind—Mr. Slappey sighed enormously and made a gesture.

"It cain't go on," he announced to the four bare walls of his room. "It just nachelly cain't."

He thought back over the past six weeks. He realized that there had been a growing tension in the company. Then the waters overflowed the dam, and he had been caught in the flood. And now all this tension—whatever its cause—was being directed against himself. The pent-up ill humor of actors, executives, technical men—all of it was being heaped on his head.

Mr. Slappey was frankly worried. There seemed no end to the thing, no limit to the damage which might be done him. He shed his Prince Albert, his cane and his monocle and sat down to think. His mind continued to revert to the tumescence of ill humor which had victimized him.

Where there was trouble there must be a cause. It was his immediate task to find that cause and to eliminate it. He immersed himself in thought. He wanted, more than anything in the world, to restore himself to a position of influence and popularity, and at the same time even his mounting score with Exotic Hines. Mr. Hines was rapidly becoming insufferable. He was assuming toward Florian the very airs and graces which had depopularized the elegant Mr. Slappey.

The company assembled for dinner in the room which they exclusively used. Florian ate with eyes downcast. He had no appetite and his spirit was shrunken. He did not even lash back with his usually nimble tongue when Exotic gibed him across the long table.

The meal finished, Florian rose, went to his room, took top hat, stick and monocle and walked forth into Paris. The streets glowed with yellow light, crowds moved languidly along the sidewalks, and Florian fell in with the stream, his mind still groping for an answer to his problem.

He crossed the Boulevard Montmartre and moved slowly along the Rue de Richelieu to the Jardin du Palais-Royal. From there his feet conducted him to the bank of the placid Seine, where he stared out across the shimmering waters. He stood in lone dignity for a considerable length of time. Then he continued his solitary and moody walk. The veiled hostility of the company depressed him. He had always been a leader, and popular. Now —— At length he became conscious of the fact that he was hungry. He started mechanically for a tiny café near the Quai du Louvre.

"Oh, Lawsy!" he groaned. "Ev'ythin' is wrong with ev'ybody. Jus' what woul'n't I give to be in Bud Peaglar's place absorbin' a bowl of Brunswick stew an' a barbecue san'wich!"

He dwelt on the prospect. The succulent stew and the delicious meat—and then he stopped short, his eyes popped and his jaw sagged. An idea came to him! For perhaps three minutes he stood motionless as a statue. Then a few children near by were amazed to see an exquisitely dressed colored man execute a few delirious steps of a soft-shoe dance. Mr. Slappey's face, as he completed his offering to Terpsichore, was wreathed in smiles and his lips formed words of gratitude to his brain.

'Hot ziggity dam!" exulted Mr. Slappey. "At las' I has found out wha's the matter with ev'ybody!"

He moved rapidly toward the center of Paris. And each swinging step served to crystallize his magnificent idea. Something was wrong with the company. Something had served to put nerves on edge and to quicken tempers. Mr. Slappey understood now, with radiant clarity, what that

(Continued on Page 173)

His Appearance Created a Sensation, But Not Exactly the Sort of Sensation Florian Relished

C'EST LA GUERRE

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"There's Ninon," He Said in a Dazed Voice; "Ninon, and Her Father. I Don't Know Who the Others are. I Must Go Over and Speak to Her"

TOURS sits proudly upon the banks of the hurrying Loire. Alert, yet apparently dreaming, it has sat there for more than two thousand years. Much water has run in the Loire and the eyes of many generations have watched it run. Tours is the heart of France. There all the French virtues and the French vices are at their height; there the best French is spoken and the most typical French face is seen. When the heart of France beats fast the blood pulses quickly through all the outlying arteries; when the heart is kindly, so are the other members; when the heart hates, so do the tongue and the brain. Delicate, civilized, frugal, courteous people, the Tourangeaux; cold, grasping and contemptuous of all they do not know.

Having said which, it is possible to say, although with what may at first appear to be entire irrelevancy, that war is for the discontented and love for the unhappy. Two entirely different states of mind.

War is for the square peg in a round hole, or the round peg in a square hole. When you meet a man who hankers after war, who vaguely regrets the last war, you meet as a general rule a man who has some maladjustment in his background. The man who has managed to snatch some modicum of satisfaction from this most unsatisfactory existence finds war only a nuisance. But the man who is actually unhappy, especially the proud man who has come to the end of, let us say, some foolish fantasy, needs, whether for a moment or for life, a woman. You cannot bow your head, actually or metaphorically, on the knees of anything else.

Vaughan Stewart, bless his heart—and I say bless his heart because he is one of my best friends—up until a little while ago rather liked the last war. Having plenty of imagination and some common sense, he was not so foolish, naturally, as to defend war on theoretical grounds. He agreed with you that it was absurd and childish and anachronistic; but he was one of those people who, when all has been said, shrug shoulders and remark, "Yes, that's all perfectly true; but man hasn't reached the millennium yet, and until he does ——" And there was an expression in his eyes and a tone in his voice which showed you that secretly he was glad the millennium had been pushed forward sufficiently still to offer its lack as a relief from the monotony of life.

Vaughan rather liked the last war because, being by temperament a landscape painter, he was an architect; and because, for two years previous to 1917, he had been in love with a rich girl whom he was too proud to ask to marry him, and who, on her part, was too proud to make him. Young men and women were like that in those days. He was too proud to marry, but he was not too proud to fight.

If you objected, "But look here, Vaughan, you're an architect, and so should understand this analogy. Granted an evil like war, the only way to cure it is to draw up some general plan, isn't it?" he would as likely as not splutter inappropriately, "Architecture—hell!" Which was, of course, a proof of what I have been saying. "Architecture—hell" and Jessica Bowdoin were what had sent him off so eagerly to fight the war to end war, and a love of the French and of Tours was what had maintained this eagerness; but especially Tours—Tours, dreaming but alert. Vaughan had been stationed in Tours for six months, and Tours is a dangerous place for an artist to be stationed in, particularly when that artist is subject to the psychology of conflict.

We all heard a great deal about Tours, and by "we" I mean myself and my wife and Vaughan's other friends. We heard so much about it that, with the unpleasant human characteristic which caused the oyster-shell vote against Aristides the Just, Tours began to lie somewhat heavily on our mental stomachs. At least, I know it began to lie heavily on mine; and in the beginning I had had no prejudice—rather, like most people, a considerable desire to see Tours myself. In my mind it had always been classed with those lovely half-mythical cities that, if you were lucky, one day you would see—Samarkand and Singapore and Constantinople, Carcassone and Rothenburg, Les Baux and Ankor Wat. But now Tours became, perhaps, too perfect; its rivers and its towers, its inhabitants and its trees too much a contrast to Philadelphia, where God had appointed us to live. And then, as a further insult to a thwarted race, there was always Vouvray, that golden wine, lying like sunlight in a cup. All this, mind you, granting the fact that Vaughan was by no means a talkative man; to the contrary, one who talked very little and then in concentrated, fascinating outbursts; and all this, granting the fact that when he described Tours there was a trace of magic on the air—of valid magic. Vaughan, when he cared to, could be lyric; and I must say that he visualized Tours marvelously. You saw the proudly flowing Loire, the narrow streets, by dawn, by moonlight and by day; the tower of Charlemagne; the old hostelry, but little changed, where Jeanne d'Arc had stayed; the squares of half-timbered houses; and although, with that strange and foolish reticence which is the fashion, Vaughan spoke sparingly of the actual war, you saw, too, pouring across and through and about these, the increasing flood of uniformed Americans.

Something epoch-making about the last. Something like the borrowing of new strength for the tired muscles of the old gray city. Something like the return of the native; for although most of these men were descendants of another race, after all, Europe was the mother and these grandchildren of hers, through force of circumstances, had been brought back to her. Tours was a delicate old lady of the higher bourgeoisie, smiling and welcoming.

One gathered, too, that Vaughan had been in love with a girl there, the daughter of a professor; an episode that might have ripened into definition if there had been more time, if life had not been so concentrated on the business at hand. You wondered if this love affair had been as actual as the one in which Jessica Bowdoin had been involved.

Well as you might know Vaughan, you could never pin him down to anything very definite about himself. An elusive man; a tall, thin, graceful, dark, desperate-looking fellow, with a lock of hair that on the slightest provocation fell across his forehead and had to be pushed back; a man who had an odd habit of chuckling when least expected and of remaining unenlightened when laughter was in order. Extremely irritating at times, a personality like that; particularly when, as in Vaughan's case, there is also a mismanaged life. But then all the people you love mismanage their lives. If they would only allow you to do something about them!

No, the fault did not lie in Vaughan's description of Tours; nor did it lie, really, in his repetitions, which after all were not unbearable. It lay, I think, in the impression given those who were devoted to Vaughan that the city had become—more even than the memory of Jessica, more

even than the memory of the French girl—his spiritual mistress, wise and gentle, but, as even the wisest and gentlest of mistresses must be, always to some extent a shadow between him and reality. Mistresses cannot help that; in such a relationship there is inevitably a dimness of outline that prevents admiration from being subjected to the wholesome tests of marriage. For better or for worse, through ugliness and at times distaste, a man is born to be wedded to his own country.

And then there was always, as I have said, the feeling that, beside the Tourangeaux, the Americans were a dull and sad and uninspired lot, devoid of much emotion or tenderness or potential greatness of spirit. We shivered a little at what we could not help.

Vaughan, you must understand, unless you have already gathered it, is an obstinate devil, a good deal of a Latin himself in that respect; and, as a matter of fact, on his mother's side he has Spanish blood. With him is the southern trait of cold, slowly accumulated unreason in which all values are distorted or else nonexistent, and with him also is the southern trait of sudden soft collapse once the quarrel becomes clearly unfeasible; the southern habit of assuming, after such a collapse, that there has been no quarrel at all. I suppose that is one reason why he has always been able with a fair amount of success to do so many things he has not liked. This soft sudden collapse is curious. I remember seeing it once when his father told him he could study architecture but not painting, and I remember it again the night Jessica Bowdoin turned her back on him for good.

The first incident took place in our room at college—Vaughan and I roomed together, and it was a spring night in our senior year. Old Mr. Stewart had come puffing and panting up from Philadelphia to make himself, as usual, disagreeable. He pulled at his short white beard.

"I've no especial objection to painting," he said magnanimously, "in its place. Can't you do it in odd hours and at your leisure?"

"No," said Vaughan.

Mr. Stewart flushed. "All right then, you won't do it at all—at least, not on my money."

And Vaughan had stared and sighed; and then, in the strange way I have described, had shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said, just as a man who for months has been fighting Beelzebub might say when he suddenly decides to join him.

Not that architecture isn't a noble profession; I am not implying that. Besides, I am too ignorant of it to risk comment, and I agree that, with the exception of dancing, it is probably the most fundamental of all the arts. I am merely saying that I have an idea it is not the best of mediums for a solitary, desperate-looking man.

Nor was the first real love affair the best of mediums. Vaughan's essentially likable and charming personality was blotted out. It was a marvel that Jessica Bowdoin stood him as long as she did. He wanted frightfully to marry her and she wanted frightfully to marry him, and that was as far as they got. Vaughan said that it would be at least five years, and maybe not then, before he could make Jessica his wife and still maintain his self-respect; and she said that he was an idiot, and that she had money enough for two. She also said he "dated"—or its equivalent, since I do not think the term was invented then; that he was ruining her life, and that his supposed delicacy concealed nothing but a monstrous egotism and selfishness. She even offered to take him out of architecture and let him paint landscapes—an offer which he refused, of course, indignantly.

Jessica was always very advanced; her money made her so. At the same time she was exceptionally gentle and broad-minded. It was only Vaughan, and that because she loved him, who could stir her into these tempests of rage and cruelty. If you had not been dismayed by the train of events they marked, you would have enjoyed these outbursts, for while in them Jessica was startlingly pretty—an October blonde. That is to say, corn-colored hair and brown eyes, with gorgeous lashes, and a white skin of delicate coloring. To these were added a figure slim and beautifully made. Jessica was born to wear her hair cut short and brushed straight back, and I am glad she was not born too soon, for that is the way she wears it now.

I did my best to advise Vaughan, and so did everybody else; and when we weren't advising Vaughan we were advising Jessica. We were all fairly immature then. Vaughan and Jessica were plainly bad for each other. Toward the end they got so that every time they met they fought. In their presence you felt as if you were in a hothouse run by a careless superintendent. Jessica's lovely young face grew hard and Vaughan became more dour and unexpected than ever. He seemed to search for remarks that would make Jessica flush and start as if a whip had touched her. I imagine that no one was sorry when, at the end of two years, she ended the absurd situation, the only regret being that for the ending she chose so poor a man to accompany—one John Theobald, of New York

She chose him at a country-club dance, and I was there at the time, on the veranda, under the soft light of lanterns in paper shades. And I am sure she wanted Vaughan to step forward with some fierce arresting gesture that would stop her. Even then Vaughan could have won her back. But for the second time I saw that soft sudden collapse. He had thrown up his hands mentally.

John Theobald was a terrible fellow, a perfect example of the worst New York and wealth can do to you; and since everyone knows what that means, there is no use describing it. In 1920 he died, much to the gratification of everyone concerned, and left Jessica, after eight years of married life, twice as rich as he had found her, childless, a widow of twenty-nine, and almost twice as lovely and dangerous. She was lovelier because she was thinner and paler and considerably chastened, and she was more dangerous because she had ceased to consider herself dangerous at all. She thought her life was over, expiating in some roundabout fashion the sins of John, and so began to devote herself to public works; in which, I have no doubt, her beauty made her a disturbing factor. At all events, I know that about her broke waves of suitors as the sea breaks and recedes from the detachment of a shining isle.

Meanwhile Vaughan had fought his war. Like a good many other earnest patriots, he had had his troubles doing so. He was thirty-five, without previous military experience, and it was discovered that he had a heart he had ruined by running at college. In the most vagrant way, it had wandered over from the left side to the right. The examining doctors discovered the heart as if they had discovered a crime, and Vaughan's expectations of what he was going to do dropped sickeningly from the air service down through the infantry, the artillery, the cavalry, the ambulance, and the camouflage corps, until they rested joyously upon being a second lieutenant in the ordnance. I saw him in Washington and the eagle seemed chained.

It is difficult, however, to keep a good eagle chained, and Vaughan proceeded to do more with poor material than any man I have ever known. Almost immediately he was in France, almost instantly he became a captain and started an esoteric corps within a corps that was connected with military intelligence. He flew and was up in the front-line trenches, and generals loved him, and at odd intervals he carried dispatches back and forward through the submarine zone, and German agents hung upon his flanks. He came back a major, with a medal or so, and the prettiest battle blade imaginable, which he or some other equally artistic soldier had designed—a silver running greyhound, very much like

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Things Went Well for a Week—Went Too Well, for at the End of the Week, Vaughan, I am Sure, Kissed Jessica

SOME DAY

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

THE agreeable manager who took Clive's order for a monocle—his left eye had a slight astigmatism—was accustomed to cheering idle American tourists conversationally inclined; and not being at the moment pressed, pleasantly answered his apparently idle inquiries anent optical corrections.

No, a myopic vision frequently became spontaneously corrected in time, but no nearsighted young person was going to need convex lenses in the course of seven years—or ever, for that matter. . . . Yes, in the case of ordinary optical defects, where the correction was plus or minus, slight errors that were common to a great many people, standard lenses could immediately be supplied. But in cases where the plus or minus correction must be combined with astigmatism, and thus required not only a convex or concave lens but also a prism, the chance of any two prescriptions being exactly alike was so slight they did not bother even to save the lenses when the prescription was changed. He went on to explain that the arc of refraction was in such cases increased along certain meridians and decreased on others, thus spreading the rays of light on a line of the retinal surface, instead of converging to a point. "Just the difference," as he explained with a smile, "between the point of an ice ax and the edge."

She Turned to Him a Face He Had Never Forgotten Even in Its Minor Details

Clive nodded. He was entirely aware of what was being explained to him, and had asked for the information a good deal as an explorer on the edge of a strange lake might attach a trout fly to a line, cut a bamboo rod and cast out to see if the waters held game fish of any sort.

"That's most interesting," he said. "Then a person might be identified by the spectacles it was proved he wore as closely as by his finger print."

"Say, that's an idea, isn't it?" The manager looked interested in his turn. "You could test the glasses and find what the prescription was, then trace it to some oculist. They could use that in the movies." He scratched his head. "No, I'm not so sure."

"Why not?" Clive asked. "Since the astigmatism might be at any latitude on any meridian anterior to the retina, the chances of any two checking up are very small."

"Yes, but it might happen. Now that I come to think, it happened here some months ago. You remember the case of the American girl, Alixte O'Day, who disappeared off the French steamer out of Bordeaux?" Clive nodded. "She wore minus prisms, and she was forever breaking her glasses, as some people do. Her nose wasn't built for pince-nez and she wouldn't wear specs. Once in a while you get a person that's almost impossible to make glasses stick to, especially with a very tender skin."

Clive nodded. "Yes, and a nose like mine, with the bridge wide between the eyes."

"A broad spread makes the trouble, and Miss O'Day's was like that—straight and fairly high, and raising a little at the tip. I remember she said one day that with one eye closed, all she could see with the other was the tip of her nose sticking up like the Matterhorn. She was a beauty, that girl, but not everybody could see it. The more you looked at her, the more you got it. Rotten shame. I often wondered what was underneath it all."

Clive ignored this digression. "People who keep breaking their glasses ought to have a few spares," he observed.

"That's what I told Miss O'Day. She was always breaking her glasses or losing them—half the time in the water. Told me one day she was a good swimmer and loved it. She must have been a beauty on the beach. Swimming girls are always the best built—full-powered and well-upholstered."

This fresh digression nearly drove Clive to profanity. He controlled himself enough to say, "I suppose you keep some regular customers' glasses in stock."

"Sometimes. Now there's a funny thing. A woman will have her wardrobe full up of expensive gowns and shoes and lingerie, the half of which she may never put on. But for some reason they balk at ordering more than a couple of pairs of glasses at a time, though any minute they may lose them or smash them and be left helpless. You'd think they'd want spares, especially when traveling round. Sometimes we get a telegram from Baden or St. Moritz or Monte Carlo, howling for a pair by return mail, and we like to fill the order on the spot. It was that way with Miss O'Day. We had three sets of hers on hand when she disappeared. Now what do you think ——"

But Clive reined him back after the ball. "And you found another customer they fitted?"

"Why, yes. About a month ago we got a letter from a Frenchman, inclosing a copy of his prescription, asking that we grind two pairs of prism lenses and forward them to him as quick as we could. He inclosed a *mandat de poste* for five hundred francs and asked us to send the change with the order as soon as possible. It just happened that I remembered Miss O'Day's, and the two were precisely the same. First time it ever occurred, to my knowledge."

Clive fairly quivered on the verge of his next question, but he managed to ask casually, "You'd kept the spares of Miss O'Day?"

"Yes, we'd happened to let 'em lie. That was a bit of luck, as this new client was in a tearing hurry. Said he was helpless without them and in a place where there was nobody to make them up."

"Where could such a place as that be? Where was he staying?" Clive asked the manager casually.

"He didn't say. Just asked us to forward the lenses to the Comptoir des Escomptes in Paris. That bank has branches in all the provinces."

"That's odd," Clive observed. "The more so as you had the glasses all made. This customer must have thought you carried an enormous stock."

"The chances are he wouldn't know enough about it. And there's another funny thing. Nowadays folks are educated about their insides and ears and noses and tonsils and adenoids, but not one out of a hundred knows anything about the most important part of his machinery—and that's his eyes."

Clive suggested, "This Frenchman might be an artist who knew Miss O'Day and had found out their glasses were the same."

"Say now, I never thought of that. His name was—let's see ——"

There was, to Clive, a maddening pause as the optician searched his memory. But the effort was without avail. Clive said finally: "What you've just told me is very interesting. I know a lot of artists and I'm just wondering if my theory could possibly be right. Haven't you the name on your books?"

"Yes, of course. I'll look it up if you don't mind waiting a moment or two."

He went to the office to consult the card index. It seemed to Clive that he had never found it so difficult to wait five minutes for any information, but he was rewarded when presently the optician returned and said, "The name was Doret—Guy François Doret."

Clive shook his head. "Don't know the gentleman," he said smoothly enough. But his heart was beating a tattoo—or a reveille, to be exact. He had not told a lie; he did not know the gentleman who signed himself Guy François Doret. But he knew the lady who had seen fit to take this brush name, and that it was Aliste, alive and in the flesh.

■

CLIVE went out, and walking along a few steps to the Café de la Paix, sat down at a table on the sidewalk to let his normal equilibrium recover, and to think.

With no great difficulty and not entirely by chance, he had solved in three days' time at least half the mystery of the disappearance of Aliste O'Day. The circumstantial evidence of her being still alive was so strong as to be for him entirely convincing. The cross bearings of the pictures and eyeglasses were too exact to be fortuitous.

There remained now to discover the other half, or what might prove actually the other half—the reason for and method of this disappearance, and where Aliste might now be located.

The French bank would, he knew, flatly refuse to reveal the location of a client who had positively instructed them to keep this fact suppressed. It would be, of course, possible to obtain it through the American Embassy, the police, through Mr. Porthieu or the press, by any of a number of channels, on the presentation of satisfactory evidence that Clive had good reason to believe Guy François Doret identical with the presumably drowned Aliste O'Day.

But for obvious reasons Clive had no intention of taking any such step. Since Aliste had chosen to lose her identity, bury it in the depths of the sea, then taken pains to maintain her incognito—that was strictly her own affair, for which she must have excellent reason. As such, it would be no act of friendship on his part to betray her.

But herein lay the rub: Was Aliste following this procedure of her own free will, through a personal motive for dropping out of the world as Aliste O'Day, or was she doing so through coercion or some fear of the results of discovery? And, if the latter, might it not be possible to render her a tremendous service in removing this coercion or whatever it was she had reason to fear?

Clive could not know the reason for Aliste's self-effacement until he should have managed to find her and talk to her, and to effect this he must be obliged to trail her down by his own effort and unassisted. The big French banking house would certainly refuse any demand for the address of their client, Guy François Doret, to an unofficial stranger. It might be possible to bribe a confidential mailing clerk or some other having access to the mailing list, but Clive found such an effort most repugnant. He summed up in his mind the facts now carefully gleaned and at his disposition.

Aliste had found out about the faithlessness of her fiancé. And at about the same time she had learned that for years Porthieu had been in large part living and traveling about latterly with his second wife unduly at Aliste's expense. As a member of his household, the domestic overhead—which, of course, included the cost of her board and lodging—had come out of Aliste's income at a time when she was spending only a fraction of this; and on traveling, this same contemptible parasitic drain had occurred.

These two disillusionments were responsible for her abrupt change of habit. She had suddenly emerged to fling herself into a gay but, according to Marina, vicious entourage. She had bought gowns and jewels with a profligacy that had frightened Porthieu and led to a crash of their relations. Also, according to Marina, these extravagances had been paid out of her gambling winnings, fruits of the luck of the beginner, and were not, as Porthieu believed, the hysterical squandering of the principal she had taken into her own custody.

Then that first night out, after overhearing their plans for her loss of freedom, she had disappeared from the ship. But had she disappeared to escape the Porthieus, or to escape some danger of a sinister sort that she believed to threaten her? She had unquestionably been in her stateroom before the ship sailed, because Mrs. Porthieu had talked to her there. But had she been in the stateroom after the ship sailed? Had she been aboard the ship at all after its casting off its lines?

This last startling query was beginning to crystallize in Clive's mind as a result of the optician's assurance that the glasses found by the stewardess could not possibly have belonged to Aliste. In that case, whose glasses were they? Clive was not sure whether Mrs. Porthieu wore glasses. But if she did, she would, of course, have taken them; and the same was true of Porthieu, who habitually wore a monocle.

Then, eliminating the Porthieus, whose glasses could they have been, and what were they doing there? Clive had absolute faith in the assertion of the stewardess that they could not have been left by a former occupant of the stateroom. That would be to assume that the cabin had not been cleaned since the last voyage—an impossible supposition, especially after talking with the excellent stewardess.

This left but one premise—that some other person had been in that stateroom either alone or with Aliste after the ship had sailed. Such a ruse would not have been difficult with Aliste's collusion; the girl would be reported missing from a ship aboard which she had never sailed.

This idea was so alluring that Clive was loath to abandon it. Some woman confederate of Aliste's might have engaged a passage on that ship, with a stateroom of her own near by. Aliste might have gone aboard, talked with her step-parents. Then, just before the ship sailed, this confederate could have gone to Aliste's room, changed gowns with her, lain down on the berth, and Aliste in the dress of the other could have slipped ashore unperceived by her step-parents when the ship was cleared of its bon-voyage visitors. But Clive, though strongly attracted by this supposition, was obliged to admit the imperfect meshing of its cogs, or rather the foreign body in its transmission box. This was the pince-nez. The glasses could only have belonged to Aliste's accomplice, and it seemed most improbable that she would have left them there.

The next idea to present itself was less amusing, more sinister, yet not entirely so, since Clive was now convinced that Aliste was alive and in hiding. It was possible that Aliste had sailed with the ship and had abandoned it through the instrumentality of some person—a man, perhaps, who had been with her in her room. There is no gender attached to eyeglasses. Unlike shoes and gloves and jewelry, their neuter quality does not reveal the sex of ownership.

The fact that the glasses had been not only left in the cabin, but fallen down between the head of the mattress and the bulkhead, would seem to indicate that the intruder, whether male or female, had leaned over the berth and some sort of violence had ensued, and this of a sort to

(Continued on Page 114)

"Panch Was on the Lookout, and Picked Me Up and Brought Me Here"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1927

A Policy in Federal Reclamation

THE Department of the Interior has promulgated a ten-year program for Federal reclamation, and the program of projects has been submitted to the Congress. The sum called for is ninety-seven million dollars, somewhat less than had been anticipated, and representing, one may believe, a piece of efficient planning by Secretary Work and Commissioner Mead. In seventeen Western states are located twenty-two unfinished projects. The sum required to carry out the proposed program is probably slightly in excess of the income of the reclamation fund. Therefore no new projects can be undertaken, presumably, without direct congressional enactment and appropriation. The proposed work is to be spread out rather evenly over ten years. We face, in fact, the last chapter in the reclamation developments whose credits and debits were so searchingly revealed in the report of the fact-finding commission of a few years ago. We have now, so to speak, a breathing spell in reclamation. It is a propitious time to look forward to a new policy. It is important that the mistakes of the past be not repeated and that its lessons be heeded; the new policy should be the outgrowth of the experimental period from which we are just emerging.

Reclamation developments, using the term in a broad sense, include four groups of engineering advancements. The first, in order of direct importance, is the conservation of water for domestic purposes in large cities. The second is flood control, the protection of existing agricultural and urban settlements from inundations. The third is hydro-electric development, which is to be regarded as just in the beginning in the West, and this despite the impressive size of the existing installations. The fourth is irrigation. Usually the last has been first; irrigation and land settlement have been the objectives of most of the reclamation projects. Back of the schemes of irrigation, as clearly revealed in the report of the fact-finding commission, has stood real-estate speculation as a predominating motive. For the most part, the petitions of would-be settlers have been secondary rather than primary, in contradistinction to the situation at the time of the homesteading of the Western plains. Sometimes all four groups of developments are combined in one project, as is the case with the proposed dam in the canyon of the Colorado River. But even here, the disputes of the seven states concerned in the project have arisen, for the most part, out of disagreement as to distribution of water for irrigation.

It is natural for Western states to desire to promote land settlement. Their turn has come last. The road builders were the first economic pioneers. Railroads and public roads demand population. The Western states need tax payers, tonnage for railways, markets for goods. To buy, they must sell. Mining, lumbering and public grazing have their natural limitations. Much of the soil is physically unadapted to cultivation; most of the cultivatable soil is rich in everything but water. Irrigation agriculture, whether single crop or diversified, is an intensive form of farming and requires heavy initial capital investment. Such developments cannot be engineered and financed by prospective settlers. The settlers were supposed to be able to carry the costs of the going concern designed, financed and installed by governmental aid. This they were rarely in position to do.

Looking back over the years of reclamation efforts, it is clear that the Government has subsidized the development of irrigated farm lands in advance of commercial feasibility. Irrigation being installed often at excessive costs, in many instances it has been necessary to wipe out the construction costs, in whole or part, in order to get the overhead down to the earning value of the land. Our country has witnessed not a little aimless production in agriculture. Neither the country nor the world has stood in need of the foodstuffs that have been so laboriously wrested from the soil by frontier settlers under the direction of reclamation engineers. Irrigated land has not been needed to make homes for men moving from city to country; the drift has been in the opposite direction. Farms are abandoned in some parts of the country as new tracts are opened up in other parts. In the competition between agricultures, the new areas have often suffered as much as the old.

Agriculture as a productive science has been years in advance of agriculture as a marketing art. The promoters who sold new lands to settlers in reclaimed tracts were in position to promise them crops, for the most part; they were not in position to promise them markets. Most crops are, more or less, in difficulty—the difficulty of being sold at remunerative prices. The larger the crops, the greater the difficulty. The more new land, the larger the crops, unless older lands are abandoned.

The Department of Agriculture recently released a statement on the land policy of the United States, based on the general recommendation that new land should not be rapidly brought into cultivation while the production of old lands is without a satisfactory market. It suggests that the time has come to place a halt on the pioneering tradition and the resulting overexpansion of farm areas, and that undeveloped lands in public and private ownership should be classified and administered along a carefully formulated and thoroughly coördinated plan of development for agriculture and forestry.

There is need for reason and tolerance on both sides. One cannot defer flood control until such time as advantageous use of the impounded waters can be made in irrigation of reclaimed tracts. Some of the proposed developments—notably the damming of the Columbia and Colorado rivers—are of gigantic dimensions and would require a decade or two for completion. It may be administratively wise, after the engineers have settled on what ought to be done and the states involved have come to agreements, to have these constructions started. But no installations for flood control or hydro-electric development ought to proceed under the cloak of agricultural expansion. Western states must learn that in the present state of society it does no good to bring in new settlers at governmental expense or at their own expense, if they cannot become effective economic units. Instead, it does harm to permanent developments to have agricultural projects started before they can pay their way. The West has a brilliant future; it can afford to build on earning values and not on booms. This is no time for fresh appropriations for new projects of agricultural development—east, west, north or south. We need to reduce the public debt and to hold taxation under check. After a few years, when the relations of agriculture and industry become more clarified, a fresh start may be made with reclamation projects on the basis of market demand for produce instead of speculative demand for land transfer.

Ability and Prosperity

MUCH of the prosperity which characterized the year 1926 was of an enduring sort, for it sprang not only from a large group of favorable but impermanent conditions but from the fact that our national ability mounted to a higher peak than ever before.

The extraordinary performance of the railroads in hauling an unprecedented volume of freight, at reduced costs and with smaller working forces, was a matter not of good luck but of good management. If a ton of coal burned under a power house or factory boiler produced more electricity or more finished product of any sort than ever before, it was not the result of good fortune but the outcome of improved engineering methods. Commercial telephony between New York and London has not merely happened. The general public knows the spectacular results obtained, but it hears little or nothing of the long years of research, of the millions spent, of the failures and discouragements which barred the way to success. Industrial chemistry, the engineering sciences, the useful arts and the concentrated ingenuity of one hundred and sixteen million people all contributed to the net total of our national earnings.

In trade as well as in industry extraordinary advances have been made. Every live business in the country is establishing itself on a firmer foundation; first, by cultivating higher standards of equity and fair play; second, by continual striving for sounder and more scientific methods. Long forward strides have been made in merchandising. The peaks and valleys of business are being slowly ironed out. Relations between labor and capital have become more and more cordial, not by chance but as the result of intensive study, improved understandings and a common desire for a square deal. New economic conditions seem to be developing in our industrial life. Prof. David Friday points out that for the first time since 1896 a flood of prosperity has not brought rising prices. "Rising profits with declining prices," says he, "is a new phenomenon to the man who received his early business training at the end of the last century or the beginning of this."

Investors are safeguarded better than ever before by the concerted efforts of the Government and the great exchanges to put crooked promoters out of business. More ample publicity in regard to corporation affairs will also increase the security of the small investor.

Our machinery for handling money and credit was never so effective as it is today. The establishment of the Federal Reserve System marked the great turning point in our financial history. Starting with the basic principle that a dollar in the bank can do the work of a thousand dollars in a woolen sock, we have shown a steadily increasing ability to employ our money and credit more effectively for the benefit of our entire population. Our rising standards of living and the increase of population make enlarging demands upon our growing working capital. At the same time higher industrial efficiency tends to slacken the tension of these demands, for the greater the output of a piece of machinery per horse power consumed, the fewer such units need be employed. Such sources of potential wealth and their tendency can scarcely be overestimated. Our whole economic situation abounds in such paradoxes. If we spend more, we also save more. If we get more fun out of living, we earn it by producing more.

All these tendencies, acts and achievements are proof of a new ability to operate this mid-section of our continent more skillfully than it has ever been operated in the past. And yet there are certain fields of activity to which the year 1926 made no important contributions. Consider the matter of government. State and municipal extravagance is, for the most part, still unchecked. Local taxation has elbowed the income tax out of the spot light.

Better government, local, state and national, is the one thing needed to seal and confirm our prosperity. If during the year 1927 we can make as broad strides toward sounder government as we did toward many other goals in 1926, we are well launched in a great year.

THE OLDEST BELIEF

By WILL PAYNE

MY ELDERS, it seems to me, were even more given to argumentation and exposition than elders are nowadays, but Uncle Curt was the only philosopher in the lot who had a thrill in him. He did not believe in the Christian religion or any other religion. They were all hocus-pocus, he said. He did not believe in the United States. Superficially it might look sort of promising; but he probably and I certainly would live to see it all go up in the fire and smoke of revolution. He did not believe in a republican form of government, maintaining that we would have been better off as subjects of the British crown.

Anybody who can remember a Middle Western country town in the twenty years following the Civil War will understand that skepticism could hardly go further. Not to believe in religion or the United States or democracy had something almost overt about it. It made you hold your breath, pop-eyed, fairly as when the match was applied to the fuse that set off a Fourth of July mine. I was secretly uncertain whether to regard Uncle Curt as a profound thinker or to laugh at him.

Save for his cataclysmic opinions, he was a quite harmless man, with a big red beard and mild melancholy blue eyes, his powerful mind much baffled by the practical problems of conducting an eighty-acre farm, and his affairs were in a chronic state of crisis. At least that was the impression I gathered. And if I think my elders argued large questions more than elders do now, it may be because they seem to have done more of their serious talking before children than people do now.

An Ill Wind Makes Good News

NOTWITHSTANDING Uncle Curt's comprehensive skepticism, I gradually discovered that he did have one abiding faith—a pole star by which he could lay his prophetic course. He believed firmly in calamity. Something disastrous was bound to happen to everything, from the creek dam that gave us a fine mill pond for swimming, fishing and skating, to the solar system, on which we must depend for even more important conveniences. Muskrats would undermine the dam, a comet would wreck the solar system.

Thus, at an age when I could no more have given a guess as to what anthropology means than have spelled it, I became acquainted with man's oldest faith. Probably it is still the most universal faith—a once world-wide belief in witchcraft having been restricted to the darker portions of the globe. I doubt that any man or woman can be found who does not, sometimes, believe in calamity.

Only three or four years ago nearly everybody, so far as I could discover, was believing in it; that is, after the strain and disappointment of the World War it became a common idea that the world had come an irreparable cropper and was on the downhill slide. Tons of printed paper expressed that view in various ways. More recently a distinguished Englishman has stimulated his fellow Britons by predicting that England will become a quite agreeable place to live in after half the present population has emigrated to some unknown land or perished of starvation.

A great many people took the Kaiser's Yellow Peril very seriously. Europe was to be overwhelmed by Asia, and many people can still get a good shudder out of that prospect. Various books that predicted the extinction of our northern white race, with the rest of mankind promptly lapsing into savagery, have been quite popular within a decade. Many people felt sympathetically inclined to socialism, the doctrine of an equal distribution of poverty, because Marx foresaw that in the not distant future everyone except a mere handful of big capitalists would be stony broke.

Consider the calamities that eminent politicians are always promising us—if we don't do as they say. Politics, the art of capturing the imagination of a multitude, would not lean so heavily to calamity if that was not a popular chord. In grandfather's time followers of William Miller, by the tens of thousands, provided themselves with ascension robes in order to participate fittingly in the end of the world, and were much disappointed when it didn't happen.

But to cite specific examples would fill a page. Somebody is always preaching calamity. People like to believe it—that is, sort of; enough to make it popular. Any book that paints a satisfyingly gloomy future for man is pretty sure to make an impression. To declare that man is a fool inevitably headed for trouble is the first step in gaining a reputation for deep thought. Only silly persons, it appears, are hopeful on the long view. Things may look fairly good for the moment, but there is bound to be disaster somewhere ahead. If it doesn't happen right away another ice age will settle our hash finally.

The most casual inquiry will indicate how many people carry in their heads the idea of an inevitably calamitous world—just skating along on thin ice for the moment, but bound for a smash-up sooner or later. Very likely the theory of business cycles—every era of good times sure to be followed by bad times—is, in part, one outcropping of the calamity complex. As a matter of everyday experience, newspapers give the impression of a very precarious globe. Every other day disaster gets on the front page, because disaster is dramatic, therefore good news. There is hurricane in Florida, flood in the Middle West, hurricane in Cuba, miners entombed, train wreck, volcanic eruption somewhere, earthquake somewhere, and so on.

The Phœnix in Calamity's Fire

IT HAPPENED that I was on the east coast of Florida in April, 1906, and there read in a morning paper that San Francisco had been destroyed by earthquake and fire. Also it happened that I was in San Francisco in September, 1926, and there read in a morning paper that Miami had been destroyed by a hurricane. But the city in which I read that Florida news didn't know it had been destroyed It was visibly bigger, busier, richer, handsomer, solider than it had been twenty years before.

Only the year before, Santa Barbara, down the coast, had been visited by an earthquake about as destructive as the visitation at San Francisco in 1906. But the Santa Barbara I saw last fall was also better built than it had been before. One had to search for any evidence of a catastrophe.

It gave me an idea that the Western world, at least, grows yearly more impervious to calamity of every sort, and belief in calamity becomes less reasonable year by year. It is not an increasingly insecure world; but, on the contrary, decidedly an increasingly secure world. Not only the Western world. In September, 1923, Japan suffered the most destructive earthquake of which there is any certain record. Tokio, then accounted the third largest city in the world, Yokohama and many smaller places were devastated by the earthquake and fire. Some 100,000 people were killed. More than 250,000 houses were wholly or partly shaken down and nearly 450,000 burned.

BABES IN THE WOOD

(Continued on Page 70)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Vagabond

DOROTHY sent me to Florabelle,
Back in December of 'Twenty-three,
Daintily sealed, with a Frenchy smell,
Sheer and embroidered and fair to see.
Florabelle wrapped me again with glee,
After she'd scribbled a fitting "thanky";
"Just what I needed for Marg!" said she—
Pity the woes of a gifty hanky!

'Twenty-four's holiday snowflakes fell:
Margaret mailed me to Aunt Marie;
Auntie relayed me to Cousin Nell,
Under the family Christmas tree.
Came 'Twenty-five and a new sortie;
Gayly beribboned, all fresh and swanky,
Posted to Laura in Laramie—
Pity the woes of a gifty hanky!

Vagabond ways that I learned too well!
New Year with Kitty, in Kankakee;
Easter with grandma, in New Rochelle;
South, for the birthday of Jane McGee;
Yule in Vermont, where Minerva Lee
Put me away, like a thrifty Yankee,
Ready to wander again—ah, me!
Pity the woes of the gifty hanky!

Envoi

Prince, I am sick of this vagrancy!
Grant me one owner, however cranky!
Give me a home that will changeless be—
Pity the woes of a gifty hanky!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Simple—But Solid

"I DON'T know much,"
Said Hiram Quirk,
"I've never read
Karl Marx or Burke;
I see the world's
Gone to the dogs,
And no one wants
My wheat and hogs.
Some brainy birds
Talk without end,
To show what's wrong
And how to mend.
There's too much war,
There's too much
grab.
Here's the advice
Of Hiram Quirk:
'Give up your gun
And get to work.'"

—*P. B. Prior.*

"Honest, Dearie, You Could of Knocked Me Over With a Feather"

A Sad Tale

"JUST what is news?" asked the cub reporter in one of his rare lapses in which he unconsciously was himself.

"News," responded the newspaperman, who was old enough to waste a few words now and then, "is—or, at least, so I've been told—what results when a man bites a dog. But as that seldom happens, consequently we seldom have any ——"

"Oh, that must be what makes news so scarce," interrupted the cub.

"Yes, that's just what. You took the very words out of my typewriter, as it were. But I have known it to take place."

"What?"

"I have known a man to bite a dog."

"No-o-o!"

"Yes. He was a movie actor. His press agent was having a hard time to put stories about him over on the city editors.

"They told him to get his man into some real news if he wanted them to use yarns about him. That made the press agent desperate. It also made him think. And he remembered that it was legendarily news when a man bit a dog. And so the next Sunday afternoon, when he knew there would be a wild scramble to get something to brighten up the Monday-morning papers, he brought the actor and a dog down to the office. He called us all up as eyewitnesses, so we couldn't accuse him afterwards of faking. And then he had the actor bite the dog. It was a great pity too. It was a mighty fine dog."

"And was it?" inquired the cub.

"Was it what?" grunted the old newspaperman.

"Was it news?"

"Well, that's what all good newspapermen say is news. But in this particular case, I thought—and still think—it was publicity."

"And what became of the dog?" pursued the cub, displaying indications of a pertinacity in covering all angles of a story that can be appreciated only by those similarly afflicted.

(Continued on Page 190)

Modern Flapper Receives an Old-Fashioned Sentimental Valentine

The Villager's "Motter"

A VILLAGE minister, visiting one of his parishioners, a steady-going old fellow who was a frequent attendant at the church services, came across a neatly written card on the wall. On questioning him, he found that it was what he termed his "motter," and certainly it was a motto which might be adopted by many of those ever-wavering people. The card read thus:

Bite off more than you can chew,
Then chew it.
Plan more than you can do,
And do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are!

The Father-and-Son Banquet Gets Off on the Wrong Foot

"Why do your beans always taste so much better?" asked a housewife about Campbell's

Slow-cooking is the answer. Beans have the finest, richest flavor cooked this way. The heat penetrates to every last meaty particle of the bean structure and remains there until it is tender, yielding and delicious to the taste. So you lose none of the goodness, none of the nourishing food which are stored in each individual bean.

And of course this through-and-through cooking renders Campbell's Beans remarkably wholesome and digestible. Be sure of getting the most enjoyment, the most benefit from your beans. Insist on Campbell's.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked
Digestible

BACK OF BEYOND

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXXII

BACK in the forest, beyond the outgushing of the sacred water, stood old Mavrouki. He had divested himself of all his garments, which lay in a heap at his feet; and from some unknown natural source he had procured bright-red paint with which he had decorated his face and body fantastically. He was not engaged in speaking to the god. One would have said that he waited, his ear cocked for sounds of approach. Apparently there were none. The forest held its breathless stillness, save for the subdued roar of the fountain below. Nevertheless, after a few moments, Mavrouki made a gesture of satisfaction and turned to face the leafy screen which shut in all view to the north and west. For some time nothing happened. Then, without apparent indication, the branches parted and four men stepped into view.

They were tall well-formed men, naked, but painted from head to foot with a whitewash of pipe clay or some similar pigment. Their only ornamentation consisted of flat bands of yellow metal about their left arms above the elbow, and similar but heavier bands about the head. One, taller than the rest and apparently the leader, wore in addition, suspended against his broad chest, a great jewel whose center was a green stone like an emerald. They carried long spears, which now they held poised above their right shoulders in readiness for throw or thrust. Silently, they advanced on Mavrouki until the spear points almost touched his chest. The old man did not flinch, but stood drawn to his full height, gazing at them steadily, eye to eye.

Kits Took Her Turn With the Rifle by the White Rock

For some moments they stared at each other. Then abruptly the leader spoke.

"Who are you who come to the mountain?" he demanded harshly. "Know you not that it is the home of the god and that you shall be slain?"

"I know it is the home of the god, and I shall not be slain, for I come on the business of the god," replied the old gun bearer evenly. "I bring one chosen of the god."

"It is a lie," broke out one of the other men fiercely. "I tell you this is he I saw, I and the guardians of the bride, with two white men killing meat. Kill!"

Mavrouki leisurely unwound the folds of his jacket from the object concealed in it and held the golden vase before the leader's eyes. "Here is my sign from the god," said he.

The strangers dropped the points of their threatening spears and crowded around with cries of astonishment. The leader offered to take the vase in his hand for closer examination, but Mavrouki held it back out of his reach. "It is not the will of the god," he said firmly.

They thrust their faces close to the vase, chattering excitedly, comparing the symbols engraved on it with those on their heavy flat armlets. Then they fell silent and fell back. But no longer were the spears poised.

"Who are you?" asked the leader again.

Mavrouki straightened himself proudly. "I am Mavrouki," he chanted in a singsong; "Mavrouki of the Monumwezi. I am one who knows the secrets of many gods. I am the master of *n'dowa*. I am the friend of gods. I carry the will of the god of the mountain."

The savages muttered to one another apart. "What say you is the will of the god?" at last demanded the chief sullenly. "Why come you here? Why come these white men here in the sacred moon when the god takes his bride?"

"We come because the god wills it. We come to speak to the god in his sacred moon. We come because this young man is the son of this god."

The savages growled ominously.

"I speak truth!" cried Mavrouki boldly. "You have seen him; you have seen other white men. Saw you ever white men so tall, so strong? And"—he pointed his finger straight into the other's face—"three days ago, at the house of the god, you saw him stand and make the sacred sign and speak to the god."

They looked at one another doubtfully. "Yes, that we saw," admitted the leader. "It may be as you say; I do not know. But this other—this short, hairy, ugly one. What does he in the sacred mountain? Why should he not be slain?"

"He is the servant, as are the Watassi," said Mavrouki shamelessly.

The other hesitated, apparently puzzled. "It is death to enter the sacred mountain," said he at last.

"That I know." And then Mavrouki countered swiftly: "Then what do you here?"

The other drew himself up in offended surprise. "We are the chosen ones. And even we may not enter save when the god takes his bride."

"How know I that?"

The chieftain touched the jewel on his chest. "Here is my token—the token given long ago beyond man's memory by the god himself."

Mavrouki drew himself up and his eye flashed. "My master, too, is the chosen one," he cried. "And the god wishes that he come. And"—he thrust forward the golden vase—"here is his token!"

For near half a minute the tableau held. Then irresolutely the leader turned to his followers. For some time they consulted apart, while Mavrouki stood proud and rigid where they had left him. The chieftain returned.

"Listen, O chief," said he; "I know not whether these things you say be lies or not. But you carry the token of the god, and it may be as you say. Certainly the young white man might well be the son of a god, and it may well be that he comes to speak to the god in his own manner. But we are the people of the god."

"That is true, O priest."

"We are the people of the god's bride, and none other."

"That, too, is true, O priest."

"That business is ours and none other's."

"That, likewise, is true, O priest."

"Tonight, as you must know who know so many things"—a note of sarcasm had crept into the speaker's voice—"the moon is greatest, the moon when the god takes his bride whom we bring him."

"Once in ten years," said Mavrouki calmly—"if she is good in his eyes and fronts him boldly without fear, he takes her by the blood sacrifice and she is seen no more. But if she shows fear she is taken away and serves among your people as a slave. I do know."

For the first time the leader seemed startled. "How know you these secret things?" he demanded hastily.

"To whom the gods speak there are no secret things," replied Mavrouki with calm insolence. His manner changed to that of one giving orders to inferiors. "Listen, you people of the god," said he; "we do not come to speak to you, nor to take part in your business. We come to talk to the god. Go you your way and we go ours. Do that which the god commands you; it is no affair of ours. Turn your eyes away while we do what the god commands us; it is no affair of yours. Do not search the purpose of the god. I have spoken." And once more he held aloft the golden vase.

Again the people of the god consulted apart, arguing vehemently. At length the leader turned back to Mavrouki, waiting in apparent calm and confidence. "So it shall be," he announced sullenly. "Tonight, in the house of the god"—he extended his arm in the direction of the cave—"we shall offer him the bride we have brought. Tomorrow we shall be gone. Do you keep away."

He turned his back and, followed by the three others, disappeared through the screen of leaves.

Mavrouki stood immobile for some moments; then, gathering up his clothes, he retraced his steps toward camp. On the way he stopped at the geyser spring where he carefully washed away all traces of his paint and resumed his garments. He drank deeply, as though his throat was parched, and his hands shook as he buttoned his clothes. Then he crept back through the forest, his back bowed as though weary, his knees trembling, his aspect that of an old and tired man. When near camp, he stopped, straightened his back and took a number of deep breaths. Then, apparently quite his old accustomed self, he glided up to Breck and returned the vase.

Breck glanced up at him amusedly. "You have been gone a long time," he observed.

"I have made *n'dowa, bwana*," said Mavrouki simply.

"What has it told you this time?" mocked Kali Sana.

"*Bwana*, I do not know," said Mavrouki. "It was an *n'dowa* against danger."

XXXIII

AFTER the noon meal, Maclyn was all for exploring the cave. It was only a short distance; it was well worth seeing; Breck could make it easily.

(Continued on Page 34)

Libby's

100 Foods

An asparagus bed 12 miles around —A great Alaskan fishing fleet—8,000 acres of pineapples — a few items of equipment in Libby's search for flavor

Insist on LIBBY'S
when you buy these foods

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ragout
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat with Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

(Partial List)

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

In the rich delta lands of the Sacramento River, a full twelve miles around, lies Libby's great asparagus ranch. Here the luscious stalks are packed on the very day they are cut with their fresh, full flavor at its best.

Asparagus Salad Martin: For each portion arrange 5 stalks Libby's California Asparagus on lettuce-covered salad plate. Surround with slices of Libby's Beets and top with green pepper mayonnaise.

New ideas and valuable hints—free, in our recipe booklet, called "Tasty Touches." Write for it, also for personal help on recipes, menus, entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, C-2 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Kitchens,
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario

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But Breck shook his head. "There's no hurry. Tomorrow will do. I could make it, of course, without great trouble; but I'm a bit tired from this morning, and the more I take care of myself now, the sooner we'll be able to start out."

"That's so," agreed Maclyn; "and we want to do that as soon as we can, don't we? Don't want to explore any farther—out the other side climb the cone?"

"That is all to be done, of course. But we can do it when the main expedition is at work."

"Not even the elephants?" suggested Maclyn with sly malice

A dreamy look came into Kali Sana's eyes. "Never been shot over," said he: "a new herd. There must be some good old tuskers among them. There'd be a tidy sum in bull ivory."

Maclyn laughed. "What have you to do with a tidy sum in bull ivory, you old fraud," he cried joyously, "when there are several bushels of diamonds and emeralds and things waiting just underfoot? I don't believe you care at heart one snap of your fingers for any tidy sums in ivory—or ever have. It's the elephant that interests you."

Breck smiled ruefully. "You're right, lad, but how you guessed it I do not know. It took me thirty years to find it out."

"And I can't see why," Maclyn's mischievous spirit teased. "They're as big as a barn. Anybody ought to hit one of those things. I should think there'd be just about as much interest as shooting a barn!"

This roused Breck, as Maclyn intended it should. He sat up and his eye flashed and he laid down the law. He described the anatomy of elephants and how few and small are the fatal spots to be hit. He described and illustrated the uncanny intelligence of elephants. He described the haunts of elephants and how they are emphatically not intended by Nature to be the haunts of man. He went into the difficulties and dangers brought about by a combination of these circumstances. Having finished this, he clinched his points by the detailing, one after the other, of a series of adventures—his own and other people's—in the actual pursuit of the elephant.

Maclyn was highly delighted. Never before had he broken through Kali Sana's taciturnity in respect to his own personal history. These were gorgeous tales, almost incredible tales, colorful, thrilling; sometimes tantalizing in the glimpses they incidentally flashed through doors of adventure opened, but almost immediately shut again. Maclyn would have liked to ask questions as to some of these things, but he realized that the first query would shut up Kali Sana like a clam.

Breck was not telling his own story; he was defending his beloved elephants. Maclyn hugged himself in secret joy, but it was only after years that could make him realize what rare stars had conjoined for this occasion, and what a picture was built up before his eyes of a steadfast soul.

But all too soon Kali Sana abruptly stopped, eying his young companion with an accusing eye. "You've had me, lad," said he briefly.

Maclyn rolled on his back and kicked up his heels with a great shout of laughter. He sat up again and impulsively threw his arm across Breck's shoulder to administer a mighty hug.

"Oh, Kali Sana, Kali Sana," he cried affectionately, "I used to be scared to death of you, but you're a great big fraud! You're as prickly as a horned toad outside—but that's all! Don't you ever try this Kali* stuff on me; you won't get away with it."

Breck sat very straight and rigid, as he had stiffened under the impulsive fling of the young man's arm across his shoulder. He stared straight in front of him, but with unseeing eyes. Twice he tried to speak, but his voice would not come.

"I'd never be Kali to you, lad," he managed at last very gruffly; and then hastened to add, "We're just about out of meat. You'd better get out and shoot some."

*Breck's native name, translated, means Very Fierce; *Kali*, sharp, keen, ferocious, fierce, *sana*, very

"There's a lot I had the men dry into biltong," returned Maclyn, also shying away into the commonplace. "I thought we ought to have plenty in case we made a trip or something. I don't want to go shooting; I want to talk about the crown jewels."

They lay there in the shade throughout a long, delicious afternoon, gazing out across the plain below, letting their imaginations run among plans for the future; the certainties of what was going to be discovered—they had become certainties now—what it was all going to mean to the world, to themselves. Maclyn was especially lost in delighted anticipation over one aspect of the latter consideration.

"This is just going to paralyze the governor," said he. "I'm going to keep it absolutely dark until we can spring the whole works in all its damn gorgeousness. Do you think we can keep it out of the papers?"

"I don't know; it will be difficult. Still, as this is strictly a private expedition —— Of course, there's the government end of it to handle. I don't know what rights we have there. Treasure-trove—that sort of thing."

"Good heavens, I never thought of that!"

They discussed this, searching for scraps of recollection that might aid them. Breck admitted that he had considerable influence in official circles. "And there's Kingozi—Culbertson, you know. He's staunch and will help." They planned how to keep it out of the papers. There was the personnel of the expedition—a dozen absorbing topics. Breck seemed to gain color and strength visibly as this magnificence coursed through his veins.

So the afternoon waned slowly and the shadow of the needle crept out across the plains. Silences fell upon them; the talk became spasmodic. Maclyn, idly watching the shadow, had a sudden idea.

"Look here," said he, "that thing did point to something, didn't it? The cave, you know. But that is only at this time of year. As the sun swings south the shadow would move—wouldn't it?—in this direction. It's about at

Continued on Page 74

He Brandished It Aloft, Uttering a Full-Lunged Roar of Triumph. "Now Come On, You Hounds!" He Shouted

No matter how much you may admire the car you now own, the Chrysler Imperial "80" offers a decidedly *new* and *unique* adventure in joyous motoring.

From the moment of your initial experience in the Imperial "80" you will be satisfied with nothing less.

In speed, power, smoothness, luxury of appointment, riding and driving ease, the Imperial "80" is a challenge to you to be dissatisfied with the conventional and the commonplace.

It is an invitation to know the sheer delight of stepping from the finest car of yesterday to the *finest that money can build.*

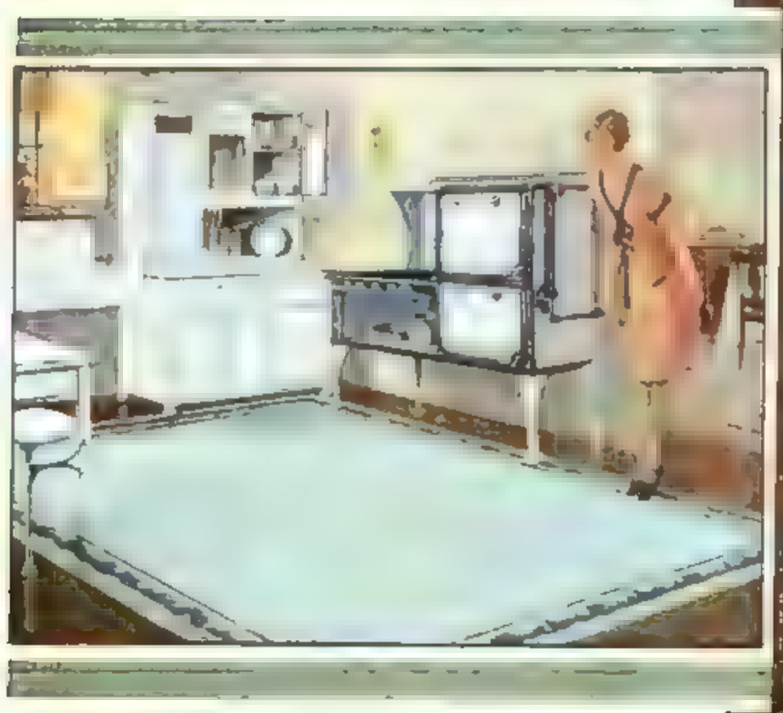
The Supreme Interpretation of Chrysler Standardized Quality

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

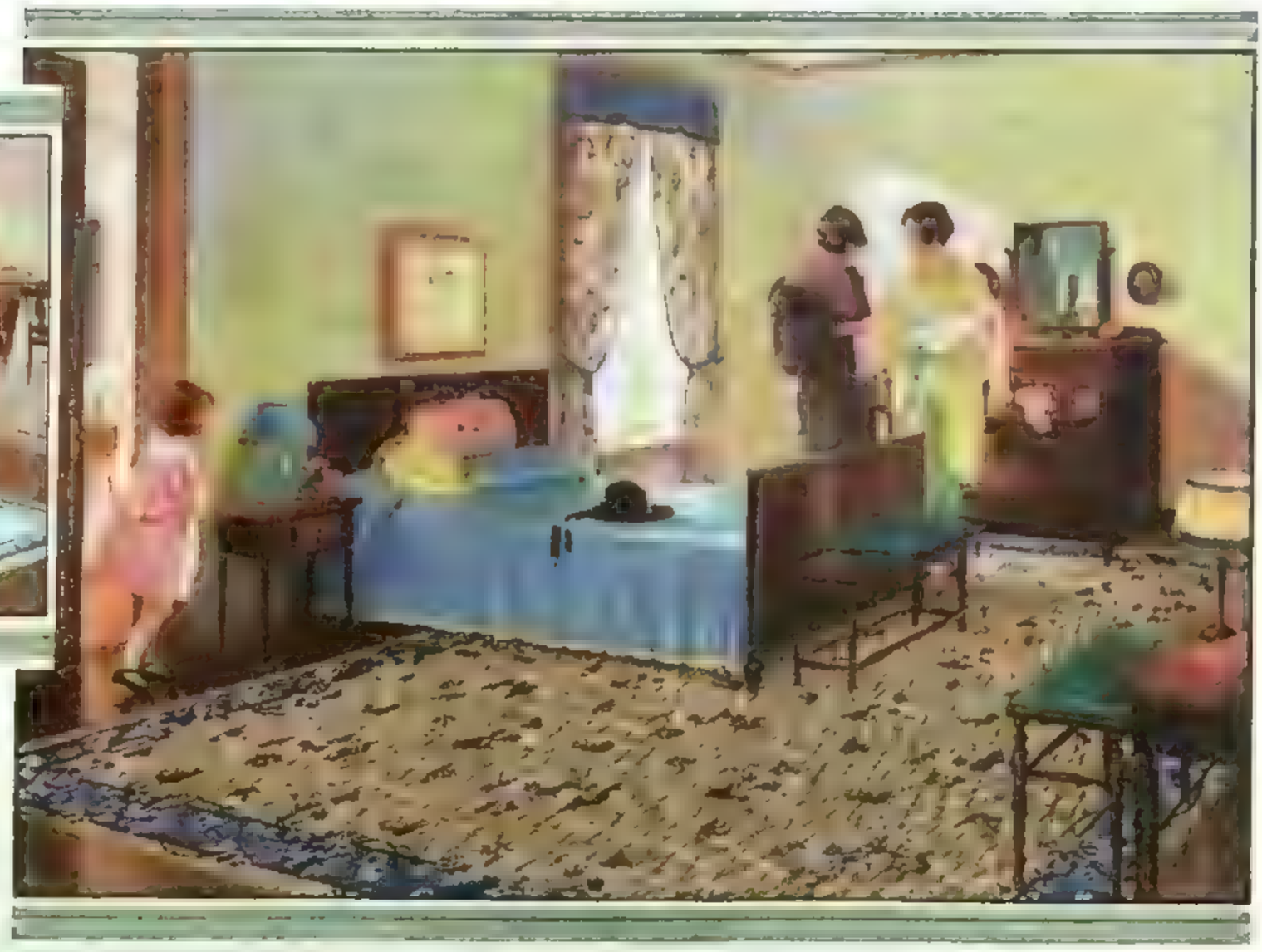
Eight body styles, priced from $2495 to $3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



Just above you'll see as quaint and delightful a kitchen rug as a woman could wish for. Blue and white tiles, a border of Dutch windmills. It is the "HOLLAND" pattern—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 594.



Golden tan, dull red and blue—what cordial, interesting color notes the rug contributes to this simply furnished yet charming bedroom. It is the "KASHMIR" pattern—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 562

DELIGHT in the magic of color throughout the home —*in the rest and pleasure of leisure hours*

Insist that this Gold Seal appears on the rugs you buy!

This Gold Seal is the sign by which you can tell the one genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug. It is your guide to proved value in labor-saving floor-coverings. You will find it pasted right on the face of the pattern

IF you ever feel downhearted because you can't spend all you'd like for new furnishings, just remember this: Charming rooms are possible without costly furnishings.

Where walls, hangings and floor-coverings are aglow with harmonious colors, the room is friendly and inviting no matter how plain the furniture. Old, run-down-looking rooms bloom and smile with a few inexpensive color changes. A slim purse need not be a barrier to "color magic."

Even rugs in fresh and entirely charming colors and patterns can be bought for a trifling sum. Every part of the house is provided for by the newest Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. Dignified traditional designs, in rich, luxuriant colorings! Sunny, dainty floral effects. Interesting novelties. Trim, cheerful tile reproductions.

Living becomes easier, your work day shortened, when these rugs are laid. Instead of the drudging hours spent in sweeping and beating old-fashioned floor-coverings, you have hours of leisure. More time to spend with the children. More time to enjoy the pleasant things of life.

Cleaned in a twinkling

For *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs have a smooth surface that can be cleaned in no time. You hardly start before you're finished. Just an easy rub-over with a damp mop does the trick. Another comfort! Congoleum Rugs need no fastening to prevent curled-up edges. Durability is outstanding. Sizes range from small, handy mats to 9 x 15 foot rugs.

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

Beautiful—labor-saving—inexpensive!

FREE—handbook of "Color Magic"!

The very title of this illustrated booklet, "Color Magic in the Home," tells you that it was written to help women use color's magic touch in working out delightful room effects. Write us or fill out and mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—for a free copy.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Old John Whealrite, Old Ennyway-togetalick and Old Wm. Robinson

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SATERDAY, June 20, 186—too bizzy today to wright ennything.

Sunday, June 21, 186 the nex thing for fun will be the 4th of July. it is going to be a ripper. Most always Exeter has a big 4th of July cellibration but this time it is going to be a golbuster. they are going to cellibrate 3 different things. ferst it is the 230th year sence old John Whealrite bougt Exeter from old Ennywaytogetalick a indian cheef whitch oaned all the land here. father sed old John Whealrite cheeted old Ennywaytogetalick terible. he sed he got all the land of Stratam and Kingston and Brentwood and Exeter for 2 barrils of rum and 2 or 3 dozen minny hooks and sum glass beeds and a bell mouthed scatter gun without enny triger on it and a picture of Dolly Bidwell in East Linne. father sed Exeter got a auful bad start and had been triing hard for 230 years to live it down. he sed mity few peeple whitch lived then recollec ennything about it now and they generaly speek prety well of old John Whealrite and have naimed Whealrites crick after him.

well they are going to cellibrate the pirchase of Exeter from the indian cheef as i sed befoar. then they are going to cellibrate the 4th of July and then they are going to cellibrate the laying of the corner stone of the Robinson femail seminory. peraps you dont know what the Robinson femail seminory is. well i will tell you. there was a man naimed William Robinson whitch lived in Exeter menny years ago where we now sit surrounded by all that refines and imbellishes sivilized life as it says in the 4th reader. father sed he gnew him as old Bill Robinson. not the Bill Robinson whitch plaid a e flat cornet in the Exeter Cornet Band, but another Bill Robinson. well father sed he went down into Georgia and maid a lot of money in rasing tar, pitch and tirpentine, all of whitch commences with a. of coarse they dont all commence with a but you remember the connumdrum—tar, pitch and tirpentine all commence with a.

can you gess it. most evrybody gets caugt the ferst time.

well as i was saying, old Bill Robinson maid a lot of money and then dide. that seams auful tuff on a feller to wirk all his life to maik money scraiping tar and pitch and tirpentine off the cut ends of pine logs and putting it in bottles and selling it for spruce gum for fellers to chew and then put in other fellers seets in school and glu them to their seets, and then to up and die. that is jest the verry time that i wood want to live and have sum fun.

well ennyway he dide and left all his money to Exeter for a seminory for girls. father sed he coodent taik it with him so he had to leeve it to sumbody, and the peeple of Exeter has been fiting over the place where the bilding shood be bilt. the peeple over the other side of the river wanted it bilt on prospeck hill. the peeple on this side of the river want it bilt on the Thing lot jest behine doctor Gorhams, Potter Gorhams granfathers house and yard.

there has been a town meating most evry 2 weaks during last winter and a fite at most evry meating. father sed there hasent been so menny fites in Exeter sence he was a young man and fit with the Pineys. he sed there was 2 diferent gangs, the Pineys on this side of the river and the Hemlockers on the other side, and they usted to fite most evry plesent nite after supper. sumtimes the Pineys wood lick and sumtimes the Hemlockers. father sed history repeeted itself and the saim old fealing was stirred up again and there was the saim gangs xcept where sum of them had moved acrost the river from where they lived when they was boys.

well it has been settled about where the seminory is to be bilt. it is on this side of the river on the Thing lot. sum peeple thougt the bilding wood sink out of site becaus they was a lot of springs and little ponds and pollywog mud puddles on the Thing lot and onct old Johny Bellows dug a ditch and put in a lot of logs with hoals boared in them and was going to fernish spring water to evrybody, but lamper eels and water snaiks and bull frogs weiging most a pound wood get into the logs and stop up the hoals and sumtimes peeple whitch used the water wood find them in their water pales or pollywogs or bloodsuckers or thousand legged doodlebugs and they sed they hadent ordered them and woodent pay for them or taik the water enny moar.

so old Johny had to give up his ackwiducks, whitch was what they was called, and peeple sed the logs sunk down to China. well ennyway they have dreened the land and dug a big cellar and stoned it up and they are going to lay the corner stone nex 4th of July.

i asted father what they did when they laid a corner stone and how they did it and father sed that when they got the cellar of a bilding finished then they drug in all the

(Continued on Page 154)

Then He Maid a Feerful Face and Hollered Agg Ogg and Shuddered So That His Teeth Neerly Rattled Out

Change! Change! Change!

Has your lubricating oil the margin of safety needed today?

RECENT years have brought marked changes in automobile engine design and construction. As these changes have occurred the margin of safety in Mobiloil has been constantly kept ahead of these requirements.

Some of the newest factors are—higher speeds—crankcase ventilating systems—new valve-actuating mechanisms—air cleaners—oil filters. Heavier crankshafts together with more and larger bearings make a scientific analysis necessary to arrive at the correct oil-recommendation.

Here, the Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers analyze the lubricating requirements of two of the important 1927 cars. A similar study has been made of the car you drive, regardless of its model or year of manufacture. The recommendation for your car is in the Mobiloil Chart. This Chart has the approval of 609 automotive manufacturers and represents our professional advice.

FRANKLIN

THE Franklin holds a unique position in the automotive industry, for it is the only air-cooled passenger car in this country. Copper cooling-fins are cast into the cylinders, which are of valve-in-head construction, and a large blower at the front of the engine supplies the forced air circulation. Aluminum-alloy pistons of the constant-clearance type are provided with four piston-rings above the piston-pin, including a special oil-control ring in the lowest groove.

The engine is lubricated by a force-feed system of exclusive design. A gear pump delivers oil to a distributor plate, which directs the oil into each of the eight supply tubes in turn, one tube leading to the timing chain, and the seven others to the main crankshaft bearings. The crankpins receive oil from the main bearings through drillings in the crankwebs, and all other engine parts are lubricated by the oil spray from the crankpin bearings except the overhead valve mechanism which is lubricated manually. A small hole in the blower housing causes a flow of air through the crankcase, tending to retard dilution and water contamination of the engine oil

In order to satisfy all the lubrication requirements of the Franklin engine, to insure maximum performance with minimum carbon formation, Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" is recommended for both summer and winter operation.

CHEVROLET

THE Chevrolet engine is of four-cylinder, valve-in-head construction, and is water-cooled by pump circulation. Cast-iron pistons of special design are fitted with three piston-rings above the piston-pin, including a special oil-control piston-ring in the bottom groove. Compression pressures are moderately high.

The splash circulating system of lubrication is employed. A gear pump delivers oil directly to the center main bearing, and to a splash trough under each connecting-rod. Dippers on the connecting-rod bearing caps dip into and splash the oil from these troughs in the form of a fine spray or mist, which lubricates all internal parts of the engine. The rocker-arms of the overhead valve mechanism are lubricated by an oil-soaked felt pad which periodically is saturated with oil by hand. An oil screen is located in the crankcase to prevent sediment from being drawn into the oil pump.

To insure maximum protection for the engine under all operating conditions, to minimize detrimental carbon deposits, and to facilitate starting in cold weather, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for summer and winter operation in all Chevrolet models.

MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

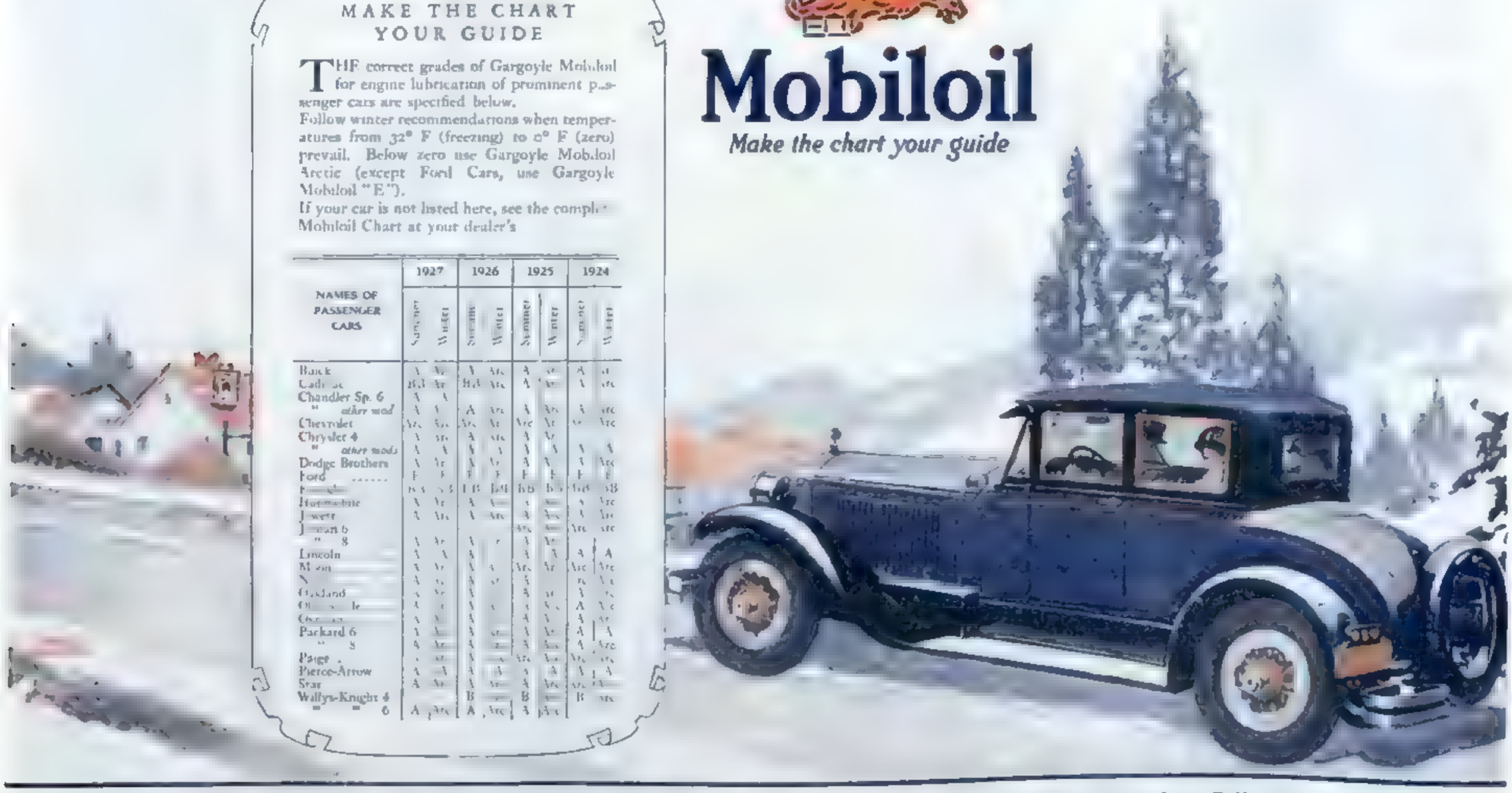
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927 Summer	1927 Winter	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other mod	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mods	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
[illegible]	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B		B		B		B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

THE KING SAT IN HIS COUNTINGHOUSE—By Margaretta Tuttle

DIFFERENCE of opinion makes book sales as well as horse racing. If you expect to secure mouth-to-mouth advertising you must furnish something to argue about. If Gladys asks Susie at the literary club if she has read Six Times Seven, Susie may be quite uninterested. But if Gladys insists that no woman would act the way the heroine of Six Times Seven acts, the chances are that Susie will get the book and at least read part of it. She will say, "Gladys thinks no woman would act this way, but it is exactly the way she would act herself." The next time they meet there is an argument. If it is a hot argument and there is anybody around to hear it, the book is excellently advertised.

This holds good for any play or any motion picture discussed at any dinner table or over any back fence. So in considering how to surmount the difficulties in the way of creating a picture story that will not be hashed into mincemeat in its production, one of the first things to find is a story holding in its core a ripping good argument. If you can get this suggestion of a possible difference of opinion into the title, all the better; for titles are very important to the ogre box office.

I hunted for a title whose very name involved argument; some attribute men and women possess equally, but deny each other. If I could make it the theme of my story and bring the controversy involved into one high scene in which there should be considerable suspense, the chances were even that the story would stay unhashed.

Margaretta Tuttle, Lois Weber and Reginald Denny. From a Photograph Taken During Mrs. Tuttle's Visit to Hollywood

A Title, a Theme and a Climax

ABOUT this time I received a request for an original story—that is to say, an unpublished story—from a producer-director. That a producer should want a story written especially for him, instead of one adapted from published fiction, means an advance in picture policies. It means the selection of the special artist for the special artist; the choice of a story adapted to screen limits and featuring screen excellencies. It is like a dress made for a beautiful woman to hide her deficiencies and accentuate her perfections, instead of one bought ready-made and fitted by an expert fitter. A number of these originals have succeeded recently, and producers are more willing to experiment with them. So also are the retailers behind the box offices.

Recalling what had happened to Feet of Clay and to The Unguarded Hour, I wired to the producer: "I have the best title I have had so far. I have a big theme; I have a climax, but I do not wish to write further until I am sure this much is acceptable."

Now this is peculiarly a business that seems to have no known laws that govern its success. And wherever this is true of a business any opinion firmly enough delivered has weight. There is no use sending a wire to a picture magnate that does not reek with confidence in what you are saying. You may doubt that you have the best title ever offered, but you keep your doubt to yourself. You may feel your story could be greatly improved, but you do not say so. There are on record numerous cases of producers who have bought stories at huge prices and put them on the shelf because of the firm opinion, vigorously expressed, of anybody who happens to have access to the story—scenario writer, would-be star, or even the producer's wife.

A conference was arranged for me and I journeyed eighteen hours in order to tell my title and my theme and my one high scene to the producer. I might have written them, but if I had I could not have put behind my writing the serene confidence in what I was offering that is necessary to get it over, whether you have it or not.

Title and theme and climax proved acceptable, as far as they went, which, of course, was not so far. Practically, if producers only use a title, a theme and some few scenes of an author's work—and that is all they seem to use—there is no reason why they should be offered any more. But theoretically the main use they make of an author's work—the characters—is lacking in this arrangement. To create characters you have to have more than one or two scenes, more than a title, and more than a theme.

When I was definitely commissioned to work out the story and the atmosphere and the characters of what I had offered, I said I should like to do this with the man who was going to direct the story, with the star who was going to be the hero or the heroine, with the production manager, and if necessary with the casting director and the cameraman and whoever else was connected with the production of the picture.

There was but one objection offered to this, but that one was staggering. If what I produced in the way of a story was not acceptable to the producer-director and his production manager, there wouldn't be any director for my story or any star or any cameraman.

There was no use in taking up the time of these gentlemen if my story did not measure up to the acceptable title and theme I had furnished. There was no use in taking up my own time. Confronted by this grave difficulty at the moment when I thought I had solved all my difficulties, there was little left for me to do but to announce a great faith in myself and my story—so much faith that I offered to gamble on the completed story's pleasing all these innumerable people whose names and dispositions were unknown to me.

Advice

IT TOOK some faith. But I agreed to work on the story until it did please them, and I even went further—I said I should not have to work long; I was so sure of it. Of course this kind of faith runs grave danger of becoming the pride that goes before a fall. Besides, since it is all mere talk, it has to be proved. The producer didn't mind my proving it if I would do the gambling, and not he.

I was to come to Hollywood to work this out. In other words, I was to prove my boast. This always has disadvantages, but it seemed to me that even if I failed I should learn enough to make it worth the attempt. If I only learned why authors fail, I should know more than I then knew.

In the opinion of most picture people authors always do fail one way or another, but no reason had been given to me for this beyond the one that the authors wouldn't learn. And that could easily be turned the other way—that the producers wouldn't teach.

Thereupon the agreement about my going to Hollywood was put into legal form. I could not see why this was necessary, but the moment it was announced in New York that I was going to Hollywood to write an original story under the direct supervision of the producer, I received more advice than any one person could use. Most of the advice was concerned with what might be called the physical side of my adventure. None of it touched the mental side. Nobody advised about the best way to produce a screen story that would be acceptable to a doubtful producer who did not care to spend several hundred thousand dollars on an uncertainty. Nobody told me how to placate a production manager whose business it was to produce my story at the smallest possible cost. And not a single one of these many advisers mentioned the scenario writer who would probably be called in to re-form my story,

(Continued on Page 144

Classics of a Ring Recollection

As Told to Charles Francis Coe

ONE of literature's heritages from the melodramatist is the happy ending. For years, I am told, it was as indispensable as the rotating saw at the breast of the heroine or the fuse leading to the powder magazine, which ran just beyond the reach of the bound and helpless hero.

This tenet of letters I must, in a sense, violate. The gentleman who terminated my pugilistic career was one woefully lacking in the craft of happy endings.

A newly rich matron was once heard to remark that money brought a glorious sense of unrefinement, and so it is with the writing of actual recollections. Dogma may be cast out and the welkin of raw truth rung with a clarion call that rises above fiction. But, after all, every ending is happy for someone.

I referred in another article to the uncertain road that winds before the feet of a champion. There is little need to elaborate upon its intricacies. The matter sums up nicely in a sentence: You have something that everyone else wants and everyone else will do about anything to get it; everything from a "Mickey Finn" in your tea to a soft spot in the ring floor, the existence of which you do not suspect.

Gene Tunney Being Congratulated by Major Biddle of the U. S. Marine Corps

I had twelve fights as champion. In the twelve I suffered mental torments that cannot be described. I was always afraid of the little and unexpected break that was going to prove my undoing. The words of the champion I had defeated lingered in my mind. They grew there. "I never expected to lose."

There was a definite note of bafflement in his words when he spoke them. Defeat was inexplicable to him. How, then, would defeat overtake me? I realized that it must, but I never knew just when.

I recall the instance of a soft spot in the ring. Probably such an antic would be impossible these days, but it almost proved the abyss of my downfall. It was a loose board under the canvas covering the floor.

Floored

FOR three rounds my opponent dodged and maneuvered about the ring until he had me over this trap. Then he sailed in and I stepped back. My right foot felt the insecure traction under it. For a split second I could not imagine what had happened. For just a flash I was off balance.

In that split second the other lad, well drilled for just what happened and set for instantaneous action, was over me like a three-ring circus tent. He hit my chin with both hands and my eyes looked directly into each other, both of them catching in its mate, I am sure, signs of a mounting coma. I went down like an express elevator.

I was up at seven, but dazed. Three times before the bell sounded I skidded through the rosin from blows that carried defeat in their blasting. I do not know how I weathered the round; but Stip brought me back in the rest period and I am sure that I fought then to recover the ground I had lost as no man ever fought before

For the first time I knew an intense satisfaction in knocking out a man. After that I walked across to my corner, stepped calmly out of the ring, circled among the news writers and around to the other corner. There I caught the ankle of the manager whose thrifty mind had conceived the trick. I yanked him out of the ring, stood him up and hit him plenty on the ear. Before I could wink he drove his bare right fist against my cheek and promptly extracted two molars in true painless fashion. Another lesson learned.

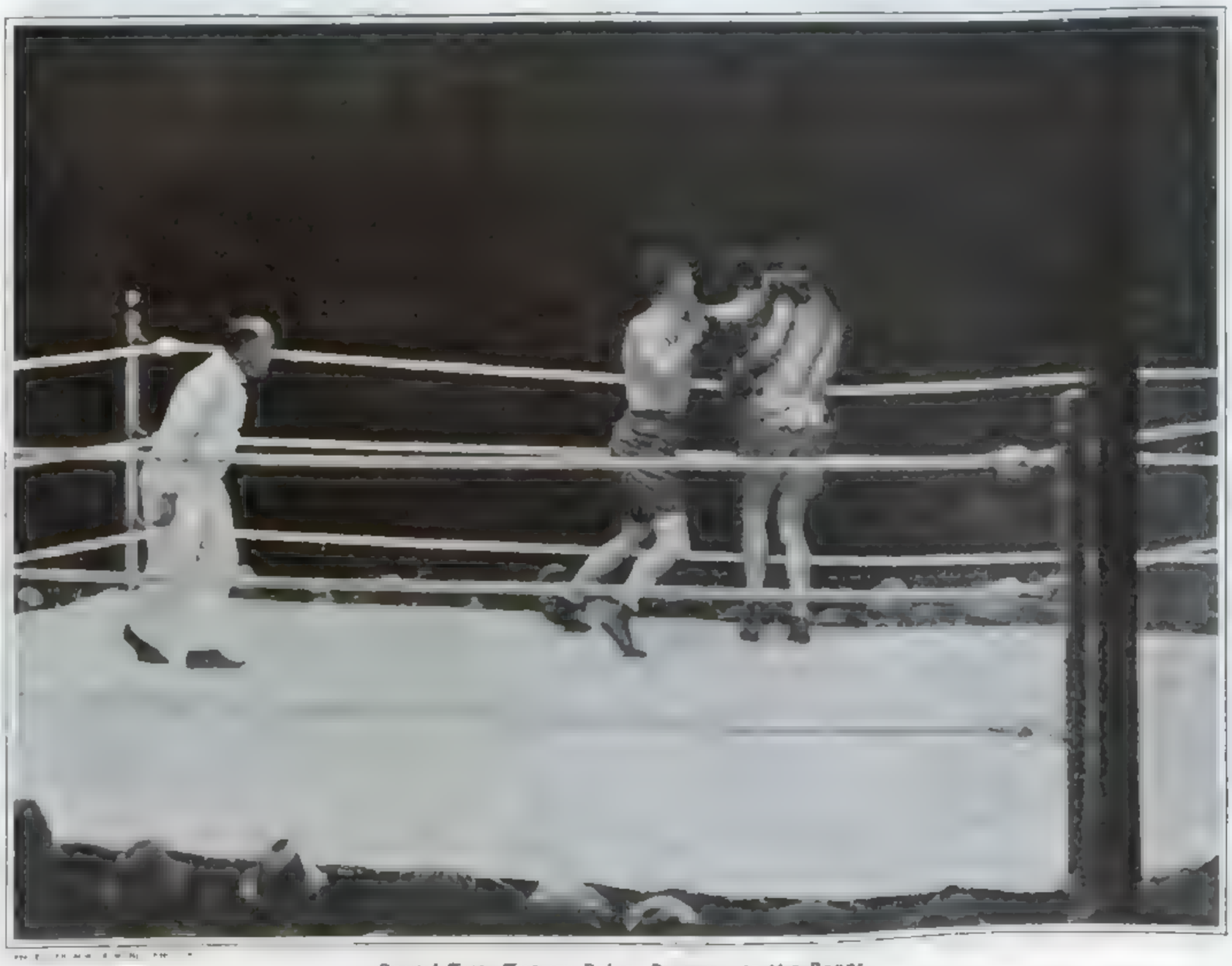
Crowd Psychology

SO IT went. There was a turn on the vaudeville stage which taught me the knack of retaining cues and pulling lines and gags at a good salary per week—the "per" being that per-haps you got it and per-haps you did not

In that time I dealt with promoters all over the country. Most of them proved a pretty decent sort as you got to know them. Several men still active in promotion stand out in my mind as exemplary, however. In the staging of bouts and the handling of crowds they impressed me as the best of them all. George Brown, of the Boston Arena, for instance. My hat is off to George. I never knew a man who worked under George that had a real kick to offer. There also was the venerable Miah Murray, of the same city. He gave to boxing a standing that might never have been achieved without him. Another is Charley Murray, of Buffalo—particularly on management of crowds.

I speak of this because, queer as it may seem, such things mean a good deal to the game generally. During the World War I saw the problem of crowd handling reduced to a science. Millions of avid citizens attended the war expositions run by Chester I. Campbell, the industrial exhibition director who acted for the Allied governments, and Mr. Campbell knew crowd psychology

I saw crowds handled properly then, and was able to compare the work of these other gentlemen. There is a tendency still, in the fight crowd, to buy a dollar seat at the back of the hall, then either bribe an usher



Round Two—Tunney Drives Dempsey to the Ropes

(Continued on Page 181)

There are many benefits which accrue to Buick owners from Buick's Leadership-*and the greatest of these is Value*

CAME THE VIKING

(Continued from Page 15

"They are known only to me," she said as she turned and went into the ranch house.

II

WHEN her midday work was all done—when the last crockery plate was washed and dried and stacked, when the worn pine floor was swept and the sash curtains were drawn together and the soapless dishwater with its enriching globules of grease had been carried out to the pigpen—Finna went to her room.

It was a small room, as narrow and low-roofed as a ship's cabin, an addition to the lean-to that had once been known as the milk room. But the most spectacular thing about it now was its whiteness. It was as white, and for three-quarters of the year as cold, as a sepulcher. Its walls of ship-lap were whitewashed, as was the slightly pendulous ceiling, and the white muslin curtains hung at the one narrow window. On a packing case draped with pale cotton, forlornly patched and fitted together, rested a washbasin made from an old butter bowl painted white. In it, as a water holder, stood an equally old gallon measure of battered tin, its baser uses now hidden under a coating of white enamel. In the same way it might have been hard for the casual eye to perceive that the carefully albified waste basin had once been nothing more than a wooden jam pail.

Equally white was the bed, as narrow and almost as hard as a tombstone. It was home built, of hand-squared prairie poplar, with woven cotton rope supporting a mattress of wheat straw hidden under a coverlet of well-washed white canvas that had once done duty as a binder carrier. At the foot of this bed stood an Icelandic dower chest. It was a dower chest, however, in name only, being merely an ancient, bronze-hinged trunk of battered oak. But like the rest of the room, it had been sedulously painted white, coat by obscuring coat—an unsullied white through which its countless bumps and abrasions showed like a rough and rutted roadway covered by fresh-fallen snow. And at the narrow room end a white-pine shelf from which hung a screening curtain of bleached cotton further sustained the general impression of whiteness—of virginal and unsullied whiteness, with only two vivid points of color to break its bleakness. One was a slightly faded lithographed calendar carrying a reproduction of Maxfield Parrish's Prince Codadad, showing some swarthy young adventurer perched high on the prow of his dhow as, in a smother of white foam, it went tumbling through its wine-dark seas—its open and untrammeled seas of rolling sapphire. The other was an even more highly colored print, apparently torn from an art folio slightly abraded with age, carrying the title of *L' Enlèvement*. It showed a viking ship drawn up on the sloping sand of a fiord beach, with a dozen stalwart sea robbers in mailed shirts pushing and shouldering the heavy craft back into the water, while a towering young viking prince, with a sword in his right hand, held at bay a harrying group of long-haired assailants half clad in furs. Drooping over the prince's left arm and shielded by his body was a regal and fair-haired woman—a woman who had swooned from terror at the fate confronting her. Her clothing had been partly torn away, leaving bare the smooth white shoulders, down which cascaded two long and tawny ropes of plaited hair. But she was queenlike and beautiful, and it was only too plain that she was being carried away at the point of the sword.

That much Finna herself knew, even though she had never learned the true meaning of the title imprinted on that treasured wall picture of hers. But once she had washed and redressed herself and combed and braided up her yellow hair, she turned to this picture and studied it with a vague and almost voluptuous contentment. She lost herself in it, as though, instead of being merely a colored picture, it were a small but magic casement in the bald and blue-white wall of calcimined ship-lap—a casement opening out on other times and other worlds. In some mysterious way she merged in and with the regal and white-bodied woman of a long-vanished age. She mistily identified herself with the queenly jarl's daughter, startled as she bathed in that sun-steeped fiord end by the appearance of the golden-prowed *scuta* and the bronzed and fearless-eyed young viking looming high above the banked oars as he swept so boldly into her solitude. She shivered with arrowy ecstasy as she pictured the raven-helmeted sea rover leaping from his gilded prow and snatching her up in her flight.

She thrilled with a glow strangely compounded of terror and rapture as the stalwart arms took possession of her, as her own people struggled in vain to rescue her, as the fearless one fought his way back to the boat side and commanded his men to head for the open sea. And for many days they fared over dark waters, and came to a strange land, and in the end her will was broken to the will of her captor, whom, after the manner of all women, she in the end learned to love for his strength and his daring.

And he was worthy of being loved, she knew, for he had the strength of a giant and the heart of a lion. He was not like the men of today, she remembered, as she moved on to the second picture, of the dhow plunging through its wine-dark sea. He was more like this straight-limbed prince, who traversed mysterious waterways and sought adventure in far-off regions of the world, who wandered on in a strange cloud of glory and knew nothing of monotonous and never-ending toil and washing stacks of grease-covered crockery dishes and scrubbing worn pine floor boards and carrying heavy swill pails out to a pigpen, and stooping over a reeking wash tub, and cooking and baking for uncouth and sullen workers who knew nothing beyond plowing and harrowing and seeding and wondering how many bushels to the acre the next crop would bring them.

Finna, still holding her towel made of bag hemp carefully hemmed and cross-stitched with red, sighed deeply as she turned away from that talismanic print which could purge her hardest day of its bitterness. Her movements were quiet and methodical as she reached under the shelf curtain and drew on a coat of plum-colored pilot cloth rubbed through at the elbows and abraded at the edges. Even the rabbit skin that so dolorously decorated its collar, she thoughtfully observed, was now worn through to the discolored hide. But her eyes remained serene and abstracted as she put on her shabby winter cap of badger skin and stepped guardedly past the door where Wolf Spitzer and his wife, as was their wont of a Sabbath afternoon, were snoring in unison. She was still abstracted as she emerged from the squat prairie farmhouse and faced the sun glare of the blue-domed brooding April afternoon. Then, pursuing her way through the chickens scratching about the dooryard and circling the pens where the ever-hungry calves bawled at the sight of her, she headed for the slough that lay hidden behind its screening of clump willow a half mile beyond the Spitzer farm line.

She realized as she walked on that winter was finally over and gone. She could see the rectangular soft umber of the broken land that would so soon be a sea of rippling and deepening green. Beyond that she could see the living floor of the unplowed prairie sod, no longer the tawny gray of a lion's back, but the tender yellowish green of the year's first growth. She was conscious of a vast awakening about her, a whispered promise of renewal, a release after imprisonment. It was spring coming back to the north—the north which one of her country's earliest singers had spoken of as always dark and silent and true.

Finna, in fact, could almost see spring as she slackened her pace and felt the freshness of life, the strangeness of it weighing down on her half-troubled heart. Spring was somewhere there in front of her, in an azure gown trimmed with daffodil yellow, running along the level green prairie floor arm in arm with the south wind. She had crocuses in her hair and her heels flashed silver white along the slough rim where she stooped to look at the softening buds of the clump willow. Yes, she was there, waving back to the wistful-eyed girl in the badger-skin cap, running as light as thistledown along the tops of the marsh grass, singing as she sped on toward the lonely world's rim brooded over by its pallid opal light that grew still paler as it approached the earth's edge, where all land and space seemed to fall off into empty infinitude.

It touched her with loneliness, that far-off and unfathomed horizon, and she was glad to turn in toward the near-by slough, where the wild fowl were chattering companionably together, and the sight of sky-mirroring water brought the familiar, the unvarying, the ancestral thrill to her body. For before anything else in life Finna loved water—open water. She had, however, seen very little of it. The most that life could offer her on that level and lakeless and riverless stretch of Saskatchewan prairie where she lived and toiled and had her being was this slough between its willow fringe, this shallow basin of wind-ruffled bog water that lay steel blue under the late afternoon sun. It would shrink, she knew, as summer wore on, and as it grew smaller and smaller under the hot sun it would grow a darker green. And then it would be a narrow neck of mossy scum, full of crawling things, turgid and unclean and avoided by even the thirsty range steers. And then it would dry up altogether under the hot winds of the harvest season, and its baked mud, slightly whitened with alkali, would flake and curl like crackle ware, and it would be the shallowest of coulees with no music and no mystery in its soul. It would be no better than the arid and dusty prairie that surrounded it, and the last loon and diver and dabchick would desert it.

But today, Finna saw as she sat down on a cushioning knoll of clump grass, it was a compact little sea of movement and color, an amphitheater of courtship and mating, of contending and love-making. Teal duck and mallard, divers and loons, even two wild swans that kept to the lonelier end of the reed-fringed swale, chattered and scolded and pursued and eluded and carried on the serious business of life renewing itself out of love. The solitary girl, as she sat there in the cooling afternoon, found something solacing in that vital stir, in that contest of strength, that preening of iridescent plumage and challenging flutter of wings and calling and answering of eager throats.

So still did the rapt-faced girl sit that the waterfowl no longer heeded her. The divers fed and flirted within a crumb toss of where she sat; the mallards threshed their wings; the wide-breasted white swans floated untroubled along the steel-gray slough surface. And as Finna watched them with intent yet abstracted eyes a small change seemed to be taking place in their contour and coloring. The laminated bodies breasting so easily through the water widened and darkened. They became more ponderous, more cumbersome, more metallic in luster, until the serried feather ends along each sleek body became a rod of bronze-studded shields along a swelling freeboard, until each haughtily curved breast became the mounting prow of a Norse *scuta*.

They were no longer birds, but viking ships—viking ships manned with armed sea rovers, crowded with helmeted heads, captained by a straight-limbed Norse prince who stood high on the tapering peak of his dragon craft. And the movement of those ships was no longer casual and uncoordinated. It could be seen from their actions that they were engaged in a mysterious flight and pursuit. For on the first *scuta* a tawny-haired princess was held captive; a king's daughter who had been carried away from her own coast, who watched with inscrutable eyes while the craft of her own people bore down on her abductor. They bore down on that abductor and surrounded him and challenged him to surrender. And his laugh of defiance as he flashed a thick-bladed sword in the air oddly synchronized with the accidental cry of a loon and the flash of a teal's wing.

But a greater tumult promptly ensued, for the heavy bird-shaped boats drove together and steel smote on steel and hoarse cries filled the air. And the white-shouldered captive woman watched with veiled eyes that strange sea battle for her body, watched the assaulting waves of warriors that boarded her craft and were driven back, that came on again and were again repulsed where the swart-skinned prince stood shielding her always with his left arm while he fought his enemies with his right. And the girl crouching low on the grass hummock in the cooling afternoon air knew that she was this woman, that everything in life depended on the outcome of this struggle.

And this struggle ended in the swart-skinned young viking breaking free from the claws of his pursuers, in throwing up a white square sail and beating triumphantly away, to the sound of a deep cheer of defiance. Finna, with that cheer still echoing in her ears, was scarcely conscious of the fact that a trumpeter swan, flinging its white wings wide over the slough surface, had at the same moment risen from the water and soared away into the opal and orange solitude of the northern skyline. She merely knew that her hour was over, that the sunlight falling along the slough end had lost a little of its gold, that a promise of late frost was in the saber-edged wind that came out of the west. Her knees were cramped and a mist was still before her eyes as she rose to her feet.

But there was a new contentment on her thin face as she turned homeward, a new warmth about her heart as she trudged along the broken prairie trail. She was no longer lonely. Life was no longer hopeless. She had participated in glories that could never be entirely taken away from her. She had caught her fragmentary glimpse of the light that never was on sea or land. And when the lowering sun shone back in a ruddy reflected light from the meager windows of the Spitzer ranch house it turned the four-paned oblong in the lean-to to a place of blazing gold, momentarily fitting for the habitation of a king's daughter for whom the swords of thanes and jarls had once crossed.

Nor did the dream die entirely out of Finna's rapt face when Wolf Spitzer's wife pointed a lean and accusatory finger at her shoes, wet and muddy from their wanderings about the slough edge. The girl merely went on to her room, where, with that afterglow of exaltation still on her face, she dreamily took off her coat and cap and the sodden ill-shaped shoes. Then, humming softly to herself *Kvad er svo glatt, sem godra vina fundur?* she worked her tired feet into a pair of tattered carpet slippers and turned to the task of preparing the evening meal for that lonely farmhouse on the fringe of the northern wilderness.

III

SPRING comes abruptly to the north country, and with it comes the hurried season of toil. Even before the frost is entirely out of the ground, the seeders are on the land, planting the grain for the coming harvest. Every day is precious in a latitude

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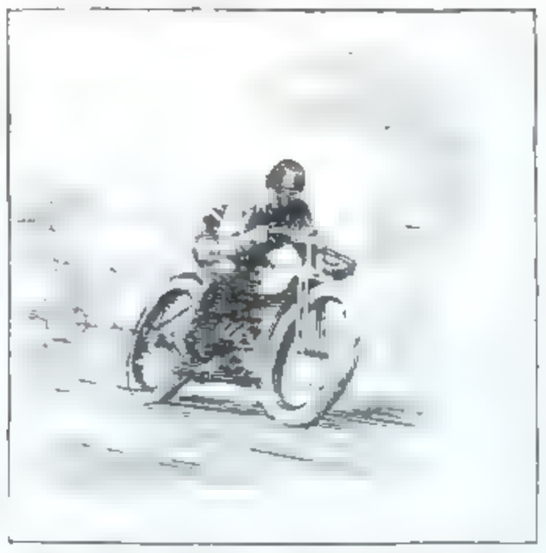
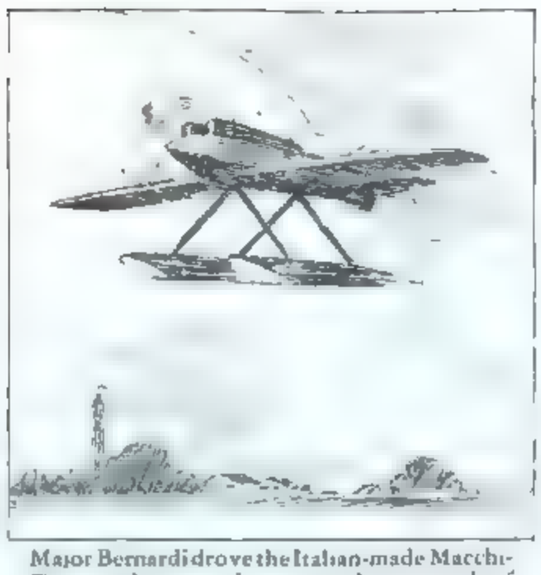
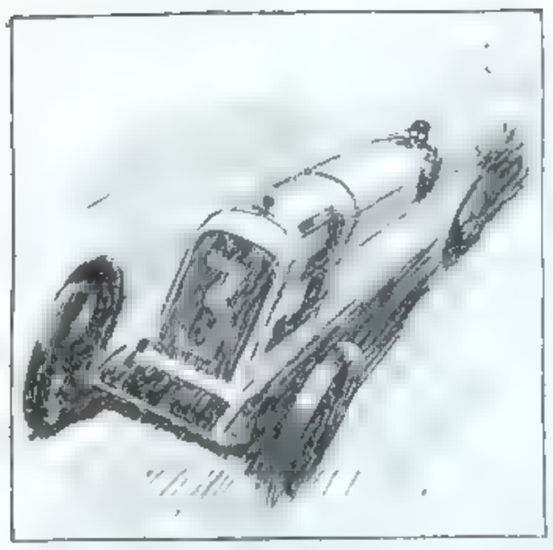


Champion equipped motorcycles won every big race of 1926 for this type of vehicle



Major Bernardi drove the Italian-made Macchi-Fiat seaplane at the tremendous speed of nearly 272 miles per hour. It was equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

Miss America VI, winner of the International Harmsworth Trophy, the most prized of speed boat emblems, showed a speed of 68 miles per hour. She was equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.



Harry Hartz, speedway Champion for 1926, used Champions exclusively in his Miller Special. Every new record on American speedways in 1926 was made with Champion Spark Plugs. In Europe, also, every great race was won by Champion equipped cars.

Champions Hold Every Major Speed Record

The year just ended gave graphic evidence why—the world over—Champion Spark Plugs enormously outsell all other makes combined.

Two out of every three car owners equip with Champions year after year because of their proven and unfailing reliability all the year around.

But 1926 furnished a more dramatic demonstration of their superiority on water, in the air and on the road.

Every great record of 1926—seaplane, motor boat, motor car and motorcycle—was triumphantly won with the aid of Champion Spark Plugs.

Every notable exponent of speed and skill on both sides of the ocean feels safe and sure only when his motor is fired by Champion Spark Plugs.

They confirm, by their choice of Champion, the world-wide opinion of millions of motorists.

Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced.

There is a correctly designed Champion Spark Plug for every type and kind of engine.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

(Continued from Page 42)

where wheat growing must always be a race with the calendar. And the advancing year gives little chance for idleness.

So, on the Spitzer ranch, the coming of blossom time to the rest of the world meant the coming of added toil for Finna's work-reddened hands. She was left with scant leisure for daydreaming. There were root houses to clean out and chickens to set and a couple of sickly lambs to be bottle-fed and mattresses to be refilled and soiled walls to be whitewashed and stoves to be taken down and rag carpets to be taken up and a kitchen garden to be planted with vegetables. The fey girl from the Elk Ridge settlement, in fact, found few idle hours on her hands.

But, busy as she was kept, life could not and did not prove all toil. Youth, in the end, cannot be forever denied its ancient and inalienable rights. So in the long spring twilights when Finna, with the last of her housework finished up, found relief in laboring in the dark-loamed garden between the ranch house and the corral, Carl Lindal likewise found himself with an idle hour or two on his hands and was not unwilling to assist her in laying out the beds and marking the rows and committing the mysteriously small seeds to the mothering earth that awaited them.

Sometimes, as they toiled companionably side by side, they would stop in unison and watch the golden ball of the sun go down behind the rim of the world, leaving a path of orange and Burgundy red in its wake, growing paler as the twilight deepened and the afterglow melted and merged into the opal green of the north, where the Lights would waken and waver and bring a touch of wonder to the eyes of the watching girl.

"Is it not lofely, Carl?" she would say in her full-throated drawl. And Carl, drawing a little closer to her in the courage-bringing twilight, would complain that it was lovely enough, but that it made him feel lonely.

"She's a big old world," he would say with manlike brusqueness, "and when night slips down on all those miles and miles o' prairie land you kind o' want a corner of your own to crawl into, a warm little corner with a fire going and the right woman across the table from you."

And on one night in particular, when it grew so dark they could scarcely see whether they were planting the seeds too thickly or too thinly, they knelt side by side at a row end, and when Carl handed the rutabaga seed packet back to Finna their hands came together. And, as with her abstracted smile she groped for the packet, Carl, instead of giving it to her, took possession of her fingers, still cold and soiled with moist earth.

"What is it?" she asked, perplexed by the way in which his hard hand was clinging to hers.

"Can't you ever care for me, Finna?" he asked, his voice none too steady.

She turned in the gloaming and tried to study his face.

"I do, Carl," she said as she sat up and stared into the paling afterglow. "I do, very much."

"But not the way I want you to," he complained, retaining her hand and rising as she rose to her feet.

"In what other way should I care?" she asked, making no further effort to draw away from him.

A mile or more across the prairie, to the north, a coyote howled dismally, and was answered by another from the northeast, and the world was still again.

"If you can't feel it," said the none too articulate Carl, "I can't explain it to you."

"But I like to be with you," admitted Finna, distressed by the catch in his voice.

"Not enough," said the broad-shouldered youth, watching the last of the afterglow.

"Enough for what?" asked the girl at his side.

"Enough to make it always," was the roughly impassioned answer. "To come away from here and have a home of our own."

"That would be lofely, Carl," she said after a moment of silence. "But it is not possible."

"Why isn't it?" he demanded. "I've worked hard for three years now and saved my money. I can get the Svendsen ranch this fall, the ranch where old Svendsen and his wife were burned to a cinder last winter."

He noticed the girl's shudder in the darkness at the memory of that midwinter tragedy. But that was life, he remembered. For the new to supplant the old, that was the ancient law—for someone to reap happiness where another had sowed only sorrow. And it was wise to accept life as it came.

"I could build a shack there big enough for two, until we got enough harvest money to put up a real house. I have my own team and wagon now, and over to Uncle Lars' I have two milch cows and three heifers. And by the time old Spitzer's threshing is over I'd have enough money to buy a tractor and break seventy or eighty acres for wheat before the freeze-up."

"And?" prompted the voice in the darkness.

"I could do all that if I had you with me, Finna; if you'd marry me and help me make a home of my own."

She gave a little cooing cry in the darkness, a cry full of tenderness, yet touched with abnegation, as though a too promising door had been thrown open and she stood without the power to pass through it.

"You can't say you're any too happy here," prompted Carl, depressed by the prolonging silence.

"No; I'm none too happy here," admitted Finna.

"Then why can't you come with me?" he asked, finding the courage to turn and place a hand on either of her two drooping shoulders. And it was only with an effort that she resisted the power of those hands to draw her in under the shadow of his shoulder.

"No," she said with a sort of half-strangled gasp. "It would not be fair!"

"Fair?" demanded Carl. "Fair to whom?"

"To the others," was her quiet and almost impersonal reply.

He could see the opalescent light in her eyes in the darkness, and a tingle of nerve ends ran through his body. She was looking above and beyond him, into the deepening cobalt of the high-arching sky where, here and there, a pointed white star was showing itself. She was once more the fey girl, lost in her misty world of shadows and dreams.

"What others?" he asked, with a newer note of sharpness in his voice.

But she proffered no immediate answer to that question.

She merely groped for him with one hesitating hand as she leaned closer in the uncertain light, as though to study the face which she knew he had hardened against her.

"Oh, Carl, you can never understand," she finally murmured. "It is foolish that I should explain once more. But I cannot change myself and escape what has been put upon me. I have tried to rid myself of it; I have told myself that it is foolish, that you and the others are not wrong when you say I am daft, *gadaban*. But it is something in my blood that cannot be got rid of."

"But I have never said you were daft," protested Carl. "What I do say is that if you had more happiness where you are you wouldn't need to turn to all these pretend things. It's like a child without toys, without one real plaything, trying to be happy with a few clothes pegs, trying to dream them into dolls."

"It's more than a dream," said the girl at his side.

"Well, whatever it is, it would take care of itself once you'd a neat little home o' your own over there on the Svendsen ranch. You'd have other things to think about."

She stood silent, oppressed by the note of pleading in his voice, stirred by feelings which she had to fight down with all her strength.

"You make me unhappy, Carl, when you talk of things like this," she said as she turned and groped about for her forgotten hoe and rake. "It is nice to know you would give me a home over on the Svendsen place. But there is something else I must have; and that you could never give me. This is a dry and empty country, with no water to look over, with no lakes and rivers, no fiords and seacoasts. And I have a longing to be where there is water."

Carl's laugh was a slightly embittered one. "And what good would that do you?" he contended. "It rains half the year at the Coast, and the dampness gets in your bones. And you soon grow as tired of the open sea as you do of the open prairie."

"But you have seen it, and I have not," she reminded him as she started back toward the ranch house. But he held her with a forlornly desperate clutch at her arm.

"Then we could go to the Coast," he said with a flat-noted determination in his voice. "I could go back and get work with the logging gang on the Sound. Or I could get a job, maybe, in the shipyards at Esquimalt. That would be right on the ocean. I wouldn't be working for myself, of course, and we couldn't get a home as quick as we could growing wheat. But you'd be seeing the tide rips and smelling sea water twenty-four hours of the day."

He could feel the tremor that ran through her body. "You would hate me then," she finally averred.

"I could never hate you," he contended.

"But there are certain things," she reminded him, "that we can never have, that we must always give up."

"Well, I'm never going to give you up," he said with an abandoned sort of fierceness that brought a second faint tremor to her tired body.

IV

AS SUMMER deepened and the days grew longer a new softness came to the northern prairie that seemed to drink so eagerly of the sun's belated warmth. The level wheatlands, under that great wash of light that left only an hour or two of utter darkness on the earth, took on a darker green and with every passing breeze wavered and rimpled like watered silk. It looked like a good crop. Even sour-visaged Wolf Spitzer, as July ripened into August and August mellowed into September, said it was going to be a good crop.

But September came in hot and rainless and the slough that Finna had watched narrow into a neck of brackish ooze was now baked hard and dry as any buffalo wallow. The trails were powdered into dust and every rider and team that traversed them sent a great drifting cloud bellying up into the parched air. The men came in from their work with a powdering of dust on their clothes, on their hands and faces, on their very eyelashes that looked like twigs covered with hoarfrost. It was too late, Carl said, for the drought to spoil the crop, though the straw might be a trifle short.

In good deep soil like that, he explained as he helped Finna put up a new clothesline, wheat filaments would strike a foot, even two feet, into the earth in their search for moisture.

"And it's just as good land over on that Svendsen ranch," he proclaimed as he let his eye meet Finna's.

"You still think of going over there?" she asked, shaking out the fresh-washed undergarments of Wolf Spitzer, as red as ox blood.

"I am," retorted Carl.

"When?" she asked as she took a clothes peg out of her mouth.

"Right after harvest," was his answer.

The girl stood silent a moment. "We will miss you," she said with the familiar horizon look in her eyes.

"You, too, may be missed," was his enigmatic reply.

But she shook her head, smiling abstractedly as she continued to hang her clothes on the tight-strung line.

"I have been missed," she said, more to herself than her companion, as she stooped over her willow basket.

Carl's face darkened. "Who misses you?" he demanded, misreading her meaning.

In her serene eyes, as she looked at him, was a shadow of reproof. "I am not a churl's daughter," she quietly reminded him.

Carl's gesture was one of quick impatience. "When in God's name," he cried out, "are you going to quit mooning about men and women you've never seen? If you'd think a little more about today and tomorrow, instead of living in the moldering past, you wouldn't be peeling turnips and carrying swill and scrubbing Maw Spitzer's dirty floors all day! Maybe then you'd be a little more like those blue-blooded old kings and queens you associate with when you're asleep! And maybe then Olie Ekstrom and the other farm help wouldn't be laughing behind their hands and saying you had a screw loose and that you saw visions the same as a Blackfoot Indian at the end of a sun dance!"

It was anger alone that gave him the recklessness to let those words escape him, to ease his soul of the bitterness that had been smoldering there. But Finna's serenity was impervious to any such attack. Her calmness, her almost maddening calmness, never for a moment deserted her.

"You cannot change me, Carl," was her quietly spoken response as she took up her empty basket. And as she stood there, facing him in the great wash of air that left her so frail and forlorn a figure against so wide a background, he was conscious of an appeal about her that did not reside in the more robust-bodied women of the settlement. Yet she was neither frail nor forlorn, he was compelled to acknowledge. There were both strength and endurance in that small body, just as her soul seemed buoyed up by some inner fortitude of its own. And a second irony lay in the fact that at the very moment that she seemed most desirable she stood most inaccessible.

"There are other things that don't change," he reminded her as he turned and strode out to the stable to reharness his team.

One result of his stubbornness in this respect was the seemingly accidental and unheralded visit of Preacher Teodar from Little Carlstadt, who drove up to the Spitzer ranch house in his dust-laden lemon-crate buggy and sat for a long and loquacious hour in the kitchen, where Finna was hard at work cooking supper for the farm hands. Preacher Teodar was lean and sallow faced and the Adam's apple in his wizened turkey throat worked with a four-inch plunge. He spoke slowly and dolorously, and while so doing habitually gave his hands a dry wash. But he came clothed in the authority of his calling, and sweet cakes and tea and a bowl of *krosen* were promptly placed before him. So, as he sat at the end of the well-scrubbed table, he divided his attention impartially between Finna and the viands which the quick-moving girl had placed before him. He told her, as she stooped before the stove oven and inspected the huge pork roast browning therein, that she was now flowering into womanhood and that she should be thinking of taking a mate while the bloom of youth was still on her cheek and the fountain of strength was still strong in her body, since the call had gone forth from both their church and their country for more souls to people the wilderness. It was meet, admonished Preacher Teodar as he finished the last of the sweet cakes, that she should choose a good man and marry so that her line might increase and multiply in the land.

Finna showed neither anger nor resentment at this advice, though her color mounted incredibly as Preacher Teodar cautioned her not to despair because she

(Continued on Page 49)

How to dodge the one largest tax *on your car*

80% of repair bills can now be avoided. An easy way to save 1c to 1¾c per mile in operating your car

THE license fees and taxes that you pay the state are a negligible cost in operating a car. Even gasoline is a secondary expense. The big tax is unnecessary repairs and upkeep. Each year motorists pay "special assessments" in repairs amounting to $2,000,000,000. Enough to build three transcontinental highways per annum.

And 80% of this great tax is pure waste! This is not a guess. A recent survey shows that 80% of your repairs are due to one preventable cause—lack of proper lubrication.

This is especially true of the 20 to 60 hard-working, dust-exposed bearings on the chassis of your car. Proper lubrication of these parts has actually cut the operating costs of fleet owners as much as 1c to 1¾c per mile. You can easily do the same with your car.

You don't have to be an expert mechanic. For most cars now come equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk high pressure chassis lubrication. There is a hollow dirt-proof fitting on every chassis bearing. Your handy compressor forces fresh lubricant entirely through each bearing. It forces out all old gritty grease at the same time—cleans as it lubricates. There is no guesswork—nothing to go wrong.

If Alemite or Alemite-Zerk is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. That is why automobile engineers put it there—to save you repairs. Don't neglect any bearing. Replace lost or broken fittings as promptly as a flat tire. You will save not only in repair bills, but also in lessened depreciation and wear and tear on other parts of your car. Hundreds of taxicabs are still in good condition after 300,000 miles and more, due largely to this improved lubrication.

If you want to know more about your car, write today for a copy of "Vital Spots," a free booklet that tells how to Alemite every car to save repairs. It's yours for a postcard.

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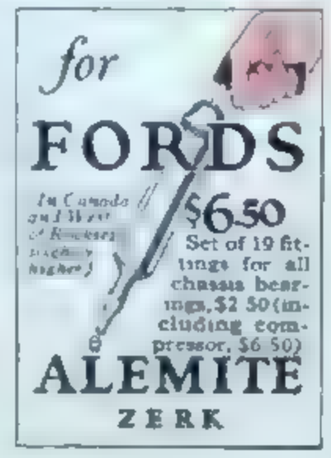

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"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication

Marks of Distinction
made possible by
Volume Production

Fish-Tail Modeling—A refinement regularly found on the world's finest and costliest cars, fish-tail modeling is used in the rear deck design of the Roadster, Coupe and Sport Cabriolet.

One-Piece Full-Crown Fenders—lend an air of substantial grace to the sweeping body lines. Fenders of this type are evident quality features on the most popular high-priced cars.

The Most
Beautiful CHEVROLET
in Chevrolet History

Merely on the basis of its marvelous beauty and grace, its many mechanical improvements and its remarkable performance, the Most Beautiful Chevrolet represents the outstanding motor-car value of all time. Yet, due to the economies of volume production, it also offers certain features heretofore regarded as marks of distinction on the costliest cars.

Bullet-Type Head Lamps—with cowl lamps to match add a final touch of rakishness to the graceful body lines. This, too, is a fine car feature entirely new to cars in the Chevrolet price class.

Tire Carrier—Mounted on the rear cross member entirely free from the body, the new tire carrier is rigidly placed in a vertical position by brackets of steel—a type of construction favored by the designers of costly cars.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

YOU need only to glance at the Most Beautiful Chevrolet to realize that it embodies not only the most modern ideas of design, but also those marks of distinction that feature the finest of the modern automotive creations of America and Europe.

Among these distinguishing features are one-piece full-crown fenders, fish-tail modeling, bullet-type head lamps and cowl lamps, and tire carrier mounted on the frame.

And in quality of material and workmanship, and in type of construction, Chevrolet is identical with the highest type of motor cars being built today. In equipment, the vast Chevrolet factories possess the most marvelous of modern machines and fine tools which, for precision and efficiency, are unsurpassed in the automotive industry.

So, today, Chevrolet is able to offer not merely fine quality, not merely marvelous beauty, but also a host of mechanical improvements—a combination that makes the Most Beautiful Chevrolet the most remarkable automobile value the industry has ever produced.

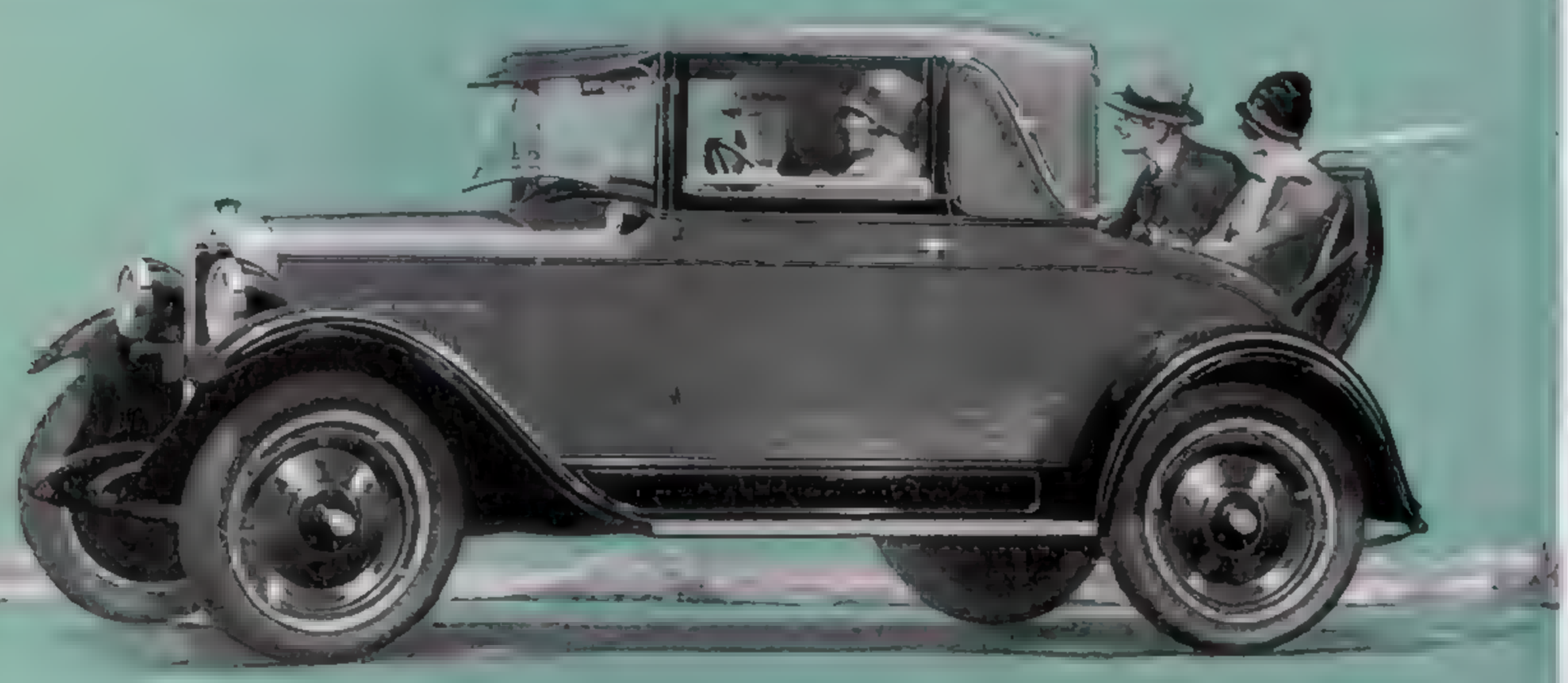
These improvements include: AC oil filter, AC air cleaner, co-incidental steering and ignition lock, larger 17-inch steering wheel, door handles conveniently located in the center of all doors, gasoline gauge, new panelled and beaded closed bodies by Fisher, new beautiful Duco colors, newly designed radiator, and many others actually too numerous to mention.

Even Chevrolet performance—famous the world over and which has been largely responsible for Chevrolet's spectacular record of success—has been improved to a degree that will astonish even the owners of costly cars.

All this is possible at Chevrolet's low prices because of volume production which brings about marked economies in manufacture—and which are passed on to the buyer in the form of greater value according to Chevrolet's long-established and successful policy.

Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. See the Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History. Mark its sweeping lines and its carefully executed details. Compare it with the finest cars in the world, and you will see a striking similarity in design and in construction.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*



QUALITY AT LOW COST

A Billion Dollar BILL*

What share of it will you have to pay this year?

READ how the failure of lubricants to master deadly heat and friction needlessly costs the car-owners of this country a billion dollars each year, in repairs. And learn how you can reduce your own repair bills to a minimum by using the motor-oil that gives the "film of protection" the oil that does not fail.

* * *

SEVENTY-FIVE thousand shops clatter and hum and bang as they repair tired, worn motors. And the repair bills these shops send out each year add up to the almost incredible figure of nearly a billion and a half dollars —an average of more than seventy dollars for every motor in the country!

Amazing as these figures are, it is still more astonishing to realize that three-fourths of all those repairs, over a billion dollars' worth, are *needless.* They are caused by negligence and the failure of inferior lubricants. They could easily be prevented by correct lubrication and reasonable care.

Yet there are still those who think "all oils are alike." There are still those who do not know why many oils fail. There are still those who do not know which is the oil that gives the "film of protection" or why that oil is winning thousands of new users month after month.

A motor-oil's job

A MOTOR-OIL does its work by forming a thin *film* between all the whirling, flying motor surfaces. As long as the film remains unbroken the vital motor parts are protected.

But the oil-film itself is subjected to terrific punishment. It must withstand the lash of searing, scorching heat, the threat of tearing, grinding friction. Under that twofold punishment, the film of ordinary oil breaks and burns.

Through the broken, shattered film vital motor parts are exposed to the fierce attacks of heat. And insidious friction begins its work of destruction. That means excessive wear; ultimately, big repair bills.

A heat-tested "film of protection"

BECAUSE the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in a film of oil, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but oil-*films,* to achieve heat and friction fighting qualities. Finally they perfected, in Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—the film that masters deadly heat and friction.

To keep that "film of protection" always in fighting trim, every drop of Veedol is subjected to the severest tests before leaving Tide Water's refinery at Bayonne, N. J. And every drop of Veedol must show its fitness to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in any motor.

It is that extra margin of safety, that added protection, that is daily winning new Veedol users.

Stop today at the orange and black Veedol sign, have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular make of car. Put the Veedol "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor and conserving its power. Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. If you drive a Ford, ask for Veedol Forzol, the economy oil made for Fords exclusively.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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* Based on maintenance figures published by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

(Continued from Page 44)

stood merely a humble kitchen worker in the home of strangers, without kith or kin, without even a dower chest to bring to her future husband.

"All that can be overlooked," averred the man in dusty black as he peered disconsolately into the emptied teapot, "when the heart is pure in thought and the hand is well trained in service."

"I am happy enough as I am," protested Finna as she hastened to refill his teapot and put out more sweet cakes.

"But I am told that you have visions," admonished the man of the cloth; "and to pursue visions, child, is contrary to the written Word of God."

"But doesn't that Word tell us that Jacob wrestled with an angel?" asked the girl with the overtranquil azure eyes.

"It tells us many things that must not be spoken of lightly," replied Preacher Teodar, "and among other things, it says that those who take to idols and graven images shall inherit hell-fire. And in my father's father's time this seeing of visions and talking with spirits was reckoned as witchcraft, and they who practiced it were called unsound in mind and morals."

"But I am not a wicked woman," protested Finna, pausing to watch her visitor's overprominent Adam's apple as it worked up and down, making her think, in spite of herself, of a busy churn dasher in action.

"Yet you may be a foolish one," persisted Preacher Teodar as he licked up the last of the *krosen*. "And mooning about with a ghostly lover may be a drunkenness of the soul more evil than the use of schnapps itself. And that, young woman, is something it might be well for you to remember."

Finna watched him as he pushed back the empty dishes and rose solemnly from his chair.

"Did Carl Lindal send you here?" she asked with a sudden quiet intentness that tended to disconcert the man of the cloth.

"It was a sense of duty that brought me here," he finally and vigorously asserted as he reached for his dust-covered hat. "And I would advise you to give thought, young woman, to the words I have left with you."

"I will not forget them," answered Finna, with all the color once more faded out of her face. And after he had gone, it was not until she caught the smell of burning pork that she came out of her deep-thoughted trance beside the open kitchen door overlooking the wheatlands that stood a wavering and glistening sea of green; a slowly undulating sea of green that at any moment might bear a golden-scaled Norse *scuta* in from the heat-swathed northern sky line to its final barrier of a humble barnyard fence that walled her off from the outer world.

V

A SPIRIT less blindly resolute than Finna's might have revolted during the weeks that followed, just as a body less toil-hardened might have faltered at the prolonging hours of work that confronted the Spitzer ranch as the season advanced. For harvest time had come to that northern settlement of wheat growers and the annual epic fight to save the grain crop was once more at hand. The rattle and drone of the busy self-binder once more filled the land, and from sunup to sundown men toiled along the level yellow floor of the prairie country stooking the heavy-headed sheaves and making ready for the threshing gangs working their way slowly northward, section by section, as the season shortened. And women, in the lonely little ranch houses dotting that unbroken sea of dusty gold, toiled quite as hard to wash and cook meals for the overdriven hands, to keep the bunk houses in order, to look after the farmyard animals that men had scant time to care for, and incidentally, to prove to all unattached males the excellence of their baking and the liberality of their board.

Then came the itinerant threshing gang, headed by a big wind stacker pulled by a rusty big tractor, a towering wind stacker that anchored itself in the midst of the stook-stippled grain field and was soon surrounded by water haulers and portable granaries and wagon racks and swart and sweat-stained men. And a golden mist of chaff and dust soon bathed the big threshing machine, swallowing up the ceaseless wagonloads of yellow bundles circling in to its sheaf board, the straw-burning engine with its floating plume of smoke, the blower vomiting its shredded straw, the carriers watching the grain spout deliver its precious flood of yellow kernels of Number One Northern.

Indoors a narrower and somewhat different battle was also being fought against time, in preparing to feed the extra workers, in making ready the huge roasts, the big pots of boiled potatoes and beans, the rows of brown-crusted pies, the Swedish sweet cakes, with great pots of coffee and tankards of home-brewed mead to wash them down. Even Maw Spitzer forgot the chalk pains in her joints and waddled out with her best double-length dinner cloth to cover the table that had been built in the open, halfway between the new bunk house and the kitchen door. She hovered about directing guttural-noted commands to the busy and bare-armed Finna as the men came tumbling in to their midday meal, shirt-sleeved and dust-stained, crowding about the loaded board and devouring their fodder like the hand-blistered, hard-working, solemnly blithe animals they were.

It was not until their hunger was appeased that they gave much thought to the fair-haired girl serving them. Then, reverting to that pioneer form of rough gallantry which flowers only in the shadow of unattached womanhood, they fell to joking over the toughness of the pie crust and Finna's slowness in responding to their clamor for more coffee.

"And why," demanded Olie Ekstrom, "should Minnesota Sam get a slab of pie twice the size of mine?"

"Because the lady knows a good-looker when she sees one," proclaimed Sam as he wiped his chin with the back of his hand.

Carl sat silent during that sally, though his brow darkened as the gallant Sam caught at Finna's arm and swung her about close to his dusty knee.

"Ain't you got anything sweeter than pie?" he demanded, ignoring the dreamy-eyed girl's effort to release herself.

Carl was on his feet by this time. At the same moment that Minnesota Sam's hairy arm encircled the girl the broad-shouldered youth rounded the table end. And the careless laugh that had eddied about the double line of weathered faces died out.

"Take your hands off that girl," cried Carl, trying in vain to control the tremolo in his voice.

And Sam, instead of obeying, looked insolently up over the shrinking Finna's shoulder. But there was a light in Carl Lindal's eye that eventually took the carefree smile from Sam's face.

The cavalier of the plains rose slowly to his feet, turning purposefully about as he towered, red-faced and hairy, above the younger man.

"Does she belong to you?" he challenged.

But Carl, after one quick look into Finna's stricken eyes, did not answer that question in words. His reply to it came in the unexpected thump of a clenched fist against a red and hairy jaw.

They were fighting the next moment, fighting silently and determinedly, with the quiet ferocity of men of hate-narrowed vision and unquestioned muscular strength. It was not a pretty sight, with blood flowing under the revealing white sun of open noonday; and it was not as conclusive a combat as it might have been, since it was interrupted by the resolute-eyed Maw Spitzer with a great pot of hot coffee in her hand. But the combatants were shouldered and herded apart, the momentary relapse into savagery was eclipsed by a roar of laughter at Sam's precipitate flight before a still threatening and steaming coffeepot, and the scattered idlers were soon caught up again in the busy wheels of industry.

That combat, in fact, was inconclusive in more ways than one. For that night, when the last plate was wiped and the last pan was scoured, Finna made no effort to seek out her protector and express some faltering word of gratitude. Wolf Spitzer had already made plain his displeasure at the wantonness of womankind who brought dissension into the ranks of his field workers, and Carl, on hearing that complaint repeated out beside the corral, where the men were smoking and card playing in the light of an impromptu bonfire, went berserk and promptly demanded his pay, not only terminating his contract with his employer but also heatedly proclaiming that he was tired of working for an old skinflint who begrudged his hands an hour of oil light in the bunk house.

Finna, sitting bone-tired on the doorstep in the gathering dusk, caught the echo of their contending voices and understood enough of their charges and countercharges to remember that she was the cause of that unsavory quarrel. She had always dreamily longed for someone to espouse her cause, to fight for her, glamorous and godlike, when the call came. But about this combat between two sweat-stained figures in overalls had been little of the splendor of her old legends. It had, in fact, been an ugly and inconsequential affair, ended by a loud-voiced old woman with a steaming coffeepot in her hand. It was not thus that Sigurd rode forth to slay the dragon and it was not thus that Thor once contended with Loki. It was not thus that Harald Gormson, king of all Norway, would have fought for the honor of a fair lady, a lady gently born, a lady as tall and queenly as Brunhild herself.

And Finna, rising rapt-eyed from the doorstep, drew herself up to her full height. She stood there beside the half-emptied water barrel at the end of the wash bench, staring imperiously out across the darkness. What she saw there was not clear to even her own mind. But she was brought back to the world of today by the appearance of Maw Spitzer in the doorway behind her. Finna's vision, whatever it may have been, fell away from her as a coldly raucous voice inquired why any decent girl should be loitering about in the dark simply because a handful of bold-eyed strangers happened to be in the neighborhood.

But instead of going to her bed, as she was bidden, Finna stole quietly out past the kitchen garden and the calf pens and paced dreamily on over the wheat stubble until she came to the empty slough, where she sat on a withered grass hummock and watched the wide pale blur of the baked mud.

For a full hour and more she sat and waited there with an expectant light in her eyes. She even reached out her arms imploringly and whispered strange words into the darkness. But no answer came to that murmured call of hers, and no trace of a ghostly figure made itself manifest in the soundless and shadowless gloom overhung by the star-strewn canopy of the northern night.

"Why do they not come?" she complained aloud. She felt unutterably alone and homeless in a world where some final hope had failed her. A new desolation gnawed at her heart as she watched the moon, full rounded and mournful and goldenly dull, come slowly up along the sharp-cut edge of the eastern world.

"Why have they forgotten me?" she murmured as she rose as slowly to her feet. When a fox barked far off in the brooding darkness a shiver ran through her cramped body. And when, along the pale-green rind of the northern sky line, she saw the first wavering glimmers of the Borealis, she knew well enough that it was the light from the shining armor and spears of the choosers of the dead, riding forth to gather up the unknown heroes who had fallen on unknown battlefields.

Then Finna's earlier shiver repeated itself as she caught the sudden and unmistakable sound of horse hoofs—earthly horse hoofs that could not be carrying the choosers of the dead. She even saw, the next moment, a mounted rider pull abruptly up between her and the solemn golden globe that still floated low on the world's rim. Something glimmered for a moment in the uncertain light something that could have been either a crescent-bladed battle ax or a helmet of bronze. But on a second glance it turned out to be merely the light on the metal of a Mexican bridle. And Finna knew, even before he called out to her, that it was only Carl Lindal.

The phantasmal hope that had so suddenly flared up in her body died down again. Her heart beat more soberly when she saw how both man and horse could stand out so solidly against the low and silvery light that now flowed in soft tidal waves across the golden-carpeted prairie. She did not even move as the rider dismounted and came slowly across the baked slough mud, leading his pinto by a sagging bridle rein.

"What are you doing here?" Carl asked in a voice of barricading roughness.

Finna did not speak until he was close beside her. "I was waiting," she said in a voice of coerced quietness.

"For me?" he demanded in an even harsher tone.

Slowly the girl moved her head from side to side in the moonlight. And the compelling flowerlike loveliness of that face, softened by the shadow of night, brought a hardening to his heart that was echoed in the hardness of his laugh.

"For that picture-book prince who will carry you off in a ship of gold?" mocked the broad-shouldered youth in the dust-stained denim overalls.

"He alone can help me," protested the girl with the abstracted eyes.

And again Carl's laugh was a hard one. "I can't say he helped you much today," cried that unhappy youth.

"Do not be hard on me, Carl," pleaded Finna. "I know you wanted to help me, but ——"

The girl with the flaxen coils above her troubled brow broke off. She stood silent, studying the other with a gaze that was both perplexed and wistful.

"But," continued Carl, bathing his hands in the flame of his own misery, "anything I could do would be wrong! It would be as dull as the ditch water that used to lie in this slough!"

"It was never dull to me," contended Finna.

"Well, I'm no viking out of a cloud," persisted the other, "and I'm never going to be one, I guess. You'll never find me traveling round in one o' those gilded dragon ships. But tomorrow you'll see me migrate over to the Svendsen ranch in a common old wagon that I've paid for out of my own wages. And I s'pose I'm only wasting my breath when I ask if you're willing to climb into that wagon and come with me?"

"I am afraid you are," was her deliberated reply.

"Why?" he demanded as he gathered up his reins.

The relaxed figure in the faded blue calico drew itself up to its full height. "The women of our line," Finna slowly and solemnly answered, "were never won in a manner like that!"

And Carl swore softly as he swung up into his waiting saddle.

VI

CARL, pending the building of his shack on the Svendsen ranch, lived in a patched and smoke-stained wall tent for which he had traded one of his heifers. There, of a clear autumn morning, he would morosely cook his own breakfast on a battered sheet-iron stove, spread his blankets to air in the slanting northern sunlight, and go doggedly out to work on his land.

But Carl was not inured to the desolation of lone-wolf ranching. He began to realize at the end of his second week of silence that things were not going right, that his fall breaking was progressing too

Week of February 7th

How high do you think the bidding goes on this Radio Bridge hand? Who wins the bid? Can he make his contract? Bid and play the hand your way *now*. Then tune in as scheduled below, and hear how the experts handle the very same cards!

Mrs. E. L. Bradbury, Dallas, Texas, dealer, South—
Spades A, Q, J 5, 2
Hearts 7
Diamonds K, 6, 3
Clubs K, J, 9 2

Milton C. Work, New York, West—
Spades 9 7 4
Hearts A K, Q
Diamonds Q, 9, 2
Clubs A Q 5 4

Winfield Liggett Jr., Harrisonburg, Va., North—
Spades 8 6
Hearts 8 4, 3
Diamonds A, J, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4
Clubs 10

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East—
Spades K, 10, 3
Hearts J, 10, 9, 6, 5, 2
Diamonds none
Clubs 8, 7, 6, 3

Tues., Feb. 8, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time in following

WGY	General Electric Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KJR	Seattle Times	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CHNC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFCF	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CFLC	Radio Ad. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

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slowly, and that this final freedom for which he had skimped and saved was bringing him little of the contentment it had promised. So his unrest culminated in an abrupt resolution to face still another plunge and buy his tractor. With a good tractor, he knew, he could turn over fourteen acres of prairie sod in a day and have a chance for a real harvest the next season. He had seen exactly what he wanted in the implement agent's yard at Carbon Crossing; a high-shouldered big gas eater with a striped canvas canopy over the driver's seat and a four-cylinder engine that could outpull a dozen harnessed teams. That, he told himself, was the newer note in farm work. It was beginning to supersede the horse on the open plains, just as horses had superseded the ox team of his fathers. And he would show Wolf Spitzer and that whole settlement of cold-eyed skeptics that he could run a ranch of his own, that he could break sod and grow wheat with the best of them.

Carl, in fact, found something almost intoxicating in a second study of that lordly Carbon Crossing tractor with its lines of power and its resonant engine roar. He had always had a fondness for machinery, and here was a contrivance entirely to his liking. It had, perhaps, been somewhat overdecorated with agricultural red and cheap gilt paint in an effort to make it sufficiently impressive as an exhibit at the Carbon Crossing summer fair. But time, Carl knew, would soon take the meretricious blood-red splendor off those banded wheels, while oil and prairie dust would soon dull down the overglimmering gold along the iron radiator frame. It was an honest machine, made not for show but for service. And he proposed to prove before another year swung around that he could pay for it out of his first season's crop.

Carl, in fact, felt a good deal like a king on a throne as he took possession of that roaring monster and went popping and rumbling through the dusty streets of Carbon Crossing and lurching over the railway track and quartering off along the lonely prairie trail. He was so drunk with power, as he sat there with the steering wheel in his hand and threw open the throttle and felt the heavy steel frame vibrate with its lightly controlled rages, that he even surrendered to the repeated tug of an impulse to let others share in his glory. He was a plunger, and he'd let those pale-eyed sons of herring slitters know it. He could still get home before dark, he decided, even though he detoured out by way of the Spitzer ranch. And he would show that backwater outfit what he could do with his new iron horse. He'd let them see that he was still a man to be reckoned with, a man who could stand up beside the best of them.

Finna, when her day's work was done and her last supper dish washed up, went out to her sagging clothesline for the six roller towels that hung flat as tombstones in the windless evening air. The prairie seemed very still under its pellucid arch of greenish blue that paled to almost lemon yellow along the sky line, except in the west, where a ball of orange fire had foundered in a sea of Burgundy red. The air was not cold as yet, but there was a promise of frost, sharp frost, before morning. The bawl of a milch cow beyond the horse stable echoed mournfully in the quietness. Finna could smell tobacco smoke and catch the subdued voices of two farm hands as they played quoits with horseshoes on the shadowy far side of the corral. Along the sky line, here and there, she could see drifting columns of smoke where ranchers were burning wheat straw before plowing their stubbled acres for another year's crop. They seemed very far away, those distant columns of smoke, and their farness still again impressed on the watching girl the immensity of a world that she could never quite know and understand. The harvested soil seemed tired and touched with a sense of completion. It seemed lonely, inexpressibly lonely, like a mother whose children had been taken away from her, like a woman who had given much and now waited for sleep.

Finna sighed as she sat down on an overturned washtub and stared into the afterglow. Summer was over now, and soon the wild geese would be winging southward again.

And when the autumn rains came the mallards and teals and spoonbills would once more be dropping at dusk into her revived slough. Then, she remembered, the world would not seem so empty and meaningless. Life, then, might not always be so silent and lonely.

But now, in its autumnal weariness, it seemed like a world that had fallen asleep. There was not even a coyote's call to break the silence. It was like being dead, dead and buried, while one was still alive. It would not be so desolate, perhaps, if one could only hear the sound of sea waves on a sandy beach or the wind-blown songs of fishermen as the herring boats came crowding into the fiord ends. There had been a time, Finna remembered, when she could have conjured those ghostly voices up out of the quietness, once she set her mind to it. But her old power of visioning what her heart most desired had in some way failed her. And nothing now could come to break the silence that imprisoned her.

Yet it was not altogether silence, she reminded herself as she gazed with abstracted eyes over the slowly purpling prairie floor that lay about her as level as any sea. For out of that silence drifted a faint and far-off sound, a sound that grew into a complaining drone, and from a drone turned into a stutter, and from a stutter swelled into an almost challenging clamor of sound. Then she caught sight of something moving along the prairie floor, like a lordly ship advancing in a smother of foam across a darkening sea. She could even make out a shred of canvas, half shrouded in the trail dust thrown up by that imperial advance. Through the slow-drifting cloud she saw the glitter of a gilded prow, high in the air, and above it the lordly figure of a youth—a proud-faced youth intent on the path he followed.

Finna's knees shook as she rose to her feet. Her breath quickened as that strange craft bore down on her, emerging from the drifting dust that the refracted light of the afterglow turned into clouds of glory. The wistfulness deepened in her eyes and she reached out her hands beseechingly without quite knowing it. Her body trembled as she watched the captain of that advancing craft, high on his iron seat, piloting his golden-prowed vessel through its mounting smother of umber spray. He sat there, kingly, imperious, arrogant, emerging not through mere clouds of prairie dust but through the immemorial mists of time. He was her viking, come for her.

It must have been too much for her, that moment when dream and reality merged Or it may have been some ancestral propulsion for flight, some phantasmal atavistic fear in the face of threatened violence, for, with a little moan of helplessness, she covered her face with her hands and shrank away.

Carl, high on his iron seat, was not unconscious of that solitary figure in faded blue calico. And through his own body, as he caught the glint of the pale gold hair coils and the glow in the bewildered azure eyes, ran a tingle of recklessness, ran a wave of audacity crested with want.

Still warm with that wave as he swung his panting land ship about in a half circle and brought it to a stop, he leaped from his seat and strode toward the retreating girl. She would not want to come with him, he told himself, but it was too late for argument, for whimsies and excuses. He wanted her; he could not be happy without her; and he intended to take her. She belonged to him by rights; she belonged to him more than she belonged to these niggardly skinflints who were grinding her soul out.

This was his moment. He'd take her, as women were taken in the old days. And the talking could be done afterward, after they had rooted the lean-necked Preacher Teodar out of bed and made him tie the knot—the knot that couldn't be argued away.

There was something oddly like savagery in Carl's movements as he confronted her and caught her up in his arms.

"You're coming with me," was his abandoned cry as he swung her about and forced the drooping face up to the uncertain light.

But instead of shrinking away from him as he had feared, she lay passive there, her breast heaving, her eyes wide with something more than wonder.

"My prince!" she murmured dreamily, as her arms went hungrily up about his neck and her fingers were buried deep in his dusty hair.

"I'm not your prince," contended Carl, jealous of that look of exaltation which he could still see in her eyes. "I'm only a clodhopper with a mortgaged ranch and a new tractor to pay for. But ——"

"My prince!" she repeated, almost stubbornly. Yet at his curt cry of denial she drew back from him for a moment, studying him with perplexed eyes. Her hand even explored his shoulder, as the blind feel for what they cannot see. Then the old serene light came creeping back into her uplifted face.

"You are both now," she whispered as she drew closer in under the shelter of his broad shoulder.

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C'EST LA GUERRE

(Continued from Page 25)

the badge of a king's messenger. But despite all this he was pessimistic, as usual, about his accomplishment. He always spoke of himself deprecatingly as a noncombatant.

This made me exceedingly cross. "You poor blamed idiot!" I snarled. "They didn't want you in the first place; in the second place, you shouldn't have gone; in the third place, you sacrificed twice as much as most men, for when you came back you had to start all over again; and in the fourth place, you were constantly in dangers only about one-half of the Expeditionary Force ever heard of. You make me sick!"

Whereupon Vaughan, in all probability, would tell me more about Tours.

Seven and a half years were needed before he got his business back into anywhere near the shape it had been in when he chose to become a noncombatant; seven and a half years during which old Mr. Stewart, in the way of so many people who had cheered the brave, bright-faced boys off to camp, behaved exactly as if Vaughan had been responsible for the whole business; and at the end of the seven and a half years my wife and myself were living in the South of France and had not seen Vaughan for many months. We were living in Provence, near Toulon, in a villa that clung to the shore of the Mediterranean. There was a terraced garden filled with mimosa and roses and umbrella pines, and a biscuit's throw from verandas hidden in wistaria was the lazy blue sea.

At the moment Jessica Theobald happened to be visiting us; and one day, seeing in the Paris Herald that Vaughan had at last arrived on his long contemplated trip, we thought it a brilliant idea to ask him down as well. He should really see Jessica again. They should be thrown together in romantic surroundings. It was time they were marrying each other. Vaughan was making enough money now—although, of course, his income still looked small beside Jessica's—to satisfy even his exigent ideas of honor; and besides, being older, perhaps his ideas were not so exigent. Young men torture themselves where mature men won't.

Here was the stage all set, not with mimosa—it was too late for that—but with plenty of late roses and a few belated nightingales, and even a moon.

We did not, of course, tell Jessica of our plans until the day before Vaughan's arrival; and when we did, it was with disingenuous casualness.

"Oh, by the way, Vaughan Stewart is coming down from Paris tomorrow," we remarked. And Jessica, who had not seen Vaughan for years, controlled a desire to bite a lip and, instead, smiled.

"That's nice. How is he?"

People take such an extraordinary amount of trouble to get other people married.

The July moon grew larger and more pallid and more hot; the garden at night was a black-and-yellow arabesque, a maze that destroyed the concrete. Small waves struck the beach with a lisping sound, and on the horizon the dim outlines of islands, darkly clear and yet so remote, wistful and gently lonely, assured you that all that mattered was the nearness of a man to a woman. Things went well for a week—went too well, for at the end of the week Vaughan, I am sure, kissed Jessica—you can almost always tell—and after that the two, forthright, were back about where they started.

"I shall never marry," Jessica told my wife, although no one had mentioned the subject.

"I shall never marry," Vaughan announced gloomily to me.

"Why not?"

We were walking down a white, dusty lane. The shadow of a hedge lay blue across the heat of the afternoon. Lizards crept out and looked at us.

"Well, I have passed the romantic stage, and whenever it comes to the point I find I do not need a woman."

"Every man needs a woman, even if it's no more than to talk things over with."

"I find I can talk things over better with men."

I looked at him. "My son," I said, "you are inexperienced. There are certain things you cannot talk over with a man, and frequently they are the most fundamental. Well as you know a man, and pleasantly removed as are male intimacies from the bother of sex, there is a certain kind of male confession that can be made only to a woman. The more male a confession is—that is to say, the more it is marked by the inveterate sentimentality of the male—the more it can be made only to a member of the opposite sex. You can't make these confessions to a man, because if you did you would lose your face; but men have no faces to lose with intelligent women."

Jessica, I am convinced, considered herself a mature and disillusioned woman betrayed into a momentary folly; and I told my wife that I firmly believed Vaughan, in addition to the half-dozen or so other nonsensical considerations that would weigh with him, had made with himself some sort of ridiculous bargain concerning that girl in Tours.

"Architects," I said, "live in a world of hallucination, anyway; and during the war, even a lot of drug clerks got it into their heads that they were crusaders or troubadours. The trouble with Vaughan is that he hasn't had it knocked out of him yet. He hasn't heard from that girl for years—that I know, but I've not the slightest doubt that all along it has been his intention to renew their friendship the moment he was on his feet again. Probably that's the real reason why he is in France again. But being Vaughan, he would never, of course, have said anything to bind her when they parted, lest he should be unable to keep his promises; and being Vaughan, it would never, of course, have entered his head that maybe she might get tired of waiting."

"Let's go to Tours ourselves," said my wife suddenly. "We'll take the car and there will be plenty of room for the four of us and our baggage. I've always wanted to see Tours anyhow."

Vaughan received our suggestion placidly, but without enthusiasm. Possibly it was rather a shock to him. Even the most confirmed dreamer hesitates to put his dream to the test; a man always fears to approach again his fairy citadel no matter what may be his longing to do so. Vaughan, without question, had been headed toward Tours; but now the opportunity was given him, he did not wish to be hurried. As for Jessica, she was delighted. Clearly she wished to break the dangerous stalemate of the garden. And so, with no more said, we set off for Tours—through Nimes and Lyons and Vichy and Blois, in weather that was clear and charming and blue.

Vaughan, who had been placed in the back seat with my wife so that he could not quarrel with Jessica, became more and more jerkily dithyrambic as we penetrated farther and farther into his beloved country. After a while he ceased even to be jerky and became almost flowing. Had we ever seen a more beautiful country? Yes—at least, I had. Touraine was too bare and wind-swept, too wide, too melting off into nothing. I was disappointed with Touraine. I had seen too much of the Dordogne, a similar country, but far more lovely, to be impressed. And didn't we find the people better looking and more intelligent speaking and seeming than the rest of their countrymen? No, personally, I preferred the Provençals.

I don't think it was merely perverseness that made me disagree with Vaughan in this fashion. I even found myself dumfounded by the stark ugliness of the châteaux. The beauty of Azay-le-Rideau and Chenonceaux could not compensate for the horrors of Chambord or Blois. I was depressed, as I had often been before, by the unrestrained vulgarity of kings. What a graceless fellow François Premier must have been!

There was one astounding development, however, upon which Vaughan and I could not but agree, and that was the road manners of his favorite people.

"Have they changed, Vaughan," I asked, "since you saw them? What's the matter? An east wind?"

He shook his head with puzzlement. "It must be the tourists," he apologized. "The great motorbusses that run down from Paris."

"Well, blame it all, who asked this to be a tourist country in the first place?" There was a lack of reasonableness here that annoyed me. "Granted that everyone is at his or her worst when traveling, when you've organized and advertised a place as a tourist country for two hundred years, you shouldn't behave badly when you've got what you wanted. But, of course, it's more than that—this is too pointed. This was the seat of the old service of supplies, and I suppose familiarity breeds contempt, even when the people you are becoming familiar with are helping to protect your frontiers and at the same time paying you for the privilege."

"And living in your houses and eating your food and getting drunk and flirting with your wives and daughters. Besides, these are village louts. You can't judge by them."

"No, that's true."

But it was disconcerting, none the less, the number of times a day carters and pedestrians shouted at us for something we hadn't done, and the number of times a day old gentlemen shook their fists at us and old ladies shrieked insults that died upon the breeze. I cultivated the wide insolent stare of the professional chauffeur.

We rolled into Tours in the dusk—a dusk red upon the towers of the cathedral and red upon the *allée* of trees where Balzac broods eternally. Vaughan could hardly eat his dinner. "There are some places—some people—I want to see right away," he said. "I'll take a bird's-eye view tonight and then tomorrow I'll revisit things at my leisure."

Jessica looked at him with her lovely, thoughtful eyes. She wanted greatly to go with him, but Vaughan didn't want her. This was to be a man's party, a harking back to days purely masculine.

"Why does he always hurt her feelings so?" I said to myself.

All about us the hotel dining room was America, with a slight trace of England. Everyone, including the waiters, was speaking English; although, in connection with the Americans, the few English, with their odd way of making themselves agreeable, would have denied this had they been asked—denied it loudly, blandly and finally. The hotel dining room was America, with a trace of England, but outside in the street Vaughan and I plunged into the dimly lighted darkness of France. At a corner a café spread its awning and offered an orchestra.

"Shall we have some coffee and a liqueur?" Vaughan suggested. We sat down at a table and he studied the shadows of the trees opposite. "Queer to be here again," he said softly. "Ghosts—it's so quiet and deserted."

He smiled at a waiter, who didn't smile back. Vaughan had once said that the most charming trait the French possessed was that no matter how angry they might be at the moment, if you smiled they would always smile too.

"*Dites-moi*, does Père Scribe still run the Café of the Two Pigeons?"

"But yes. It is two blocks farther on and then to the right."

"And the old Hotel of the Ivory Tower—is that still here?"

"But certainly; it is known throughout the world."

"You were here in 1918?"

A long and meaningful stare. "I was in the army, as all Frenchmen were."

"And as most Americans."

"Monsieur said?"

"And as most Americans," I repeated.

"Oh!"

Vaughan still smiled. "I was here for six months in 1918. I know Tours well."

The waiter flicked at a fly with his napkin.

"The coffee is two and a half francs, the benedictine is six. That makes eight and a half. Thank you." The last was not said graciously. Evidently the motorbusses from Paris tipped more than a franc and a half no matter how small the bill was.

"Let's be going," said Vaughan. "I want to see Père Scribe. We used to spend evening after evening at his place. He'll give us a drink and then we'll buy him one. He was good to me when I was getting better that time. I nearly died in Tours, you know—pneumonia."

"Yes," I agreed, "you nearly died, and you came back with rheumatism and a slight case of shell shock, and when you came back your business was about ruined. Also you were thirty-five and volunteered. The amusing part is that your ancestors crossed a practically unknown ocean, leaving behind all they held dear and putting up with the rigors of pioneering, in order to get away from the very nonsense that two hundred and fifty years later, you, their descendant, were drawn into. It wasn't your war, you know, and not all the sophistry in the world can make it so. The fact that Germany went crazy only made it your war adventitiously."

Vaughan growled, "What's that got to do with anything?"

"Nothing," I retorted lightly.

We turned left, down a narrow badly lit street.

"I think I'll go to the Ivory Tower first," said Vaughan, "and Père Scribe's afterward. I wonder if Madame Viret still runs the Ivory Tower. She was a wonderful woman. There was a great long wainscoted room she used to light with candles."

A square opened before us bordered by half-timbered houses, their upper stories bending forward like crones whispering in the darkness. At one side rose the solid high-headed shadow of Charlemagne's tower.

Vaughan paused before the entrance to a courtyard back of which was a mass of twisted and ancient buildings. He passed his hand across his mouth with a gesture of bewilderment.

"This ought to be it," he said. "This was where it was. This courtyard had little tables in it." A faint gleam showed beneath the closed wings of a shutter.

"There's a light," I suggested.

We made our way to a door, and pushing it open, entered a low, dirty, fly-haunted room. Along one side ran a soiled bar, and the streaked, whitewashed walls were bare of ornament except for a flaming poster that called upon all France to resist this new invasion—this invasion of its money. "We are attacked again," read the poster—and it was not difficult to guess who the attackers were—"but, as always, we are unconquerable." Three women, each in the costume of a separate province, Provence, Brittany, Alsace, the south and west and east of France, marched arm and arm into—the unknown. Before them, cheering them on with uplifted arm and strained face half turned toward them, was La Patrie, France, Marianne, a mobcap on her straggling black hair.

Later on I found myself studying that poster. I have never liked Marianne in this mood; she is then at her worst; in the cold,

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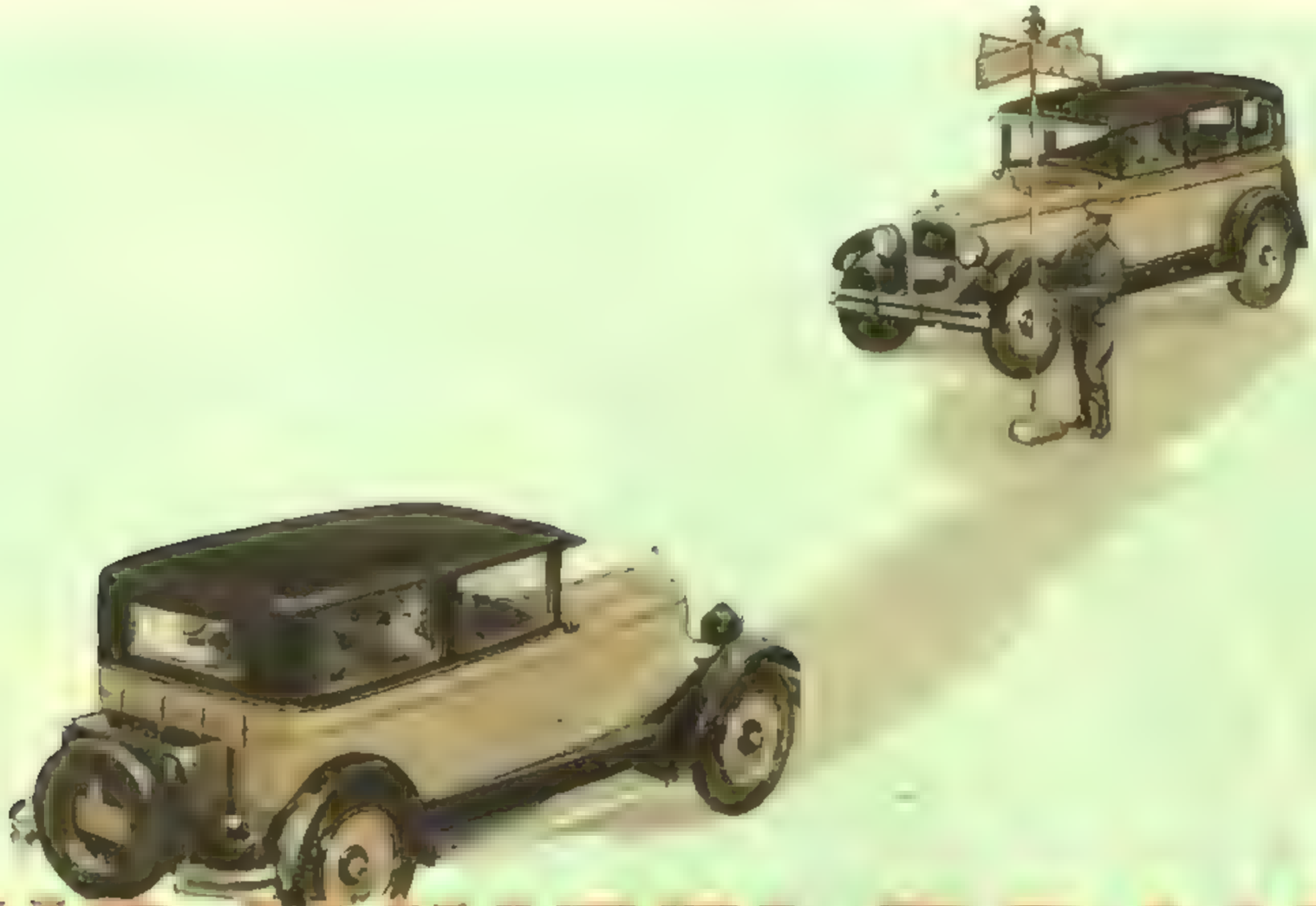

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The superiority of SUPERTWIST is in its greater elasticity, under road-shock it stretches and recovers without breaking, like a rubber band.
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GOODYEAR

887

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You can have it with new *quiet* and *smooth-running* designed into it, together with *evener, slower, longer wear.*
You can have it in a tire which keeps going without showing the wavy spots or "pot holes" until now characteristic of wear in many balloon tires.
All these benefits are possible to you through Goodyear's development and perfection of a *new-type* balloon tire *tread.*
Traction is achieved by placing the sharp-edged, diamond-shaped All-Weather blocks in the tread's center; improved tread wear, by a new flat design and two heavy circumferential ribs at the points of greatest wear.
The tire is even better looking, and the new tread is as clearly superior as the renowned Goodyear SUPERTWIST carcass has proved itself to be.
You will want this smooth, safe, sturdy Goodyear for the same sensible reasons that for years have made *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*
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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 52)

carefully calculated frenzy so incomprehensible to northern blood; the Marianne who is not unlike Vaughan in the white illogic of his worst humors.

But at the moment I did not have time to study the poster; I was too much interested in the group of three men lounging about the bar. One, a filthy young man in his shirt sleeves, the proprietor, inside the bar; the two others bargees of the Loire, their caps pulled down over their beaked noses, leaning opposite him, glasses of cognac cupped in their hands. The French tough is a sinister man; he is dramatic and therefore always appears worse than he is. But even at that, he is sardonic enough and as hard as steel. It was not so far from Tours, just down the river at Nantes, that the ancestors of these merry boatmen perpetrated during the Revolution the gross pleasantry of the Noyades -a pleasantry typically Gallic.

These bargees didn't like us. They pulled their tilted caps still farther over their eyes and narrowed their eyelids and whispered, no doubt, obscenities about us. At all events they were quietly amused.

The slovenly young proprietor came over to the table where Vaughan and I had seated ourselves.

"You have some of that Vouvray you had here in 1918?" asked Vaughan.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders with a grunt. "Vouvray? I've been here four years and that's the first call I've had for it." His eyes, traveling up Vaughan's body from where it emerged from below the table, came to rest an inch above Vaughan's head. "We French can't afford to drink Vouvray any more—we're too poor."

He made a poor attempt to smile when he said this, as Frenchmen will, but the meaning was entirely clear.

"Well, get a bottle anyway," commanded Vaughan, with the first show of impatience I had seen him exhibit that night.

"The discussion," I said in English, smiling coldly at the proprietor and the bargees, "is useless. Hence I speak in my native tongue. You would not understand me if I called your attention to the numerous French millionaires who are at this moment winning or losing millions at Deauville or Trouville or Monte Carlo; nor would you understand me if I called your attention to the fact that, with a few exceptions, France has never been so prosperous. Of course you are poor—you are lazy and dirty."

The proprietor and his friends did not know what I was saying, but they knew I was talking about them and not to their credit, and they knew I was laughing at them, and they fell silent.

Vaughan sipped his Vouvray. "Where is Madame Viret," he asked, "whom I knew during the war? Isn't this room changed? Where is the great long wainscoted room?"

"Madame Viret is in Paris. . . . Yes, we have cut the room in two and sold the wainscoting. It is more modern and convenient."

We said good-by with exaggerated politeness. The figure of Marianne on the poster, pointing in our direction, pointed us out. I had half a mind to bow to her, too, and say, "Good night, Marianne. But do not hurry us too much."

Père Scribe, when found, was also leaning upon his bar, but a very different bar this time from the one we had just left—a cozy well-polished bar, with a twinkling nickel-plated hot-water urn at one end and a pile of twinkling glasses at the other. The room in which the bar stood was twinkling as well, and cozy, filled with little tables at which sat the solid citizens of Tours, playing checkers and cards. The motion-picture theaters were just letting out and some well-dressed women with their escorts strolled in for coffee or *sirops*. Evidently Père Scribe was respectable and even chic—as chic as anything could be in a city like Tours.

Père Scribe was too good a business man to be unsmiling to anyone. His little eyes sparkled and he pretended that he knew Vaughan perfectly. "Monsieur Stewart? But naturally. I would have known you anywhere. Monsieur le Capitaine. No, no! That is laughable. I have demoted you—Monsieur le Chef de Bataillon. And how is Monsieur—— and Monsieur——" Vaughan supplied rapidly half a dozen names. "All well? That is good. You are here for a little visit?"

But although Père Scribe was too good a business man to be inhospitable, he was also an ardent politician, and mere acquaintances cannot expect a man to interrupt himself forever when he is in conversation with a couple of accustomed patrons and fellow citizens. Vaughan asked two or three more questions and Père Scribe answered politely, but each time he tore himself away with increasing reluctance from earnest low-voiced conversation.

"Let's sit down," said Vaughan.

We sought a table and commenced upon our bocks in silence. A party of men and women came in and arranged themselves in a corner. Vaughan, peering over his glass, suddenly set it down, stared and laid a hand on my arm.

"There's Ninon," he said in a dazed voice; "Ninon, and her father. I don't know who the others are. I must go over and speak to her."

I stared too. There was an elderly man with a black beard, two younger men, rather smartly dressed, and two young women. Vaughan arose and crossed the room. One of the young women was dark and the other blond. Vaughan was introduced to the blond young woman and the two younger men. Distant, inaudible conversation is tantalizing: a dumb show, a dumb crambo to which the interested spectator tries to attach a meaning.

There was, it seemed to me, a moment of embarrassment, then one of usual cordiality and surprise, and then several moments of awkwardness. Vaughan, smiling, leaned over the table, asking questions, only to draw himself up, his head back, the smile become perfunctory. An invitation to sit down, indicated by a wave of the hand, followed, which Vaughan refused; and then the elderly man and one of the younger men asked questions in their turn; questions I could see, by the tilt of Vaughan's head, by the shortness of his replies, were not to his liking.

The dark young woman interested me especially, because it was she, I knew, who was Ninon. And I was sorry for Vaughan, and indignant, for Ninon was not glad to see him. It is not hard to tell that about a woman, particularly if there is near her at the time another man of whom she is really fond. There is always a small instinctive movement toward the latter as if the woman sought protection. In the curious way memory works, I had a feeling that I had seen Ninon before. Somewhere I had seen that thin, sharp, pretty face, those big eyes, that blue-black hair. I had seen that face angry, as well, as I saw it now, turning from self-consciousness, through distaste, to the faint edge of anger. And then I smiled, for I remembered that I had seen the face not long before on the poster in the flyspecked room of the Ivory Tower. Ninon, with dramatic fitness, looked not at all unlike Marianne.

Vaughan leaned forward suddenly and kissed Ninon's hand with a gesture I had never seen him make, but which he had no doubt learned during his long residence in France as a student; he also kissed the hand of the young blonde and bowed with exquisite formality to the men. He turned about, and walking stiffly back to our table, sat down and picked up his glass of beer. He stared thoughtfully at a spot on the wall beyond my shoulder. The group he had just left looked at us, and putting their heads together, began to talk earnestly among themselves.

"Well?" I asked.

Vaughan, his eyelids narrowing, met my eyes. He chuckled softly and grimly. "That's Ninon's husband," he said—"the man two away from her. She's been married seven years and has four children."

"It wasn't exactly fair to expect anything else, was it?" I demanded.

"No; except that she married just six months after I said good-by to her and two weeks before I received her last letter. *Bien!* The identity of her husband makes it even funnier.

"He's the journalist who has been writing those editorials about Uncle Shylock. None of the party seemed to like my nationality very much—not even Ninon. They tried to ask me incriminating questions." He paused and shrugged his shoulders with the soft, sudden, fierce collapse I had seen twice before. "Well, let's be getting back," he said.

Jessica was still up when we reached the hotel. It was early; and besides, as she afterwards explained, she had been fairly sure of what was going to happen to Vaughan.

"You see," she said, "like you and Elaine, I've been living here for a year or two and so know the way they feel toward us. Poor Vaughan poor silly dear. Let's all go home—our real home, I mean. I'm sick of hate. I wonder what Vaughan will find now to fool himself about."

Jessica was in the writing room, but her letter could not have been overwhelmingly important, since she left it so casually upon our entrance.

Shining Jessica. She stood up and her dark evening gown was like dusk above which gleamed the young-moon white of her shoulders and face and the corn color of her hair. There was something about Jessica that reminded you of a cool young northern September evening. Her eyes, searching the eyes of Vaughan, were exceedingly brilliant and pitiful.

"Want to take a walk, Vaughan?" she asked, looking about for her wrap.

"Yes," he said eagerly.

And I mounted the stairs to tell my wife that I thought Jessica and Vaughan would be engaged by morning, and to think and to dream of the dark and angry face of Marianne.

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 19)

Enitarzi speak when he says that they shall be given to the vultures. With the other women will I stand upon the walls and acclaim Nin-girsu when he leads back the captives for sacrifice. And the warriors as they return shall we greet with joyous shouts, with songs and dancing, and no woman in the city is there who will not give back the light in their eyes. Happy is the warrior who shall then come back to the arms of his beloved!"

A flush mounted into the face of Enitarzi.

"Thus surely shall it be, O Beloved-of-Innini!" he exclaimed with a revival of his boyish eagerness. "And for thee will I bring back rich booty—even embroidered garments and jewels of silver—from the great houses of Umma, and E-Abzu shall bring thee back one who was mistress over many for thy handmaiden, making choice among the women who wail and beat the breast while the flames and smoke go up through the houses and the blood of their husbands and brothers runs down the streets. For who shall prevail against great Nin-girsu, warrior of En-lil? I who am scribe in his house thirst for the day of battle when I shall slay his enemies!"

E-Abzu ceased hammering and looked critically at the now perfect blade. He held out the long-shafted weapon to Enitarzi.

"Here is thy spear, son of my sister," he growled ill-temperedly. Always was he thus silenced by his shrill-voiced wife, and for the glib-tongued superiority of his priest-educated nephew had he small liking. "Sharp and strong is it for the push of spears in the fight."

Enitarzi took it from him and poised it in his hand. "Heavy is it, O E-Abzu," he said, surprised and doubtful. "Thinkst thou that one of my youth can wield it? Never have I stood in the ranks of the spearmen and not yet do I know the manner of it."

"That thou hast not stood in the ranks—nor the youth of thy generation—even as thy fathers stood cometh this calamity upon us," muttered E-Abzu. "With both hands shouldst thou grasp it," he added more loudly. "With me wilt thou stand in the ranks and thou hast but to do even as I do at the word of command."

He went to a corner of the room, fetched a conical leather helmet and an adz-shaped copper ax.

"Here is thy helmet and the ax for thy girdle," he said.

Enitarzi put the helmet upon his head, fastened the ax to his belt, picked up the spear again, stood as a completely equipped warrior of that period.

Beloved-of-Innini contemplated him admiringly.

"Who shall stand against the warriors of Lagash?" she cried. "Verily are they the chosen of Nin-girsu!"

Enitarzi flushed and smiled, threw out his nude chest, and walked swaggeringly to the illumination of the doorway that opened on the street.

"Light now do I find the spear, O E-Abzu!" he proclaimed. "And on my head seem I always to have worn the helmet!"

E-Abzu grunted. "Soon wilt thou have borne spear and helmet long enough," he growled. "Lay them now aside, and sit and eat with us. After we have eaten will Beloved-of-Innini prepare the meal bags for our girdles tomorrow."

Enitarzi, however, lingered near the door, a flush once again upon his young face, a sudden awkward diffidence in his manner. Beloved-of-Innini observed him and smiled with tolerant understanding.

"Foolish art thou, O my husband," she said. "Knowest thou not that Ammattar-Sirsirra, daughter of Shakh the priest, waits for him in her father's house? Go freely, O Enitarzi, and may the goddess of love whisper for thee in the maiden's ear. Thy meal bag will I prepare, and E-Abzu shall bring it for thee to the place of meeting tomorrow."

They heard Enitarzi magnificently thumping with the butt end of his spear as he went up the narrow street.

The scorching sun was already high in the sky when the men of Lagash drew near to the men of Umma. For many hours had they marched, at first along tracks between cultivated cornfields and, here and there, huts shaded by a clump of palms, and then over wide hot grasslands where normally sheep grazed in vast flocks, but which now were empty, the sheep driven off in alarm before the invading enemy. They formed one long column, bristling multitudinously with the long-shafted spears whose points flashed in the sun, marching with irregular step to the wild notes of trumpets, the beat of primitive drums. Between each block of spearmen came a much smaller body carrying huge man-high shields, and armed only with an ax at their girdles. Interspersed up and down the column, and running tumultuously at its flanks, was a confused rabble of bowmen and slingers and dart throwers—half-savage shepherds of the plains who were not to be brought under any kind of discipline.

Preceding the infantry, half a hundred dart-armed young men—the wealthy youth of Lagash, sons of important priests and of rich merchants—rode each in a light chariot drawn by a pair of docilely trotting asses—not for some centuries yet would the horse be introduced by the Kassite conquerors of Babylon. At the head of all, and followed by a score of high dignitaries of palace and temple, each in a similar vehicle, Urukagina, human representative of Ningirsu, divine warrior of En-lil, rode in a chariot ornamented with the emblem of Lagash, a lion-headed eagle between two lions.

Streaming with the sweat that poured down from under his conical leather helmet and burst from every pore of his nude torso, thirsty and choked with the dust that rose in clouds from under the tramping feet, his spear long ago become intolerably heavy, Enitarzi marched side by side with E-Abzu in the ranks six abreast. Long ago would he have drained the water gourd at his girdle if his uncle, with veteran experience, had not restrained him with fierce threats. Long ago would he have flung away the weighty meal bag that hung there likewise if E-Abzu had not forcibly prevented him. Spent, gasping, his limbs drained of strength, having no longer energy to revolt at the unsympathetic tyranny of his sturdily marching uncle, he trudged wretchedly along in that interminable weariness, vaguely resentful of the harsh shouts of the officers bidding them hasten and keep rank.

He thought of Ammattar-Sirsirra, sitting large-eyed with the distaff in her hand, in the shadowed coolness of the house of Shakh, and was glad that she could not see him thus exhausted and pitiable. He thought of the lofty brick-built room wherein he and the other junior scribes incised neatly the accounts of the temple upon tablets of wet clay, and wondered whether ever he would return to its cool quietude; vividly he had a glimpse of the fountain outside its great open door, the dripping fountain where the doves dipped and plashed pearls of water upon their plumage. If only he could break away from these ranks which inclosed him, suffocating him in their dust! If only he could lie down and rest and drink his fill! "Hasten! Hasten! Keep the rank, laggard!" came the angry shout of an officer, and a jab in the ribs from E-Abzu woke him to the realization that the shout was for him. He stumbled onward, striving desperately to keep level in the rank.

A great vociferation burst suddenly from the marching host, startling and bewildering him. What had happened? Almost immediately he became aware that the head of the column had wheeled to the right, was marching at right angles across a stretch of sun-scorched prairie land. Simultaneously the rabble of archers and slingers who had been streaming along beside the column now ran swiftly to the front, screaming wild exultant cries. Peering between the helmeted heads, he could see the ass-drawn chariots careering in a bunch together, the young men in them waving their darts; had a glimpse of him who was Nin-girsu, even Urukagina, riding forward under the standard vertical in his chariot, flogging at his asses with his double-thonged whip. From the whole host came a murmur of voices, came sudden great shouts momentarily obliterating the confused noise from the swarmingly running light-armed irregular troops and the charioteers. Enitarzi listened intently, fancied he heard an answering distant shout in a lull of that clamor, listened again and was sure. His heart leaped and thudded in his breast, and it felt to him as though his stomach had suddenly lost support. He dared a glance at E-Abzu, trudging stolidly by his side, his long spear upon his shoulder.

"What mean those shouts, brother of my mother?" he asked in an unsteady voice.

E-Abzu smiled grimly, his dull honest face setting hard. "The men of Umma draw nigh," he said, "and now range they the battle against them."

Enitarzi felt unexpectedly weak and ill, so ill that scarcely could he continue to march. But surely E-Abzu would make mock of him to Ammattar-Sirsirra—as indeed he had several times sworn to do—if he fell down in the rank and let the host pass over him. He wondered whether he would have strength to handle that heavy spear when the moment came.

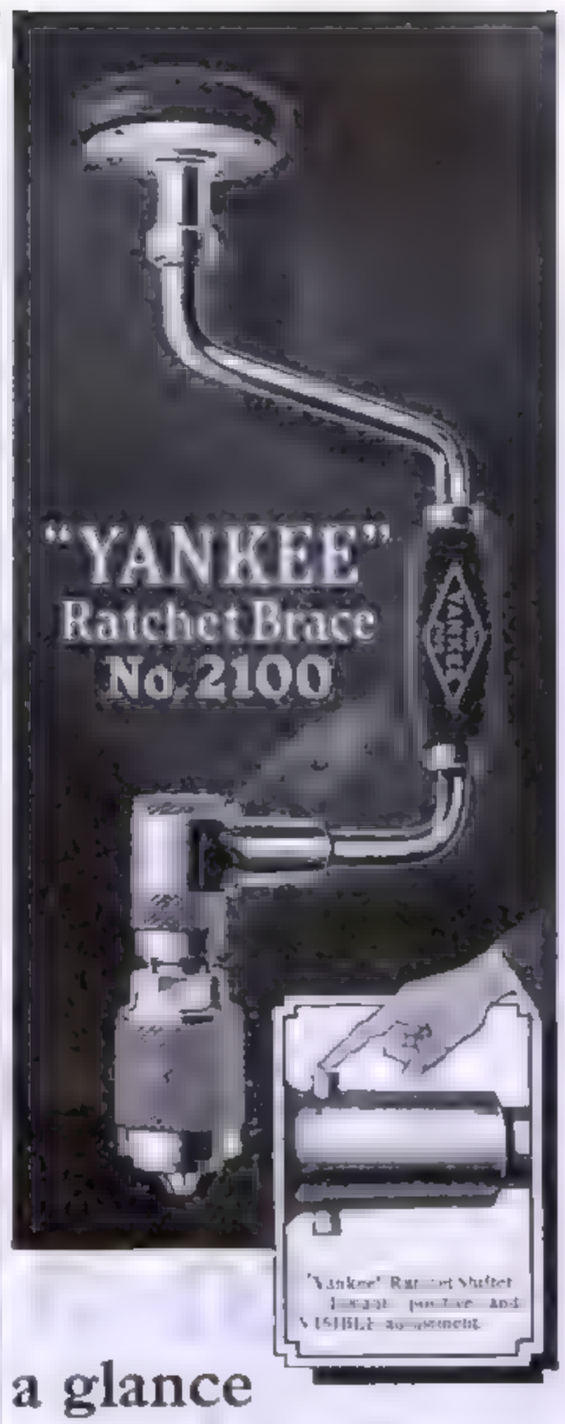
Presently their company wheeled off likewise to the right, and from the front the shield men came running back, posting themselves each at the end of a file, so that there were now seven in the rank. A nude-torsoed insignia-bearing official came trotting to them in his chariot, shouted to their captain. There was a vociferated order, and Enitarzi found himself running forward with all those dust-caked half-nude men, who lifted their spears so that they should not trip over them. Suddenly they halted and, at another command, turned each man to his left. There was a short jostling march on this new front and again a halt. Enitarzi found himself the fifth man in that seven-deep rank which the front file covered with a great shield. His sudden feeling of illness had now quitted him, was replaced by a heart-thudding curiosity. He raised himself on his toes, glanced between the conical helmets close around him, could just discern that to the right their company had united itself to the mass that had preceded them and to the left was being similarly joined by those who had been in rear. Immediately in front of him E-Abzu stood stolid, sweat beading over his broad bare back, his spear upright with the butt upon the ground. Enitarzi reposed his spear likewise, leaned over his uncle's shoulder.

"Seest thou the men of Umma?" he asked, forcing his voice to something like usualness of utterance.

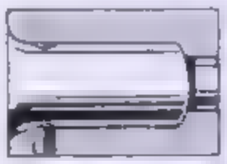
"Behold!" replied E-Abzu curtly, gesturing with his left hand over the shoulder of the man in front of him.

Enitarzi twisted himself to peer between the heads, between the edges of the almost close-locked shields. Through them he had a glimpse of the plain covered with groups of their own dartmen, archers and slingers, careered over by fast-driven chariots, and beyond them, solid behind that intervening confusion, he saw—still at some distance—a serried forest of upright spear points, stretching far to right and left and glittering formidably in the sun. The men of Umma in their battle array! There was a sudden ominous silence upon the plain,

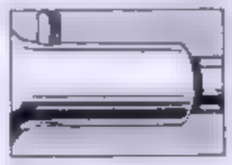
(Continued on Page 61)



a glance shows whether on ratchet or rigid



Shifter position (down) for right hand ratchet.



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I can't help being a little enthusiastic about Prince Albert, because it means so much to me. Cool as a cave. Fragrant as heather. Rich and full-bodied, yet so mild that I can smoke it as often as I wish. Which is to say, whenever I'm not eating or sleeping!

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(Continued from Page 59)

strange by contrast with the clamor which had abruptly stilled. Enitarzi found himself quivering as he gripped his spear, felt again his heart thumping unpleasantly in his breast, his stomach sink devoid of support. His tongue was suddenly dry in a dry mouth. He could not venture to ask E-Abzu what now would happen.

The question was brusquely answered for him. In a renewed outburst of ferocious yells, the slingers, the bowmen and the dart throwers of Lagash ran tumultuously forward, preceded by the chariots, where the young men stood up and waved their javelins, gathering force to hurl them. An answering yell came many-voiced from beyond, a double, intermingled, long-continued shouting instant after it. Peering fascinated through the ranks in front of him, Enitarzi saw opposite flights of arrows curving through the air, saw throwing spears dart viciously, saw slingers in violent action of their sun-gleaming bodies as they whirled and discharged their heavy clay bullets, saw men run, stumble and fall, saw them writhe, transfixed. He turned his eyes from those, watched excitedly that confusion where as yet neither side gained an advantage. The massed spearmen stood firm, motionless upon their ground.

Again Enitarzi glanced at E-Abzu, stolid, almost indifferent, refraining from the shouts into which the men around him broke from time to time. Well knew the veteran that every battle began thus, in this preliminary conflict of missile-discharging irregular troops. But only by the clash of the close-ranked spearmen would it be decided. So had it always been in the myriad battles of Sumer, and with experienced wisdom he saved himself for the effort that would come.

Presently, however, he peered ahead of him in suddenly stimulated interest, and Enitarzi peered also. On the plain the chariots were coming swiftly back, their drivers flogging at the short-galloping asses, while around them the arrows flew in long horizontal streaks, and the dart throwers, the archers and slingers of Lagash were dispersing in screaming confusion, running with panic speed to each end of the mass of spearmen. A moment later the field in front of them cleared a little and Enitarzi saw advancing, in an ordered body, a mass of black-bearded archers who drew the bow and let fly their arrows in thick volleys as steadily they came onward.

"The men of Kish!" exclaimed E-Abzu, alarm in his voice. To be dreaded, indeed, were these Semitic bowmen, using with organized mastery that weapon which the Sumerians, conservatively wedded to the spear and shield of ancient times, left disdainfully to undisciplined auxiliaries. In unnumbered battles yet to come that weapon would gradually achieve decisive superiority over the Sumerian spear and make the Semites unchallenged lords of the Mesopotamian plain. Now the disorderly rabble of the light troops of Lagash broke and fled before the disciplined advance of these volleying archers, who carried forward with them on their flanks the exultant and equally disorderly Sumerian dart throwers and slingers that were their allies. Behind them now, in a solid spear-bristling mass, approached steadily the main body of the men of Umma. To Enitarzi, watching with vehemently thudding heart in that tumult of shouts and cries, the scene was scarcely real.

The reality of it came to him with abrupt violence to his nerves. Suddenly, without warning, an arrow swished viciously past his head, so close that he felt the wind of it as it sped. He jerked in a spasm of belated avoidance, heard a sharp yell from the man behind him, turned to see the man sink to his knees clawing at the feathered shaft quivering in his nude chest. Once more Enitarzi felt brusquely ill. And then, in a sudden overwhelming terror which obliterated this individual episode, he perceived that the menace was continuous, that the arrows were speeding upon them in flights, a thick cloud in the air in the moment before they fell and were again renewed. From behind them came now loud shouts from the officers—stentorian through a confusion of shrieks and yells—forcing the men to close constantly made gaps, to keep the ranked mass unbroken.

He cowered and ducked, crouching behind the broad back of E-Abzu, who had pressed forward a little on the men in front of him so that he might get the greatest possible protection from the huge shield held by the outside man of the file. Not only did the volleyed arrows fall ceaselessly and pitilessly among them, but the deadly clay bullets of the slingers—one of them struck Enitarzi on his leather helmet and almost stunned him—came now in a hail that rattled and thudded where it struck, passed hummingly overhead where the range was misjudged. Enitarzi made himself shrinkingly small behind E-Abzu, not daring even an attempt to get a glimpse of the enemy whence this storm of missiles proceeded.

And then suddenly in front of him there was a shout and confusion. Their shield bearer had been struck by a vertically dropping arrow, had fallen forward on his shield, and in that exposure the man behind him had likewise instantly been transfixed by a dart. While the man in front of E-Abzu, and E-Abzu himself, struggled to get the shield from under the writhing bodies, Enitarzi found himself—perilously, nakedly—with an unobstructed view in front of him. Terrified but fascinated he stared at the scene. The spearmen of Umma had halted again, at some little distance. The black-bearded Semitic archers, in a compact body, were comparatively near, plucking the arrows from their back-slung quivers, pulling their bows to their breasts, releasing the flight, like one man in their ordered discipline. Around them, without attempt at formation, the archers, slingers and dart throwers of Umma discharged their weapons exultantly at the solid-ranked spearmen of Lagash. They were practically immune from retaliation. All save a desperately brave few of the missile throwers of Lagash had fled to the flanks.

Only from time to time one of the young charioteers, screaming the sacred name of Nin-girsu, dashed out flogging his short-galloping asses, hurled his dart into the Semitic bowmen, wheeled away again. And then one of the charioteers of Umma would come racing over the plain to intercept him, shrieking a challenge as he waved his barbed dart. Two such single combats were in progress in the moment or two Enitarzi had of clear vision. And then the shield was freed from the dead men upon it, was once more upright in the close-linked wall of shields. Behind the man who held it in both hands, abandoning his spear for the purpose, E-Abzu moved up close for protection, and Enitarzi, immediately behind him, felt his rear file pressing on his back.

Still pitilessly whirred the rain of arrows and sling bullets. The dense mass of the spearmen of Lagash was here and there in confusion, threatening to dissolve, and already its length had shrunken as the ranks closed over the casualties. It was obvious that this could not long continue. E-Abzu had muttered it, and Enitarzi had heard him with a new spasm of apprehension. What would come now? If only they could slay these accursed archers! A murderously fierce anger against them possessed him. If only he could drive his spear into them, one after the other, could hear their death shrieks as all around him he heard the death shrieks of those smitten by their arrows! At that moment, behind him, the stentorian shouts of the officers came repeated all along the line. He did not catch the word of the order, but he saw E-Abzu level his spear so that it just protruded beyond the edge of the shield held by the man in front of him, and he also leveled his long heavy weapon, grasping it firmly in both hands even as E-Abzu grasped his.

The next moment they were in motion, at first at a walk and then at a steady trot. He had a sense that the whole mass was moving. A mighty shout came from it, an answering shout from the bowmen somewhere ahead. What happened then he never clearly saw. He only knew that he trotted steadily onward behind E-Abzu, that the whirring, swishing arrows diminished in frequency. And then suddenly there was an uproar, an almost startling outburst of human voices in anger, fear and pain. For just a moment too long had the archers of Kish stood their ground. Before their nearest ranks could get away the spearmen of Lagash were upon them. Enitarzi saw the great shield in front of them jerked aside, saw a black-bearded Semite striking frenziedly with a short ax, saw E-Abzu plunge his great spear home, withdraw it to let the body fall under the trampling feet of the onrush. One or two other such black-bearded men with contorted faces, screaming the names of strange gods, did he see tossing ax-wielding arms amid the ranks on either side of him, and then suddenly there were no more black-bearded men and almost no more arrows. Suddenly, also, they halted, stood firm, while the officers vociferated behind them.

It was over! He drew an immense breath of relief, found himself shaking in all his limbs as he reposed his spear with the butt upon the ground. Nevertheless, curiously pleasurable had been that victorious rush onward. He laughed happily at E-Abzu as his uncle glanced back to see if he were safe. The shouts of the captains vituperating the mass that yet failed to jostle itself into renewed regularity of formation were of no moment to him. It was over!

He was brusquely disillusioned. There was a great menacing shout from the plain in front of him, a shout of mingled alarm and defiance from his own mass, urgent yells from the officers behind him. He glanced beyond E-Abzu as the tall shield wavered in a surge of the tight-packed men, saw—coming like a great wall irresistibly in motion, their shields locked, their spears lowered—the massed infantry of Umma rolling across the field toward him. So formidable was the aspect of that onrush that he had an instinctive impulse to break the rank and dash away. He resisted it—shamed would he be in the eyes of Ammattar-Sursirra; besides, it was impossible to extricate himself—stood motionless, modeling himself desperately on the reassuring solidity of E-Abzu in front of him. A vociferated command once more brought their spears level. Once more the shields were linked. Would they stand and await the shock of the onrushing mass? No. Once more they also moved forward, crowded shoulder to shoulder behind the shields, at a walk, and then, ignoring the restraining cries of their officers, at an unevenly fronted run.

Despite the uproar of voices, it seemed to Enitarzi that there was a strange lull of sound as he ran in suspense for the clash. It came almost before he expected it. There was a deafening collision of shield on shield, a reverberation of heavy blows as the impact came irregularly down the opposing lines, and then a pandemonium of yells and shrieks and screams. Tight-jammed in the press, Enitarzi could see beyond E-Abzu the fierce beardless face of a man of Umma peering above his shield, startlingly near, saw E-Abzu thrust his spear at it.

The two masses swayed as though in a gigantic wrestle, brute force against brute force, each trying to break the front of the other. The heat became furnacelike, suffocating. Enitarzi yelled like a madman, yelled as every man around him was yelling. His leveled spear was almost wrenched from his hands as the crush of men went sideways in a sudden surge, and then suddenly he saw that the shield in front of them was down, that a foeman was striking savagely at E-Abzu with his adzlike ax. Instinctively, without thinking, he drove his heavy spear straight into that nude torso, yelled in exultation as the man collapsed. The next instant E-Abzu had snatched up the shield again, had restored the front.

Watch This Column

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Scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Big Pictures in the Making

I am writing this from our California Studio which just now is a veritable hive of industry. More than 2,500 people are working like Trojans doing ambitious things for the followers of Universal pictures.

We are about concluding *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* which will be one of the big pictures of this coming year. Already it has been many months in the making. To get some of the actual scenes of Harriet Beecher Stowe, we chartered a steamer and took players along the Mississippi river. This will be a Harry Pollard production.

"The Cat and the Canary" which you will recall as one of the most successful of the Broadway mystery plays is being produced by Paul Leni, a German director whose work attracted my attention when I was abroad. LAURA LA PLANTE will star.

"Alias the Deacon," another well-remembered Broadway stage success, is being made with JEAN HERSHOLT in the leading role. This is an Edward Sloman production.

It will interest you to know that we have *"Show Boat,"* Edna Ferber's best seller and will produce it on an elaborate scale. Also we are making *"The Chinese Parrot,"* Earl Derr Biggers's fine novel, which appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post.

We are also installing sets and making extensive preparations for screening *"The Big Gun,"* an epic of the American navy

This is real advance information I am giving you, and of course, it will be some time before you can see these pictures.

As you go to the theater these days, remember when you see a Universal you like, that you encourage the producer and the theater man when you tell your friends about the picture. Better still, phone your friends, then you are certain to make the pleasure unanimous.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante

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All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 30 days' trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed, give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

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Twinplex Stroppers

So, for a period that was incomputable to Enitarzi, dust-caked, hoarse-throated with shouting, maddened with a collective madness wherein his individuality was lost, stabbing viciously with his spear each time a figure showed itself briefly beyond the shield held up desperately by E-Abzu, the two opposing masses strained and swayed. Already, though he did not realize it in the excitement, their ranks had been forced back, step by step, by the better-disciplined weight of the men of Umma. Already, though he could not see it, the battle front of Lagash was bent perilously all along the line, was overlapped.

He was intensely and exclusively occupied with that which occurred in his vicinity, looked only ahead of him, where every now and then a spear darted dangerously between the parted shields and E-Abzu yelled encouragement to the men around him. It seemed to him that this would go on forever, seemed to him that already for an eternity had he been jammed in this yelling, sweating, furnace-hot press where every man strained his muscles to the utmost, where a brain-blurring ferocity raged in all alike, an overpowering lust to kill, mutually thwarted save for those brief moments when a shield went down in a struggling turmoil of closely stabbing, gasping, shouting men. He had no leisure to imagine an end to it.

Suddenly, disconcerting, terrifying in its unmistakable significance, there was a new note in the clamor—an outburst of shrieks and screams that were not the shrieks and screams of strife but, awfully, heart-stoppingly, of panic fear. Enitarzi felt the press about him loosen, saw men turn, drop their spears and run. Away to the right of him the front had been widely broken. Instantly the whole mass dissolved, while the men of Umma, casting away their spears and shields, raced after it with their death-dealing short axes.

Enitarzi found himself running also, running as never had he run in his life, while in front of him in that streaming mob E-Abzu ran even faster than he. Once that battle formation—the earliest, perhaps, ever evolved by man—was broken, the only thing to do was to run. Certain death overtook those who lingered.

There was a lull in the fight that for days now had raged around the walls of Lagash. From the immense battlements and the high towers spaced along them, the defenders screamed insults at the men of Umma, numerously reënforced by the men of other cities eagerly flocking to this opportunity of loot, who swarmed in the plain below. A violent attack had just failed and—already beyond the reach of darts and stones—the besiegers, carrying such of their long ladders as had not been broken, were surging back confusedly while their officers ran hither and thither among them, beating such as would not halt.

From the top of the wall, littered with the corpses of those who had been slain with arrows, Urukagina the king, helmeted and spear in hand, contemplated the reflux of that tide which had shattered itself against those great cliffs of brick, even as already many such assaults had shattered themselves. Yet was he gloomy and dispirited as he stood and talked with his captains of the wall. Few only of his army had escaped from that disaster whence he had barely saved himself by the swiftness of his ass-drawn chariot. All insufficient were the men trained to arms for the defense of this long circuit of fortifications, and every attack diminished their number. Without them would be of small avail the resistance—desperate though it was in the alternative certainty of death or slavery—of the multitude of citizens, women as well as men, who crowded upon the walls, bringing up now fresh bundles of darts, replenishing the heaps of the heavy stones and chunks of mortared bricks that would be hurled, feeding the great fires from which they would fling blazing brands upon the upreared ladders. Urukagina beheld the seemingly undiminished numbers of the host where he could discern his adversary, the arrogant Lugal-zaggisi, riding vehemently in his chariot, and his heart sank within him.

"Sacrifice will I again make to the great Nin-girsu," he said. "Great sacrifice shall there be this day that he may prevail over the goddess Nidaba who has secured the favors of En-lil. So then shall haply this host melt away from before our walls, for surely the god will see that no wickedness have we committed and the city merits not destruction." . . . He broke off abruptly. "To your posts, O captains!" he cried. "To your posts, O warriors! Again come they to the fight! Nin-girsu! Nin-girsu! Nin-girsu fights for us!"

A cloud of arrows sped up from the plain below. Once more, for hours together, a deafening, appalling clamor filled the air, a wild medley of shrieks and screams and curses, of invocations to the gods, of fiercely urgent shouts from the leaders on either side as the great ladders were reared and overthrown, as the great stones came crashing down and flaming nets enveloped those who tried to climb, as from below and from above the myriad arrows mingled their opposite flights, and all round the walls great clouds of dust went up with the clouds of smoke from the fires.

Not far from where Urukagina stood hurling his darts upon the still thwarted enemy, Enitarzi and E-Abzu together heaved with all their strength a great mass of mortared bricks over the parapet. Just below them—while still the up-speeding arrows whirred past them—they could see the spear point, the conical leather helmet, of a foeman of Umma desperately climbing the ladder. They gave one last push and the mass toppled over to an awful multiplied shriek loud above the other shrieks. They laughed in fierce joy, turned to snatch the proffered bundles of darts from the hands of Beloved-of-Innini and of Ammattar-Sirsirra, with excited, never-before-seen faces and disheveled hair helping their menfolk even as almost every other woman in the city was thus helping. Enitarzi leaned over and hurled the weapons, one after the other, into the mob at the foot of the wall where the corpses sprawled, a mob that was even now dragging up another ladder, as all along the wall ladders were being frenziedly brought into position. He tugged the arm of E-Abzu.

"See!" he cried, and his cry was rather a shriek. "They dig at the wall! They dig at the wall!"

It was even so. A little farther along, at a point where the volleyed arrows of the Semitic archers were keeping the defenders from the parapet, a number of the men of Umma—while others held the great shields over them—were hacking furiously at the base of the massive fortifications. Already had they made a large hole.

E-Abzu turned and shouted to those near him, rushed, with Enitarzi at his heels, to the place of danger. The wall there was tenanted only by its dead, and still the arrows sped in flights over it. Heedless of them, Enitarzi followed E-Abzu to the great heap of abandoned stones, snatched up the largest, dumped it over the parapet, ran back for another. He saw Ammattar-Sirsirra pantingly at his side, saw Beloved-of-Innini hurl a flaming mass of combustible over the wall, saw that an excited throng was now swarmingly and frenziedly in activity around him. Into that throng, where first one and then another threw up his arms and fell, the arrows sped vindictively. . . . From below came the steady thud of the picks upon the wall. . . .

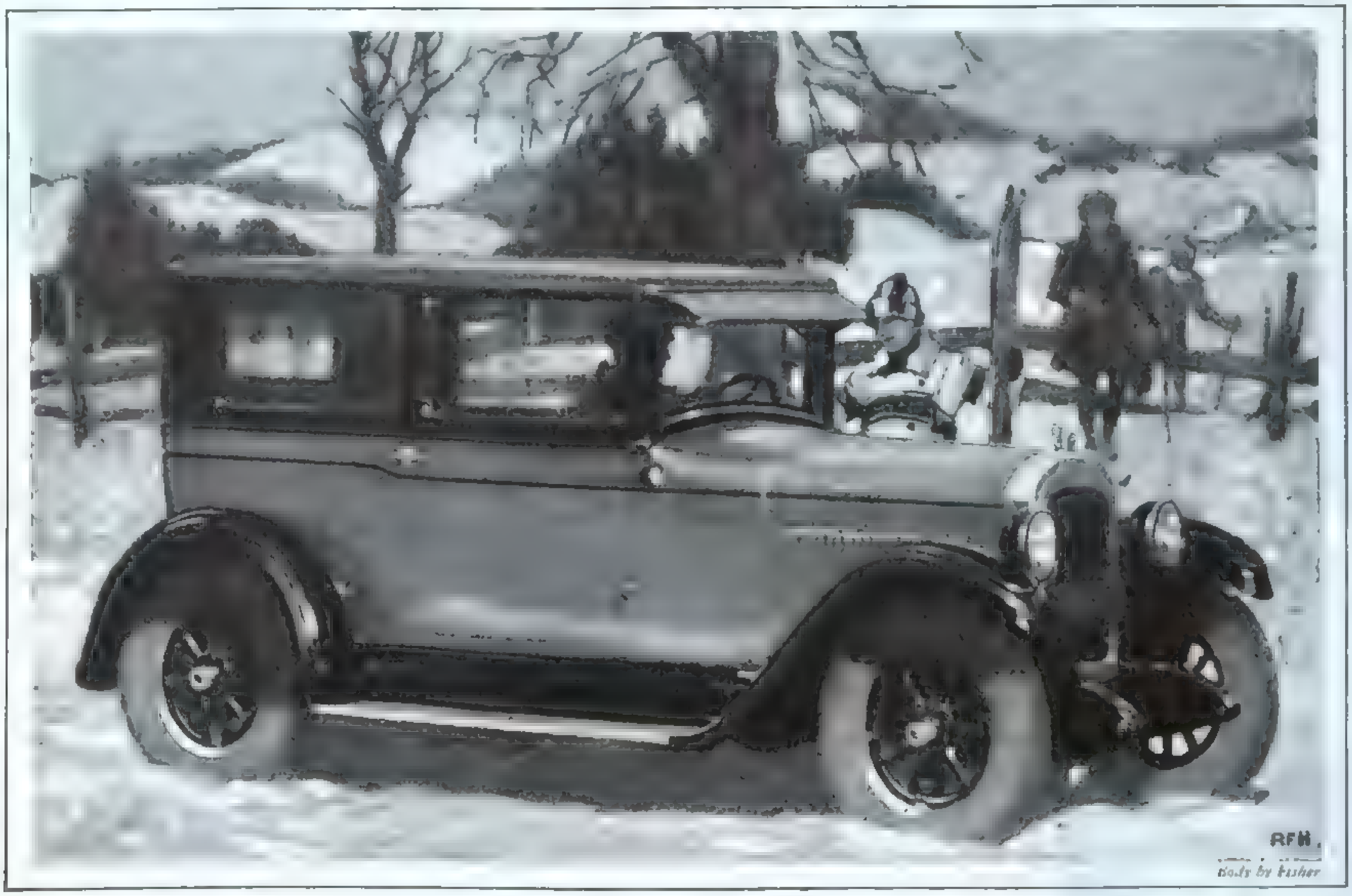
The rest of the story is perhaps best told in the words of an incised clay tablet, excavated some 4800 years later in that deserted mound of Tello which once was the great and populous Lagash. It is the work, evidently, of some temple scribe who escaped, and it is one long outburst of passionate indignation:

The men of Umma have set fire to the Ekkala; they have set fire to the Antasurra; they have carried away the silver and the precious stones! They have shed blood in the palace of Tirash; they have shed blood in the Abzubanda; they have shed blood in the shrine of En-lil and in the shrine of the Sun-God; they have shed blood in the Akhush; they have carried away the silver and the precious stones! . . . They have set fire to the temple E-Anna of the goddess Innini; they have carried away the silver and the precious stones, and have destroyed the statue! They have shed blood in the Shagpada; they have carried away the silver and the precious stones! . . . They have shed blood in the temple E-engur, of the goddess Nina; they have carried away the silver and the precious stones! They have shed blood in the temple of Amageshtin; the silver and the precious stones of Amageshtin have they carried away! They have removed the grain from Gimarbaniru, from the field of Nin-girsu, all of it that was under cultivation! The men of Umma, by the despoiling of Lagash, have committed a crime against the god Nin-girsu! The power that is come unto them, from them shall be taken away! Of sin on the part of Urukagina, king of Girsu, there is none. But as for Lugal-zaggisi, *patesi* of Umma, may his goddess Nidaba cause him to bear this wickedness upon his shoulders!

It would seem that this curse was of some, if belated, effect. For after Lugal-zaggisi had conquered many cities, had made himself king in the city of Erech, and had reigned twenty-five years, there arose in the Semitic city of Kish a warrior whose name echoes yet in history as Sargon of Akkad, first of great conquerors. And Sargon overthrew Lugal-zaggisi, took him prisoner and slew him, as a preliminary to winning with spear and bow an empire that extended from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean; an empire that was the original precursor of the magnificent, blood-stained empires of Babylon and Assyria.

"I'm Sorry George Isn't In. He's Attending a Meeting of the Conservation Committee"

PONTIAC SIX



New and Unequalled a year ago — *and still unequalled* today

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COME, LET US REGULATE

(Continued from Page 11)

the three counts above lay wide open the opportunities for fraud. In the public mind it is very easy to confuse the committing of a crime with the opportunity to commit it.

All this, it is to be remembered, has nothing to do with fake stocks and bonds. In spite of reams of warnings and in spite of stacks of laws, the business of making and selling worthless securities goes merrily on, and it will go on until that far-distant day when men and women realize that opportunities to grow fabulously rich overnight are not being peddled. The criminal laws are ample to cover fake issues, but the law cannot prevent suckers from being born.

The present attack is against the big corporations which are held to be respectable, whose stocks and bonds are regarded as investments and are bought and sold on the stock exchanges. If the savings of fifteen million people are being cavalierly dealt with, then something ought to be done about it. President Coolidge has said that if the evils exist a remedy must be found. So have the New York Stock Exchange and many other bodies.

The Common Stock Fallacy

The point most advanced is the supposedly inalienable right to have democratic corporate management. A denial of the right to vote always sounds ominous. The right to vote is our political heritage. A corporation seems to have some of the earmarks of a political community. The corporation had its genesis in the partnership. A partnership is awkward. When a partner dies the partnership may have to pay to the heirs of the deceased his full share in the business in cash. This is sometimes very difficult, because only a small part of the real worth of any business is in cash.

The necessity for thus paying has destroyed many prosperous partnerships. Again, except under certain provisions, each partner is liable for all the debts of the partnership, and hence a wealthy man may find himself ruined by having taken a small share in a partnership to which he could give no personal attention. A corporation is an artificial being created by law, and instead of partners has stockholders. A share of stock represents a right to share in profits, and also, if the corporation be dissolved, to share in the proceeds of the sale. Instead of the assets of the stockholders guaranteeing the credit, the corporation stands on its own feet and only what it owns is available to pay debts. Except in certain circumstances, a stockholder cannot be called on to contribute from his own funds. Thus the corporation is impersonal.

The corporation is by no means new, but the American use of it is new and has been befogged by trying to liken it to a partnership. There is a thought that the stock which is issued ought to represent assets, and from that grows the custom of putting what is called a par value on the stock.

Most stock is issued with a face value of one hundred dollars a share. This has led to a great deal of misunderstanding and some fraud, because in actual practice stock is a right to share in earnings, and the price at which a stock sells in the open market has nothing at all to do with its par value. This has finally been recognized by laws which permit stock frankly to be issued without the artificial par value. Stock of no par value is now fairly common. The price of stock is made by its earnings, its prospect of earnings, or some particular circumstances of the moment.

The term "watered stock" grew out of the notion that stock has to do with assets rather than earnings, and when the practice began of inflating assets so that stock of a face value might be issued against them it was said that the stock was watered. Only from a legal standpoint does it make any difference how much stock is issued, for the stock will be worth only what it pays. Sometimes a company paying very large dividends will increase its capital stock because it is inconvenient to have shares selling at too high a price; or, again, it may decrease its outstanding stock because the market price is so low as to give the impression that the company is unstable.

The right of a stockholder to earnings is not direct and absolute. It is recognized that prudent management will not pay all the earnings out as dividends. Therefore the amount which will be paid is within the discretion of the board of directors, and their judgment in the absence of proved fraud will very generally be sustained by the courts. Most of the big corporations turn back a large share of their profits into the business.

A corporation is managed by a board of directors elected by the stockholders. The board of directors elect a president and other officers, who are known as executives because in theory they execute the policies of the directors.

There are many kinds of stock, but, roughly, they may be divided into preferred and common. The dividend on preferred stock is fixed—it is 6 per cent or 7 per cent or some other rate, and must be paid in full before any dividends can be paid on the common stock. In liquidation the preferred stockholders must be paid off ahead of the common. The dividend rate on the common stock is not fixed, but may be anything which the directors declare and the earnings warrant. Thus the common stock of some corporations sells at a higher price than the preferred because the earnings are higher.

It has been the custom not to give the voting privilege to preferred stock. The common stock has always had the right to vote until in wartime the Bethlehem Steel Company issued common stock which did not have the vote. It was said at the time that this was to prevent German interests from buying control. At any rate, the idea has grown, and now it is becoming quite the thing for corporations to attach the voting privilege to only a small amount of the common stock and for the bankers and managers to hold this stock—that is, to hold the control. This is the first point of criticism in the new attack on corporations. Limiting the voting power to a comparatively few closely held shares creates a self-perpetuating autocracy.

The Democracy of Business

This sounds plausible. But it is plausible only if one makes two assumptions, neither of which happens to be a fact. The first is that democracy in industry is desirable and the second is that investors do not know when they buy nonvoting stock.

In the early days of corporations, when the number of stockholders was small, they were apt to attend meetings and have contested elections. Nowadays stockholders, before the annual meeting, are asked to send in proxies, because it is assumed that they will not attend. Indeed, it would be impossible to have meetings attended by all the stockholders of most of the large corporations. Imagine having a meeting of the 362,179 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company! Usually the proxies are sent and the annual meeting will have less than a dozen people present, and they are on hand only because they are to offer necessary resolutions. The president reads or distributes a printed address and that is all there is to the meeting.

If some factional fight is brewing, then the factions will ask for proxies, and there will be two lots of proxies instead of one. The real point is that there is no record of any successful corporation ever having been managed by the stockholders. It is always brought to success by the efforts of a few men, and they do not start toward success until they subdue the factions. This is so generally acknowledged that when a corporation is reorganized and put into new hands it is usual for the stockholders to place all their voting power with trustees, in what is called a voting trust. And also it is usual for successful corporations in need of additional funds to issue preferred stock without voting power so that by no chance can the management be disturbed.

The new nonvoting stock is no departure at all from the old methods except that it is called common stock and it has been the custom for common stock to have a vote. Business is democratic in opportunity—the best men usually get to the top—but it is not democratic in the political sense. Moreover, there is a tacit consent that it ought not to be. It is admitted that government is bungling and wasteful because men are elected to office for reasons other than their fitness. The example of business is always held up against the vote-getting policies of government. Is it not rather odd that suddenly the advantages of having business run on political lines should be urged as a matter of plain justice? Is it not also odd that the demand comes not from the stockholders but from the outside?

The Men at the Top

An axiom among those familiar with commerce says that organization and plan are only means to success, and their usefulness depends on the ability of one or two men at the top. No sort of business runs of itself. It would seem that a long-established railroad or a big insurance company could be managed by habit. But one of the railroad systems of this country which was built up by one man has, under his successors, steadily slumped—yet these men had the same organization. During this same period another railroad which for a long time was noted for the uncouthness of its service came under the presidency of a very able man, and he, in a few years, put that road into a foremost place. Quite the same course may be noted in the case of two of the insurance companies.

The rank and file of the employes of corporations—that is, of large corporations is about the same. The differences are in the men at the top. They make or break the men under them even more surely than a general makes or breaks his army. In industry all the tests show that, although some liaison body between the workers and the management may often be of benefit, the actual participation of the workers in the management is not wise. For a worker cannot possibly, while remaining a worker, gain the background or the specific knowledge which will enable him to be of general help. The great majority of the stockholders have not even the worker's opportunity to gain information. They would simply have to follow leaders. And that is what has always happened. The soviet plan of corporate management has never been tried and the records show that investors fight shy of corporations which have politics in the management.

The ownership of bonds rarely carries the right to vote. Neither does the ownership of preferred stock. So long as the purchasing power of money remained fairly stable—which it did for the twenty years preceding the war—these nonvoting securities were chosen by careful investors over the common stock which did have the right to vote.

The new classes of nonvoting common stock, which are looked at as scandalous, really have an advantage over the preferred stock with a fixed dividend, because if the value of money changes, their returns will change correspondingly. Common stock became popular during the inflation period, when bondholders saw their principal and interest cut in halves by the rising of prices

(Continued on Page 66)

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Rear-wheel brakes have been superseded by 4-wheel brakes.

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(Continued from Page 64)

while the common-stock holders were reveling in dividends.

If this new nonvoting stock were surreptitiously issued, and the fact that it did not carry a vote were concealed, then the investor would be entitled to protection, and he has the means at hand under the criminal law. But when a man buys nonvoting stock he does so with his eyes open. By his purchase he says that he is willing to trust the competency and the honesty of the management, just as when he buys stock which is in a voting trust. If he does not trust the management, then presumably he would not buy the stock with the vote. Only those who want to get the control of a company buy stock in order to vote, and such large operations have nothing to do with the only investor who is in need of protection—that is, the man who wants to tuck away a few shares against a rainy day.

On the face of things, it is easier to gain the control of a corporation with only a small amount of voting stock out than to buy the control of an immense institution like the United States Steel Corporation, but the ease is only seeming. The voting shares are closely held and hard to buy. This has the advantage that the management cannot be unseated without knowing it, and it is also a preventive against the great devastating fights for control, such as the Harriman-Hill fight, which rocked the finances of the nation.

Where is the Benefit?

As a matter of plain fact, very few stockholders' contests ever have as their end the bettering of the lot of all the stockholders. It is just that one crowd who are out want to put out another crowd who are in. The stockholders are only pawns.

The remedy suggested is that the stockholders of each company maintain a standing committee which will investigate and report on the management from time to time. This committee is to be paid by the corporation. In effect, this would only be adding a second board of directors. If the committee continually fought the management, then the company would do little business. If it continually agreed with the management, then it would only be an added expense. And it is hard to conceive of a management clever enough to control a company which would not also be clever enough to control a committee. The stockholders' committees which I have met exist only to embarrass the management and force the purchase of their stock at a high nuisance value. I may have been unfortunate in my meetings, but such is the sordid fact.

Sometimes the management does exploit a company for its own ends, but this is more apt to happen in the small corporation than in the large one. I know a company president who has been steadily forcing up his salary until it now exceeds half a million a year—which is quite a little more than the stockholders get in dividends. There are only a few stockholders and they all come to the annual meeting. This president took the company when it was a failure and made it a success, and the stockholders, rightly or wrongly, think that without him it would again be a failure. The president affects to be willing to resign at any moment, and he can well afford to, for he is now a wealthy man. The stockholders wabble between his salary and the fear that he will leave them in the lurch. In the end they grant him anything he asks.

The second point on which attack is now centering is that the published financial statements of corporations are neither full nor frank, and do not show the stockholders or the public what the corporation is doing. The financial exhibit of a corporation falls into two divisions. The first is the statement of condition. This has the assets lined up against the liabilities to disclose net worth. The other principal calculation is the statement of operations, which shows how the corporation made its money—that is, how much it paid out and for what, and how much it took in and for what.

Nearly all corporations issue the statement of condition, but only a few publish the statement of operations. It is true that most published statements are inadequate, although a stockholder may have all the information he wants if he goes after it. But would the fullest and most complete statement as yet devised tell much of anything to a layman? That is the real point.

The most elaborate statement issued is that of the United States Steel Corporation. It is a good-sized pamphlet. It is not detailed; it is a summary. A more detailed accounting could be made, but it would result in a book about the size of the New York telephone directory, and not more than a thousand men in the country could really comprehend what it was all about, even if they had the fortnight needed for its study.

Reform movements always run to the filing of reports. The railroads estimate that it costs them around fifty million dollars a year to file all the reports which are required by law. It was believed that the mere filing of reports would cure all the troubles of the railroads, yet since the railroads have been under strict regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the commissions set up by each of the states, rates have steadily risen, profits have steadily declined—although they are bulging a little now—and receiverships have been about as frequent as when the market was being rigged by speculators.

The reason for this is plain to anyone who has had an accounting experience. All well-managed corporations have a thorough audit once a year by impartial public accountants. The ethical standards of public accountants are very high. No firm of reputation will render a report which contains less than its best judgment. Careful managements must have these reports not only for their own guidance but also for tax purposes. But no report ever compiled can disclose anything of real value unless read expertly and with a broad knowledge of the surrounding circumstances. The report can, of course, put a value on the assets and list liabilities. Some of the assets, such as cash and accounts and bills receivable, speak for themselves.

Testing Foresight by Hindsight

Since a bank deals in money, a bank statement gives a very fair idea of the condition of the bank; but the statement of an industrial corporation must omit the two chief factors in success because there is no way to represent them in dollars. These are the skill of the management and the condition of the industry.

A plant is only a tool. If it is a first-class plant it will be adapted for an exact purpose, and unless used for that purpose will have little value. What it cost to build does not much matter. Suppose it cost twenty million dollars when it ought to have cost ten million dollars, then it is a liability to the extent of ten million. If it is not in the hands of management which can make it pay, then it is a complete liability and must simply be salvaged for what it will bring.

An investor is concerned only with income. He wants a return on his money and not a claim in bankruptcy. No statement of assets and liabilities can do more than show him that the corporation was not bankrupt at the time of the statement, although only a few corporations could pay off all claimants if forced rapidly to liquidate, because at a forced sale assets can scarcely be expected to bring one-half the value they would have as part of a going concern.

What a corporation has is not nearly so important as what it does with its property. A record of earnings over a period of years is supposed to be the ultimate test of the capacity of management. But it is not the test of the expert, for those earnings are of no significance unless compared with the

(Continued on Page 68)

VELVETS THAT GIVE CLOSED CARS THE CHARM OF HOME.

BEAUTY is a deciding factor in the purchase of a modern motor car. This is particularly true of closed cars and one of the first things the prospective buyer examines is the upholstery.

That is one of the reasons why so many car manufacturers use CA-VEL, the same lustrously beautiful velvets that makers of fine furniture are using for upholstery and interior decorators are selecting for hangings, drapes and curtains.

Good taste thus re-creates in the car's interior the charm of a well furnished home.

There are other reasons—practical reasons—that affect comfort, satisfaction and trade-in values. CA-VEL velvets are of *enduring* beauty—more enduring than flat weaves because the soft, pliant pile absorbs wear. They last longer, even, than the life of the car, retaining indefinitely their fresh, brilliant beauty. They are always clean and never injure the daintiest garments.

It is important, then, to determine first, if the upholstery is a pile fabric; and, next, if it is CA-VEL. More yards of CA-VEL are sold for closed car upholstery than of any other velvets made. Collins & Aikman Company, Est. 1845, New York City.

C A-V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Eveready Flashlight Batteries do last longer— *and here's why:*

EVEREADY Flashlight Batteries are made by the makers of the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. They are made with the same precision and care. Long life is built into them at the factory. Here are six main reasons for Eveready superiority in service:

1 *Eveready Flashlight Batteries are dated.* You *know* they're fresh when you buy them. An Eveready feature that protects customer and dealer alike.

2 *The "star washer."* This accurately centers the carbon "bobbin" in the zinc can. A patented Eveready feature, insuring uniform current-flow when light is on and consequent longer life.

3 *The rolled-and-soldered can.* More expensive to manufacture than the ordinary "drawn" can. Insures uniform thickness of metal, resulting in uniform electro-chemical activity.

4 *Projecting tip on brass contact.* Insures perfect contact from battery to lamp-base, and from cell to cell. Another patented Eveready feature.

5 *The Eveready jacket.* Consists of asphaltum, sandwiched between two plies of chip-board. Prevents short-circuiting by keeping out external moisture.

6 *Jacket cemented to can.* Eveready jackets are sealed to the zinc can with cement. They cannot slip and expose metal to metal. Another Eveready safety-feature, preventing short-circuiting and insuring longer life.

Keep your flashlight primed for emergencies with powerful, dependable Eveready Flashlight Batteries. They are "best in every case." If you do not own a good flashlight, buy a genuine Eveready. $1.25 and up, complete with battery and exclusive features.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES
—"Best in every case"

(Continued from Page 66

opportunities. For instance, it is now not unusual when appraising the competency of management to take all its major decisions over a term of years and review them in the light of subsequent events to see if they were right or wrong—to test foresight by hindsight.

An unbroken statement of earnings cannot be taken at face value. I recall a demonstrated bonanza. The owners had made a net profit of around eight hundred thousand dollars a year for a period of five years on an investment of one and a half million dollars. They had all the money they needed and wanted to sell out for three million dollars. On the earnings, the property was worth at least twice that much. Their earnings were in every sense legitimate, and a most careful examination showed that everything was exactly as it was represented.

But the bankers to whom it was offered did not buy, and for this reason: The company made an accessory for automobiles—call it a mirror. When the windshield and fender mirrors first appeared they were added to the car's equipment by the dealer who sold the car. They were accessories and sold as such at a high margin of profit. The manufacturers sold to the jobbers and the jobbers sold to the dealers, garage men and directly through supply stores. Gradually the big car manufacturers began to turn out their cars with mirrors as standard equipment. A company selling a hundred thousand cars a year, and therefore buying a hundred thousand mirrors, was an entirely different sort of customer from the man who bought a single mirror for his new car.

The situation became worse as the number of car manufacturers dwindled and their sales of cars increased. It meant that instead of having several million potential customers, the accessory people had only a few customers—all with sharpened pencils. This condition was not on the records, nor could it be. It required a knowledge of business as a whole and of the automobile industry in particular to add these facts. But an expert could fairly definitely prophesy that the company's earnings would be less each year, even though the sales might increase.

Ever-Present Risk

Even the most responsible investment bankers, acting on the best obtainable advice, will occasionally pick what turn out to be lemons. When the bottle machine was discovered it put almost all the old bottle companies out of business. The changing of styles has hit the hairpin and corset manufacturers. The electric refrigerator and the oil burner are deeply cutting into the distribution of ice and coal. The radio for a time seriously affected the talking machine industry. The changes in women's clothing have had widespread effects.

By no means all the changes of the future can be foretold by anyone. There is present in every enterprise the risk that new inventions or methods or a shift of buying habit may cause ruin unless a quick reorganization be effected. For instance, the motor busses have changed the status of the interurban electric lines and changed much of the short business of the railroads. The changes in women's shoes have played havoc with the leather industry. Then there is always the risk that the failure of a source of supply will wreck a season's profits. An automobile company doing a record business had recently to pass its dividend because the concern which had contracted to supply a necessary part went into the hands of a receiver and the receiver could furnish the goods only at a higher price

All of which might seem to lead up to the point that no investment is really safe and therefore it is of no use to try for safety. No investment is wholly safe. Nothing which has to do with business can be made safer than business itself. The bonds of our Government are as safe as anything may well be, but an investor who paid a thousand dollars for a Liberty Bond in 1917 has today the control of a smaller purchasing power than he did when he paid over his money. He has the same number of dollars, but they are not worth as much. Some risk is always present.

What Laws Cannot Do

"Nothing could in the end be more harmful," said a banker of long experience, "than preaching that laws can take the risks out of investment. For then people do not properly investigate; instead of trusting the word of a man of reputation they trust the law. That is the trouble with the blue-sky laws. These laws were passed to prevent the sale of fake securities, but their effect has been to make investors imagine that because a security can pass the formal requirements of the state officers it is safe. The large investors are not fooled, but the small ones are.

"No one takes for granted that, because a doctor has received a license to practice medicine, he is of necessity a good doctor; only in an emergency does one have a perfectly strange doctor. Everyone wants a doctor who has both judgment and knowledge, and the most that an examination can do is to test knowledge; it cannot test understanding.

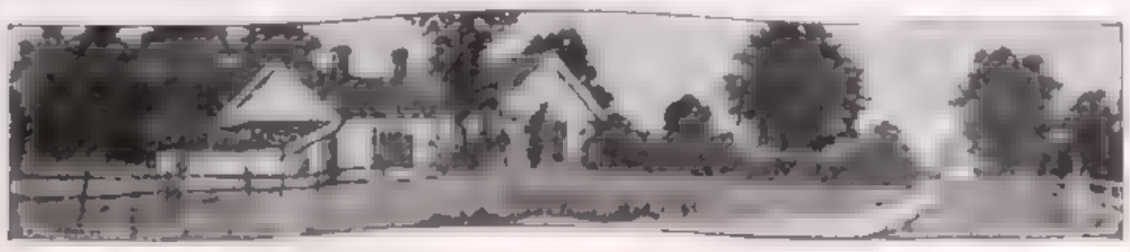
"Any laws which seem to guarantee safety are themselves fakes. The West is still struggling with a lot of wildcat banks which sprang up when many of the states started to guarantee deposits. Depositors, instead of picking their banks, took the bank which made the best bid—its safety was vouched for by the state. Some of the banks played fast and loose, and then so many went broke all at once that the guaranty funds were not large enough to pay the losses. The laws, instead of safeguarding money, encouraged its reckless use.

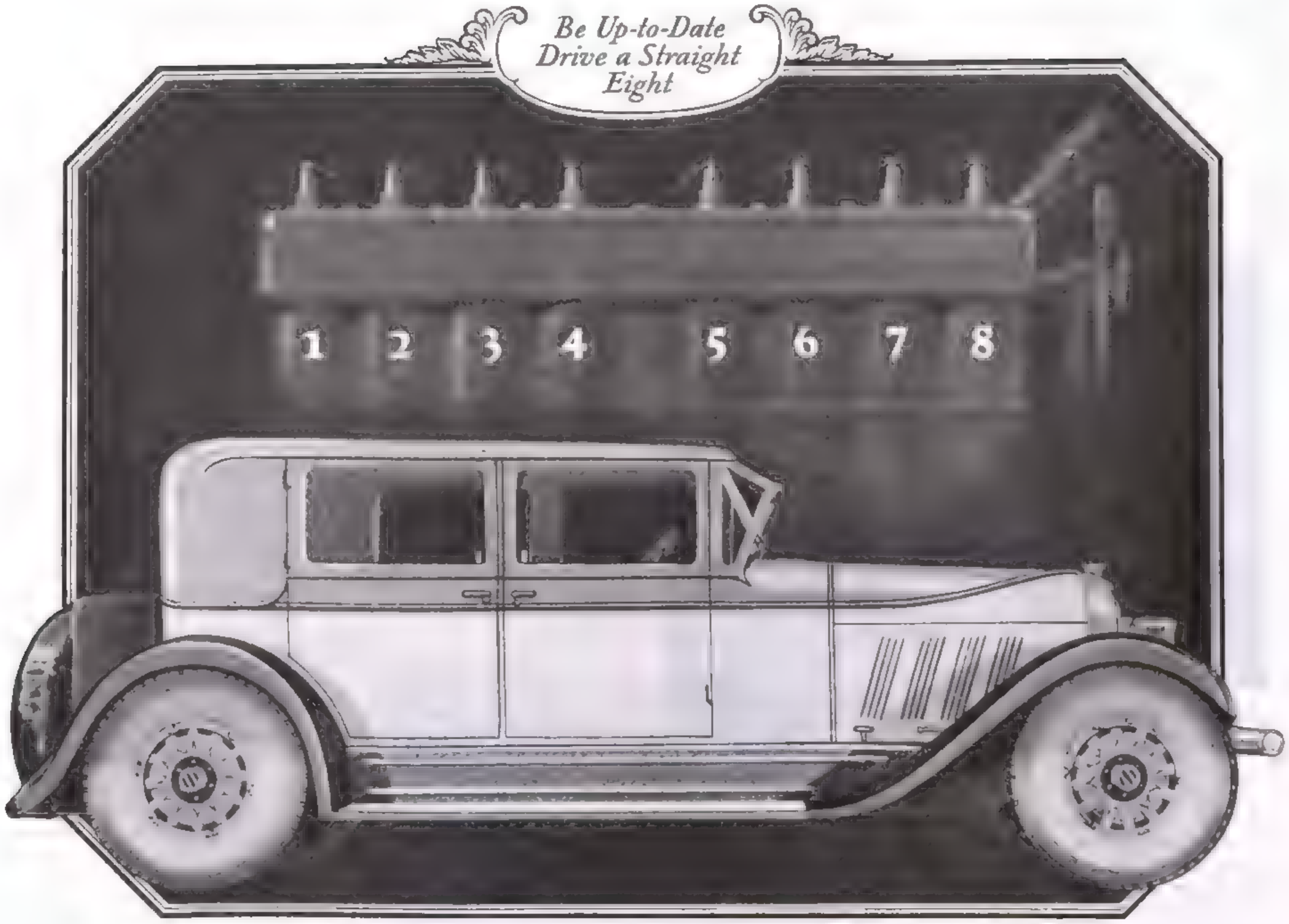
"In the end every transaction gets down to the honesty and ability of some man or group of men. Neither honesty nor ability can be created by law. Dishonesty cannot be prevented, but it can be punished, and we already have an ample supply of laws to punish.

"For some strange reason reformers have no trust in human beings. They seem to take for granted that self-interest will cause a man to be dishonest whenever the chance offers, and thus they seek laws, not to compel men to be honest but to take away the opportunity to be dishonest. That is impossible. No law can prevent a bank president from walking out of the door with several hundred thousand dollars in his pocket. But only a desperate man who has lost his reason does such a thing. His future is worth more than any amount he can steal.

"It is quite the same with corporate regulation. Every other consideration aside, it does not pay a man or a company to be dishonest or, in fact, to be too sharp. And so laws which assume that it pays to be crooked, and then affect to take away the opportunity for crookedness, have an effect opposite from what was intended. For they give a fake security.

"I am for punishing every criminal act to the limit, but I am not for treating all men as though they were criminals. We shall never find a good substitute for common honesty."





8-77 Sport Sedan • 125 inch wheelbase • 75 miles per hour • $1495

Pick the Winner When You Buy

The finger of progress points emphatically to the supremacy of the Straight Eight. The overpriced Four had to give way to the economical Six. And in the course of necessity the overpriced Six gives way to the economical Straight Eight. The buyer of a Straight Eight today will have a distinct advantage in the used car market of the future.

All engineering authorities have recognized this inevitable revision of values in the industry. It had to come "some day." Auburn leads by making it a reality today—now.

Auburn was in an exceptionally advantageous position to enjoy supremacy in this forward change in the industry. Auburn was not loaded with millions of dollars' worth of dies and tools that had to be written off by building old style cars.

You cannot have a genuine Straight Eight by simply putting an eight cylinder motor into an old chassis. The engineering must be basic and all inclusive. It must be tested and proven.

Behind the new Auburn Straight Eight that sells for less than the better Sixes, is a long record of unparalleled performance in the hands of a host of satisfied owners.

The reason for Auburn's phenomenal success, an increase that has far outstripped the increase for the total industry, is *the car itself*. Drive it, compare it, and if it does not overwhelmingly prove its superiority and sell itself, you will not be asked to buy.

6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Sedan $1695; 8-88 Roadster $1995; 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195; 8-88 7-Passenger Sedan $2595. *Freight, Tax and Equipment extra.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

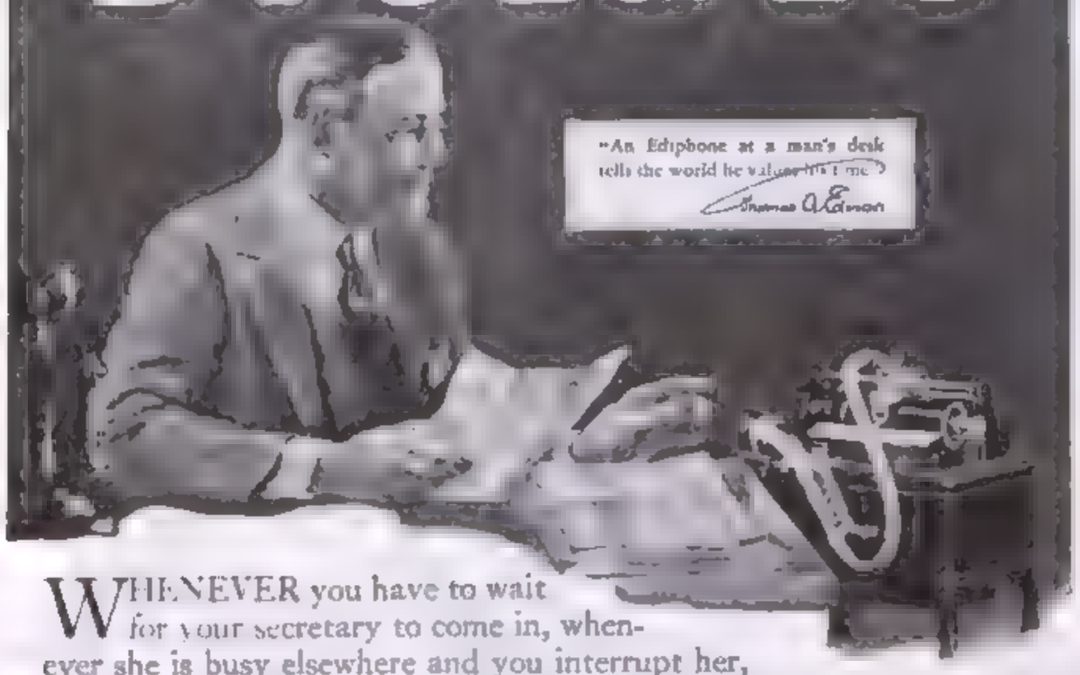
AUBURN

Your Next Car

Stop robbing yourself

of time and opportunity

Dictate



WHENEVER you have to wait for your secretary to come in, whenever she is busy elsewhere and you interrupt her, whenever you call her away from her desk to *take* dictation, whenever her absence forces you to *delay* dictation, you are robbing yourself of just so much productive time every business day.

Give yourself, and her, a deserved opportunity to go ahead, unhindered, uninterrupted; to accomplish more—with the same effort, or less; in the same hours, or fewer. The Ediphone leaves you time to develop ideas—to get at the really big jobs you haven't a chance to do now. The Ediphone encourages ambitious assistants to exercise initiative, brings out their real ability, opens the way to greater progress in your office.

FIND OUT ABOUT THIS

If you are using the outworn correspondence method by which your letters must be written twice—once in a notebook and once on a typewriter—the chances are it costs you about 42c per letter.

It's time you used the modern way—the economical way—the Ediphone way. Put it up to us to supply the full story so you can get at the facts! Mail the coupon now—or telephone the Ediphone your city.

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World-wide Service

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Send me your 16-page book, "Getting Action."

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ADDRESS

THE OLDEST BELIEF

(Continued from Page 29)

Japan is Oriental, but it had adopted Western technic in industry and finance. In only three years the physical destruction was almost made good, and the new building in the main is much better than the old.

Property damage in San Francisco was calculated at $400,000,000, in large part due to the fire that followed the quake. Therefore total fire loss in the United States, that had averaged $180,000,000 for the three preceding years, rose to $518,000,000 in 1906. Turning back twenty years in the newspaper files, you will find that leading bankers talked gravely about the untoward effect upon the country's prosperity of this huge loss of capital, and the great destruction of capital did have some untoward effect upon the country at large.

But for the past three years the annual fire loss in the United States has been well above $500,000,000 and nobody suggests that this destruction of capital will check prosperity.

In short, economically speaking, we now suffer a San Francisco disaster every year as a matter of course, and pay no attention to it—cheerfully tossing our lighted cigarette stubs into the nearest shavings heap as though $500,000,000 going up in smoke meant nothing to us.

It actually means so little that we can ignore it, just as the young heir can light his cigar with a dollar bill if he happens to be that kind of fool. In twenty years we have increased so much in wealth and in the means of making wealth that what was a disaster in 1906 is now insignificant—again, of course, speaking solely from the economic point of view. This increase in wealth—and in the means of making wealth—constantly reduces the calamity hazard.

Not long ago, when a mine disaster was on the front page, I heard a lady express wonder that men could be hired to engage in so dangerous an occupation as coal mining. Casual newspaper reading, with a fatal mine accident on the front page every little while, may give an impression that digging coal is not much less risky than aviation in wartime.

Many of these mine accidents are preventable; but the coal miners' annual death rate from mine accidents is four to the thousand. In 1900 the general death rate in the United States was seventeen to the thousand. It is now twelve and a fraction to the thousand. In other words, notwithstanding the extra hazard of his occupation, the coal miner's chance of living out the year is now just what everybody's chance was in 1900.

Front-Page Importance

That illustrates how technical knowledge is steadily cutting down the calamity hazard. In spite of disasters, the world grows safer year by year. Traveling by air is now vastly safer than traveling by land from Iowa to Utah was in grandfather's time. Wireless and better ships have made ocean travel as safe as driving old Dobbin to the village store.

Train wrecks are still a frequent feature of the day's news. But the whole population of the United States takes nine railroad rides a year. The number of tickets collected works out at that ratio. Taking the average of the past three years, 166 passengers are killed annually in train accidents—about one for every 100 killed in automobile accidents.

There is no telling how many automobile rides are taken yearly or how many pedestrians cross motor-infested streets; but the automobile accounts for about 100 deaths for every fatal accident to a railroad passenger. All the same, there is probably a general impression that trains are somewhat dangerous, while we climb into an automobile with no more thought of danger than when we climb into bed. Train fatalities are much more widely reported than automobile fatalities. The wreck of an express train with five deaths will get on nearly every front page in the country. On the same day, twenty persons run over by automobiles in twenty different cities will, unless there is something extraordinary about the persons or the circumstances, get twenty brief notices on twenty back pages, no two of which will be seen by the same reader. The train wreck makes better news drama, but it isn't what gets you.

In spite of death in various violent forms that makes a staple of the day's news, falling death rate shows that life steadily grows more secure. So, of course, does wealth, property. For a few dollars a year you can now insure property against the commonest forms of disaster from which it was formerly unprotected—marine insurance, fire insurance, hail and tornado insurance. For a few dollars a year you can protect your dependents against the economic disaster of your own death. This is cooperation. A great many people exposed to the hazard of shipwreck, fire, death, agree to chip into a common fund out of which the losses shall be paid. So, coöperatively distributed, the losses are easily borne.

The Coöperating Habit

Increase of wealth, of technical skill and of the coöperating habit constitutes insurance against calamity aside from the sort of insurance that is explicitly set forth in a written policy. When San Francisco or Miami is visited by calamity, the whole country chips in. The Red Cross subscriptions are a symbol of national coöperation. Doctors, nurses, engineers, from far away are on the ground next day; resources of credit, materials and labor, wherever they may happen to be located at the moment, are promptly available. The damage is quickly repaired.

Social security increases also. The outcome of the latest political row in Russia evidently means that even the doctrinaire leaders of the Soviet Government have lost interest in world revolution. Consider what France, Germany and England have endured in the past twelve years and how through it all they have stuck to orderly, proved social relations.

Kings have been bowled over, boundaries changed, ministries have come and gone like acts in vaudeville, currencies have swollen and burst like toy balloons. But the basic pattern of social relations that governed men's day-to-day living is just about what it was. The old buying, selling, spending, saving, hiring, firing and grumbling about the weather go on substantially as they did before.

Prompt and complete defeat of the general strike in England indicates how firmly the structure is founded. If production in Russia has increased to the prewar level, as the government claims, then 95 per cent of the population find life now just about what they found it in 1914, with the casual difference of taking off their caps to a commissar instead of to a colonel. Mainly, Europe is back to the old basic pattern. The World War and what ensued from war could not shake it down.

All the same, men come honestly by a deep belief in calamity. It is the oldest faith. The scientific activities with various crack-jaw names that patiently dig up men's past from the earth, or infer it from the study of surviving savages, are a matter of the past 100 years. They show that while primitive men differed in some points, they agreed in a controlling belief that excessively disagreeable things were likely to happen to them any minute, so that a prudent citizen was hardly justified in scratching his head without first crossing his fingers to ward off the harm that would otherwise probably catch him before he could get his hand down

(Continued on Page 72)

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Among the least expensive of all pianos

Once established in your home, the Steinway begins to unfold, little by little, the astonishing evidence of its excellence. You begin to receive the value of the time—five years and eleven months—that is spent in the construction and preparation of each Steinway. You begin to realize, year by year, the skill, integrity and knowledge that is built into each instrument. You see it become an integral part of your family life. You see it enter decade after decade with its pure, singing tone unimpaired, its response ever quick and sure. You see it withstand the hardest usage that children's musical training can give. You hear, years after its purchase, the praise of a visiting celebrity for its perfect interpretation of great music.

For more than half a century, the Steinway piano has been proving, by 20, 30, and even 40 years of sustained excellence, that it is one of the *least expensive* of all pianos. And each year there is an ever-increasing number of Steinway owners drawn from among those people who must carefully consider the family budget before every expenditure. They are drawn by the actual economy that lies in buying the best. They are convinced by the facts that insure a yearly dividend of pleasure and delight for generations. They welcome the knowledge that they need never buy another piano.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
uses the Steinway exclusively

The Steinway is made in numerous styles and sizes to fit all homes and all acoustic conditions. They are sold at the lowest possible prices, as they have always been sold. They may be had upon the most convenient terms. Each is a true Steinway, embodying the principles of design that have been originated and brought to perfection by four generations of the Steinway family. Each possesses the rare qualities that endear the Steinway to such pianists as Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Grainger and Levitzki. And each will bring to you exactly what it brings to these and hundreds of other celebrated musicians—a deeper appreciation of the art of music, and a lifetime of pleasure and delight.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

Prices: $875 *and up* Plus transportation

USED PIANOS ACCEPTED IN PARTIAL EXCHANGE

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL

109 *West 57th Street, New York*

VESTA

Quality

—for Your Car

abundant starting power—a hot spark—steadier lights. Patented ISOLATORS lock VESTA plates apart to minimize buckling and short-circuiting (the cause of 75% of battery troubles). Join the million car owners who have proved the satisfaction of VESTA quality.

—for Your Radio

Vesta Radio Batteries, with their oversize plates and oversize separators give you the steady "A" current that is the first essential to pure, noise-free reception. Listen in with VESTA and know real radio satisfaction.

—lowest prices in 30 years

Vesta quantity production has made it possible for us to sell these high quality batteries at the lowest prices in the 30 years we have been in business.

When you need a new battery, get VESTA quality—satisfaction. Save money. There is a Vesta Dealer near you.

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Quality Products for Over 30 Years
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Address
City

(Continued from Page 70)

They were not unreasonable in that, either. Calamity always was getting them. Their defenses against famine, flood, disease, wild animals and still wilder fellow humans were so feeble it is a wonder any survived. For a vastly long while, few, indeed, did survive. There were numberless cases where twelve to a thousand was not the death rate but the survival rate; many cases where there were no survivors.

If scientists are right about the age and character of certain bones, then for a couple of hundred thousand years man must have been the worst insurance risk in the zoo. Apparently for that long time only a handful of him here and there managed to live long enough to leave a trace so substantial as a back tooth. It was but 20,000 years ago that he found out how to tie a sharp flint to a stick, discovered a comparatively dry cave and began to multiply. No wonder he had small confidence in his future. If I had been early paleolithic instead of early skyscraper, I should have needed a wheelbarrow to carry my charms and amulets, and have given the medicine man my shirt if he had asked for it.

After men became very numerous over the earth and had learned many protective arts, they were anything but a good bet. The record that modern archæologists read of the oldest workers in stone, clay and even metals is mostly a record of calamity—obliterated tribes, vanished nations. Naturally, the literature of calamity was popular.

The Old Testament is full of eloquent promises of disaster, but the promises did not much exceed the performance. Egyptian captivity, Babylonian captivity, pretty constant war among themselves and with all their neighbors, make up much of Jewish history right down to the second destruction of Jerusalem; and the luck of the Jews was not much below the average.

People came honestly by a belief in calamity. When a man told them something very disagreeable was going to happen, they were not unreasonable in suspecting that he might be about right. If he told them so eloquently, they honored him—but perhaps only after having petulantly knocked him on the head. The world's great literature leans heavily to the view that man is inevitably headed for big-time trouble.

And it became the common opinion that calamity was what man deserved; disaster was visited upon him as a just retribution for his sins—only not half enough of it to make the punishment fit the crime. In 1750 Southern England experienced a mild earthquake, whereupon the Lord Bishop of London published a letter to the clergy and people in which this paragraph occurs:

"The little professors may think they see enough to account for what happens without calling in the aid of special Providence. But be their imaginations to themselves. The subject is too serious for trifling and calls us to other views."

Cause and Effect

That earthquakes and the like might be due to merely natural causes was a trivial view. To serious men they were a just punishment for transgressions. In the good bishop's opinion the skeptical and immoral books that had lately been published in London were a chief cause of that particular visitation of earthquake. At the same time Charles Wesley preached on the Cause and Cure of Earthquakes, taking for a text Psalms xlvi, 8: "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth."

This sermon contains descriptions of the great earthquakes in Sicily and Jamaica in 1692, and at Lima, Peru, in 1746—descriptions so graphic and harrowing that in reading them now one feels somewhat uneasy about his state of grace. But not strictly scientific descriptions. It is extremely doubtful, for instance, that fissures, opening in the earth, and immediately closing, caught great numbers of people by the middle and so held them while dogs ate off their heads.

"Sin," Wesley declared, "is the cause and earthquakes the effect of God's anger."

Piety itself included a belief in calamity as the proper lot of erring man. That may explain why one particular disaster stands out above all others of modern times in the effect it produced upon its contemporaries. The Lisbon earthquake of November 1, 1755, remains to this day, I believe, the classic among earthquakes. Seismic disturbance had caused greater destruction of life and property before and has caused greater destruction since; but if you think of earthquakes at all, you will probably at once think of Lisbon.

Rebuilt in a Hurry

Almost everybody who thought and wrote, from Voltaire to the penny-a-liner, was tremendously impressed by that disaster. Its reverberations echo all through the literature of a half century. That so many people were killed in churches may have had something to do with it; but the event lent itself to a religious dispute that was much more violent than any we have nowadays.

All this helps one to understand a former fairly universal attitude toward calamity as something always to be expected and accepted. It helps one also to understand why belief in calamity is still nearly universal, although somewhat beneath the surface. The belief is a heritage from long ages when men were comparatively defenseless animals.

Mid-eighteenth century seems, from some points of view, very far along in modern civilization—two full centuries after Shakspere was born, for example. But an admiring French resident of the Portuguese capital at that period has described it as follows:

"The city of Lisbon is one of the largest and most opulent capitals in Europe. The houses are uncleanly in the highest degree. Gnats, bugs and vermin of all description render abode in them insupportable. The streets are full of every kind of filth, very ill-lighted, insecure at night and infested by innumerable dogs that pass the night in barking. There are computed to be upward of 80,000 of these animals constantly in the streets." In technical equipment, that is, mid-eighteenth century was about like imperial Rome.

Lisbon, at any rate, was accounted one of the richest towns in Europe, and Portugal, with its colonies, was called a rich country. The earthquake seems to have destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable, about 20,000 buildings and to have taken about 35,000 lives. The famous Marquis de Pombal was then Prime Minister. Commanding the resources of the kingdom, he addressed himself to repairing the damage "with surprising activity." Pombal and his successors pushed the work so energetically that an English visitor in 1809—only fifty-four years after the earthquake—found reconstruction nearly completed, although he noted that "many of the new streets are not finished, most of them have vacant spaces and some are built on one side only. They are all paved with stones of unequal size, placed irregularly, which renders walking on them very fatiguing." Also, he remarked that the dogs were still the only scavengers. In short, they had comparatively scant means of repairing a disaster.

In Japan the more extensive damage by earthquake in 1923 was mostly repaired in three years. There we have an outstanding reason why calamity should be taken less seriously nowadays. Even 175 years ago the world was so poor in capital, in mechanical equipment and technical skill, that if anything very serious happened to men they were pretty nearly sunk; to regain the lost ground took a long while. Germany was a century in recovering from the physical damage of the Thirty Years' War. But the more systematic destruction in Northeastern France by German armies in 1918 was mostly repaired within five years.

The reign of George III included seven years' war with the American colonies and twenty years' war with revolutionary France and Napoleon. British energy was turned to destruction on a scale never before known. Yet in that one reign the population of Great Britain increased from 7,500,000 to more than 14,000,000—because people were learning a little how to keep clean, how to bring babies safely through whooping cough and teething, and how to make things by machinery. Notwithstanding wars, the British world grew immensely more secure. The whole world grows far more secure. The security increases.

Not that everybody will stop preaching calamity. For not all preachers of calamity, by any means, are pious. Men are naturally stubborn, intractable, unreasonable brutes. They will almost never do what you tell them. Mostly they laugh at your sage advice. Then it is a precious satisfaction to declare that in only a little while a yellow peril or something even more dire will eat 'em alive. Just let 'em wait and see! A good deal of calamity preaching has the same psychological basis as the exasperated mother's assertion that something frightful will happen to her children if they don't mind better. Quite often, if you look it up, the most eloquent preachers of calamity are those whose advice people have conspicuously declined to follow. Even American communists would take a more cheerful view of the world if somebody paid some attention to them.

Unsung Prophets

Man is the toughest animal. Besides the natural hazards to which all animals are exposed—heightened in his case by helplessness during a prolonged infancy—he has always devoted an important share of his energies to destroying himself. Yet he covers the earth. He should by this time have a robust faith in his own toughness. China was generally supposed to be a country that lived at the margin of subsistence, the dense population just managing to keep alive on a scanty diet. For several years the more ambitious Chinamen have been trampling over the land, fighting one another, with much pillage. And apparently even poor China is able to afford this astonishing extravagance, the people still living along much as they did before—almost indestructible.

The civilized world, but especially the United States, has an armory of protections against calamity that were unknown, for example, when Defoe wrote his harrowing Journal of the Plague Year. Socially, economically, individually, the world grows more secure. Nature is steadily more controlled and insured against. Men have made many of their own calamities, but they steadily grow less inclined to it.

Anyhow, the calamity that is preached never happens. In Europe, in the spring of 1914, there was much talk of disaster of diverse sorts, but scarcely a word about the disaster of the World War that actually happened. Since 1918 a couple of thousand statesmen have published their memoirs, from which it appears they knew there was going to be war, but they very considerately kept still about it before the war happened. The predicted calamity doesn't come off.

There never was a time when large overturn and downfall looked so unlikely. Belief in calamity is a useless survival, like the appendix.

Now chosen for the most critical 'round-the-world travelers

— this rich blend which is the first choice of America

TOKYO
At the beautiful Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Maxwell House Coffee is served exclusively
KOBE
For the guests of the Oriental Hotel in Kobe, Maxwell House Coffee has been chosen above all others
MANILA
The manager of the great Manila Hotel in Manila has selected Maxwell House Coffee for his patrons
HONOLULU
Where pleasure-seeking Americans spend leisurely weeks—at the Alexander Young Hotel in Honolulu, Maxwell House Coffee is always served

YEARS ago a Southerner of the old South searching for a flavor no one had ever tasted. Today a blend that has won such fame as has never before come to a coffee.

For our breakfast cup, hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee from many tropical lands to choose from. Yet no one of these has ever pleased the critical men and women of the entire country.

No one of them can yield that special shade of mellow goodness, which has now swiftly made Joel Cheek's blend the first choice of America and of the world.

The news of it spread swiftly

It was the great families of old Dixie who first served and enjoyed this rich mingling of flavors. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend—Maxwell House Coffee—became the favorite of the cities of the South.

Today that touch of extra richness has made Maxwell House by far the largest selling of all coffees. The news of it has been carried not only throughout all the United States, but also to many distant countries.

For the critical globe-trotters who visit the show places of the Orient, Maxwell House has been chosen above all other coffees. On the famous "President" Liners in the "crack" 'Round-the-World service of the Dollar Steamship Line, it is served exclusively. Also at the celebrated Hotel Imperial in Tokyo and at the beautiful Oriental Hotel in Kobe, Japan. At the great hotels in the Philippines and Hawaii, the Manila Hotel and the Alexander Young Hotel in Honolulu, Maxwell House is now the only coffee used.

All the zest of a new adventure awaits your family in the full-bodied smoothness and rich fragrance of this blend. Your first taste will tell you why it has pleased so many critical people. See what added contentment it brings at breakfast and at dinner. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

They are the finest in the 'round-the-world service —the famous "President" Liners of the Dollar Steamship Line. For all of them, Maxwell House Coffee has been selected for exclusive use

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 34

its north limit right now, isn't it? Now I wonder, when it is farthest south, if the shadow wouldn't point right here to this old temple. I'll bet it does. That would be too perfect."

Evening stole from the western cliffs. Barra-Barra lighted the warmth fire. Breck moved to it. He was feeling a little cold, suffering from a slight reaction. Maclyn looked down at the sturdy, steady figure with a great flooding of affection.

"It's been a great day, Kali Sana," said he gently—"a great day, and you must be tired. I know I am, and I've had no fever. You must turn in directly after supper and get a good sleep."

Inexplicably, with the flooding of affection, came a new relationship in Maclyn's instinctive attitude toward his companion. He was still the hero worshiper, looking up to Breck with almost a small boy's awe; but with this, interfused and by no means in contradiction, he felt larger and stronger and protective and a little pitiful. For there was pathos and appeal in the bent and worn figure by the fire, something calling tears.

XXXIV

BRECK very willingly obeyed the suggestion to turn in soon after the evening meal; and for the first time since his illness, he fell instantly into a deep and refreshing sleep.

Maclyn, however, was never so wide awake. For a long time he sat looking out over the moonlit plains, lost in a queer uplifting and exciting *mélange* of anticipation and recollection. The evening wore away. The natives fell silent, slept, their fire died. Still Maclyn made no move toward his bed. He knew he would not be able as yet to sleep, and he preferred sitting here to tossing about.

Abruptly, his vague unfocused attention was sharpened to a fine point. Over the way again he had caught the glow of last evening, which Breck had dismissed summarily as volcanic; an explanation which had failed completely to satisfy Maclyn. He had let it pass, because Breck had been very tired. Then, in the day's excitement, he had forgotten all about it. Here it was again.

But yesterday it had been intermittent. Now it did not disappear. And—and this was why the volcanic theory was not wholly acceptable to Maclyn—it came, as near as he could calculate, from the direction of the cave. There had been no blowholes anywhere near the cave.

Maclyn picked up his rifle and quietly pushed through the brush to the slope of talus. He remembered that from somewhere on the talus he and Mavrouki had looked back to a fair view of the platform in front of the cave. But when he had climbed to what he thought to be the proper elevation, he could see nothing at all. It must be a little farther along.

Nothing was remoter from Maclyn's intention than any sort of night expedition alone. His African experience had already grown in him an instinct against going out in the dark. To be sure, as far as he knew, there were no predatory beasts in the crater, but just on general principles—

He was lured on step by step. Always from the next little rise, beyond the next small fold of earth, he would be able to see clearly. Shortly he found himself at some distance from camp. And then, unexpectedly, he veered into the viewpoint he had sought. His heart leaped.

The mouth of the cave glowed and flickered redly. Obviously there was a fire within. A brilliant patch of moonlight illuminated the platform outside, which was empty. He could hear nothing, the noise of the fountain, distant though it was, sufficed to muffle the world of sound.

For some time he crouched, cramped and chilled. A modicum of common sense returned to him. Undoubtedly there was a fire in the cave. What of it? It was the habit of the little wild people called Wandorobo to bivouac overnight in caves, or even to dwell in them. Mavrouki, he remembered, had found the remains of fire. Tomorrow would be plenty of time to look them up.

A dark form crossed the moonlit square, slinking low to the ground, turning its head toward the cave, raising its nose as though sniffing, desirous of entering, afraid to do so. Another joined it. The two paced restlessly a few steps one way, a few steps the other, withdrew into the shadows. Maclyn pricked up his attention. He could not be certain, but the beasts certainly resembled hyenas! He had never seen hyenas in the crater before!

For a long time he lay there watching. Nothing more happened, except that the two slinking, restless beasts appeared and disappeared across the bright patch of moonlight. Always their heads were turned toward the dully glowing arch of the cave. They were as intent as he was, compelled by a fascination they were unable to resist, but afraid to draw nearer than the wide arc of their pacing.

They reminded him of something, some verse—of Omar, wasn't it? Something about lions keeping kings' tombs, and the desert oblivious—he couldn't remember.

Suddenly they crouched low and vanished to right and left. A tall human figure had stepped into the square of moonlight. This was no Wandorobo. The figure faced in Maclyn's direction, raised its arms high, bent forward from the hips in a peculiar gesture. Why, it was the same gesture old Mavrouki had made on the occasion of their first visit! For a brief instant Maclyn had a creepy feeling that the man had seen him; then he remembered that the great cone mountain lay directly behind him. The figure reëntered the cave. From the shadows beyond came a weird moaning cry—they were hyenas then!

Maclyn was tremendously aroused. He must get at this thing! All the adventurous youth in him focused on finding out what it was all about. What could be going on in there? Some kind of ceremony—sacrifices, no doubt. That is why the hyenas were so keen. But why hadn't the hyenas made themselves evident before? There was always meat in the white men's camp to have attracted them. Where did these people come from? Perhaps the hyenas followed them in. But why?

If he could get across to the platform he might find out. That big flat rock in front of the cave—if he could get atop that he might be able to see in. But the moonlight lay clear and revealing between. He would have to stalk the place. No knowing what spying eyes the darkness concealed. This was something like!

He stooped to shadows and rocks and bushes and so made his way uphill to the darkness that lay at the foot of the great cliff. Along this he slipped to a point almost above the cave. Here stood a great white rock, big as a church, and around the base of it an indubitable trail. It did not look like a game trail, there were never animals so high up. Vaguely he remembered Mavrouki saying something about a white rock, but for a moment he could not recall the connection. Oh, yes, something about marking the way into the crater. He had not time to think that out now. He slipped quietly down the trail, which seemed to lead directly toward the cave.

Indeed, it led too directly toward the cave. After a little, Maclyn slipped off to the left into the bed of the tiny stream near which he had camped a few days before. He spent a long time and considerable pains in doing so in such a manner as to avoid any chance of being seen or heard. In his desire to avoid discovery was no thought whatever of any danger in the situation. It never occurred to him that natives anywhere should not look up to and respect the white man as a natural superior. But he did not want to interrupt whatever was going on. The moment his presence became known the ceremony would come to an end. It always did.

So he did a really good job of stalking—at which by now he had acquired considerable skill, and took a boyish sort of delight in it; and so found himself at last belly down on top of the flat rock in front of the cave. He twitched himself to the edge and looked over.

The immediate result was disappointment. He was too high up to be able to see under the archway. The platform was empty. Even the two hyenas had withdrawn to a distance; he could hear them moaning. All he could see was the reflected light from a fire within. But he could hear, and what he heard was sufficiently exciting to the imagination.

From within the cave rose the continuous croon of low chanting. From time to time, at irregular intervals, came dull single sounds as of blows. That was all. Maclyn's flesh prickled. He had an irrational feeling that something not very pleasant was going on.

There was, however, nothing to be done; he could not get nearer without being discovered. Perhaps someone would come out soon. He settled himself to wait.

Someone within uttered a single high sharp phrase. Maclyn's hair seemed to him to bristle in a panic of astonishment. On the right of the platform, in the shadow, a rock appeared to rise up and move. On the left, and again on the right, other rocks rose up. He realized that these were prostrated human forms that had been there all the time. They converged on the platform and moved into the cave. Maclyn saw them to be tall men, painted white from head to foot. Around the left arm and about the head of each glittered broad bands of gold.

The sound of chanting now rose in volume, and a single voice, pitched in a high single falsetto, intoned a sort of antiphony. Back and forth, in answer one to the other, the chorus swayed. The rhythm was regular, sensuous. Maclyn, stirring in restless impatience that he could not see what was going on, nevertheless could not prevent himself from falling to a degree under its almost hypnotic spell. He wondered whether it would not now be safe to slip down to the platform. Everybody seemed busy and out of the way. Evidently the ceremony, whatever it was, was approaching its climax.

The chanting abruptly stopped. Then Maclyn's senses reeled. For in the void of silence he heard another voice. It was a woman's voice, and the words of it were English!

"Courage! Courage! Courage!" it repeated over and over breathlessly. "Courage! Keep your nerve!"

At this exact instant, Mavrouki, bending over Breck, sleeping, touched him on the shoulder. The old gun bearer held in his hand the heavy double elephant rifle.

"Come, *bwana*," said he.

Breck opened his eyes. Then, without remark or question, he drew on his boots and arose to his feet.

XXXV

MACLYN'S astonishment was so great that he was momentarily paralyzed beyond any ability to respond or function. A whirl of bewilderment prevented him from focusing. He tried to gather himself, but his mind sent him no messages. His will, stirred by his emotions, could not force it to a reaction.

But the instinctive part of him responded instantly. His mind wholly in a daze, devoid of any plans or ideas, even, he threw himself forward and slid and bumped down the face of the flat rock on which he had been lying. He landed on the platform with a thud, picked up himself and his rifle and ran toward the entrance of the cave. With some vague notion of giving an alarm, or perhaps of diverting attention from whatever was going on, he threw forward his rifle preparatory to firing a shot. The safety catch resisted his first nervous thrust, whereupon his confused mind leaped ahead and he followed it into the cave.

He stopped short in the entrance, half blinded by the light. The cave, large as it was, seemed filled with people. A low fire burned near the center, and apparently in the very middle of its flames stood a human figure. In each of the side niches, which Maclyn's fancy had formerly furnished with appropriate effigies, now shone clear lights, either from fires of pitchy wood or from some sort of lamp. Maclyn's eyes cleared. His swift look about saw now that the figure was not actually in the flames, but surrounded by a ring of fire; that it was a woman scantily draped in some sort of dressed skins, and that her back was toward him. The flames beyond her threw her into silhouette. Still beyond, outside the ring of fire, and facing her, was a very tall man. He could be plainly seen as the light was full upon him. He was of commanding presence, painted white. In his hand he held a long knife.

Many other men, also painted white, were prostrated to right and left of these two central figures.

Maclyn saw this in a sweep of the eye. The man stood for a brief instant paralyzed with the surprise of his sudden appearance. The woman apparently was not aware of his presence at all.

"Who called?" Maclyn harshly demanded.

At the sound of his voice the woman uttered a strangled cry, turned, leaped the ring of fire to his side. She, too, was painted white, and so far could not have been distinguished in race from the others; but as the light swung from silhouette to illumination, Maclyn caught the glint of red-gold from her hair.

The man with the knife uttered an order. Two of the prostrate figures leaped to their feet. Maclyn threw forward his rifle. He felt quite in command of the situation.

"Stop!" he cried in Swahili.

The two men darted toward him. Maclyn held his rifle crosswise in both hands, and as the two savages closed, he hurled them back so tremendously that they went spinning and crashing through the very ring of fire itself, scattering the embers right and left, to roll over and over until they brought up with a crash against the farther wall of the cave. It was a notable feat.

A low moan burst from the others. The tall man with the knife, an expression of horror on his forbidding countenance, stooped hastily to replace the scattered brands.

Maclyn, thoroughly roused by the personal encounter, let loose a torrent of vehement Swahili. He stood with his fist clenched, his head thrown back, glowing with the indignation of the white man that a black man should dare oppose him. Alone, outnumbered a dozen to one, he nevertheless fronted them all with absolute confidence. It was superb.

And, indeed, for a moment or so the counsels of the savages seemed to be in confusion. All were on their feet, but they made no immediate move. The tall man with the knife said something; one of the others appeared to object. There was a moment's brief wrangling. Maclyn took a step forward to settle this thing. In the flare-up of combat he had almost forgotten the central factor in the situation; at least she was temporarily in the background.

"Take care! Take care!" she cried. "For God's sake be careful!"

Maclyn, recalled to himself, came to a halt. "Better get out of here," he conceded. "Come on!"

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 74)

He turned, partly with the intention of withdrawing, partly to take a look at her, for his astonishment and wonder had abruptly returned. He could make nothing of her. A dressed hide, draped from one shoulder, fell to her knees. Her skin was daubed with white pipe clay. Only the nimbus of flaming hair betrayed her race.

"Don't touch me!" she cried warningly. "I'm sacred!"

Maclyn stared, frankly nonplused. "I haven't the slightest intention of touching you," said he curtly. "Who the devil are you, anyway?"

A profound curiosity swept everything else but itself from his mind—anger, danger, fear, the very consciousness of the cave and the men in it.

"Look out! Don't let them get behind you!" she cried.

He whirled. A number of the savages were edging along the wall toward the entrance of the cave.

Maclyn made an authoritative gesture. "Get over there—all of you!" he ordered; then, as they paid no attention, but continued to edge by, he threatened them with his rifle.

"Take care. They don't know guns!" warned the girl.

"Then I'll demonstrate," said Maclyn coolly.

He thrust at the safety catch with the intention of firing a shot over their heads. It refused to work. The fall from the rock had jammed it tight.

"Damn!" cursed Maclyn, exasperated; and sprang to place his back against the other wall of the cave. He seized the rifle by the barrel, sweeping the butt menacingly before him in a wide circle. The savages disappeared outside the cave.

"Haven't you a whistle?" urged the girl. "Quick! Call the rest of you! They've gone for the spears."

"No good; he's in camp."

"He? Only two of you? How stupid!"

As the savages held back, evidently waiting for the spears, Maclyn was working frantically at the safety catch. He only half heard what she was saying. For the first time a realization of danger was coming to him. While he jerked at the catch, his mind was darting here and there in search of expedients.

"Give it to me," implored the girl's voice next his elbow. "They're coming back!" She snatched the rifle from him. "Hold them off if you can," she muttered, and lowered her head over the mechanism.

The men were filing back into the cave, carrying spears. They crept around the wall to the others. The tall man still stood on the other side of the fire. He uttered a short command. Someone objected doubtfully. The tall man repeated the command with fierce vehemence. The command was to attack; the doubt lingered lest Maclyn were, indeed, a son of their god.

"Too late! It won't work! Get behind me!" cried the girl in despair.

"The devil I will!" said Maclyn.

"I am sacred; it's our only chance!" she implored.

"The devil I will!" repeated Maclyn.

He had found a rock the size of his fist, which he held in his hand. His blue eyes flashed and his tall figure was drawn to its full height in a defiance so complete that for a moment its sheer dynamics held back the threatening spears.

A measurable hesitating pause ensued, and a confused babel of voices. "But this, indeed a god, O priest," said one. "Indeed a god," repeated others.

The tall man for the first time moved from his attitude of lofty calm. With a snarl of rage, he snatched a spear from the man nearest him and hurled it. So rapid was his movement that had not Maclyn ducked with the instinctive reaction of the trained boxer, it would certainly have transfixed him. The weapon clashed against the rock walls and fell clattering at his feet. With the speed of light the girl stooped to recover it, thrusting it into his hand. Maclyn's fingers closed about it. He brandished it aloft, uttering a full-lunged roar of triumph.

"Now come on, you hounds!" he shouted.

The crash of the spear against the rock had released something within him. He was now cool and collected. His mind functioned perfectly. He knew exactly what he must do. Facing the group, slowly advancing beyond the circle of fire, he began to edge along the wall toward the opening of the cave. The savages still hesitated, in spite of the now frantic urgings of the head priest. The latter tried in vain to get possession of another spear, but the owners clung to them obstinately. "But the god will be angry if this is his son. If this be not the god's son, the god will himself slay him."

"Keep close. Keep low. Move slowly," Maclyn muttered to the girl. His eyes never wavered, holding his opponents, marking their every movement.

The priest suddenly became calm again. He drew himself up, and not without dignity, spoke certain words slowly.

The men glanced at one another, grasped their spears more firmly. "It is the curse of the god. That we may not withstand. On your head, not ours, O priest!"

Breck's great elephant gun roared twice.

XXXVI

TWO of the savages collapsed in their tracks. For a single instant the rest poised in paralyzed astonishment, but for a single instant only.

"It is the god! The god is angry! The god speaks!" cried several. "It is not the god; it is the hairy white man; it is the fire stick of which you know. Kill! Kill! Kill!"

A cloud of spears flashed past Maclyn's face. Not one was directed toward him. He saw Breck's figure running forward across the platform toward the cave, reloading the double rifle as he ran. He saw the cloud of spears meet that figure. Breck was down. The savages were leaping past, following their spears.

Maclyn uttered a sobbing cry and sprang into their midst. Afterward, by conscious recollection, he could have told very little of the detail of what happened. His memory would have been of confusion, isolated bits without sequence or plan. He had the spear; now it had disappeared from his hand, and he was putting all his weight behind his fist as it crushed into the jaw of a face that presented itself; he had hold of two men by the throats, he brought them together with a crash; they went limp in his hands; he thrust them aside in a wide sweep of the arms and dropped them; faces defined themselves before him, faded away; spear blades flashed toward him, he avoided them almost indifferently. All he knew was that he was making his way toward Breck. It was like a football game, bucking the line. He heard with a certain detached wonder the echo back of his own voice.

That was about all his conscious mind could have recalled of these things, because that is about all his conscious mind had to do with affairs at the time. All the rest was the sure, deadly subconscious taking command in this emergency. Within it was no confusion. It saw each blow aimed, it planned and executed coolly and accurately and resourcefully. No guesswork or chance or excitement or blundering or groping there! For this its aptitudes had been trained, little by little, one by one, on the football field, in the boxing ring, at the wheels of cars and the tillers of boats, in this life and the lives of generations back and back, until some little trace of Maclyn might perhaps have stood just thus, in a cave, and spears flashing.

But when the job was done, the subconscious relinquished command, sank below the threshold, taking its memory with it.

Pity it was that no detached intelligence could have been there to sing the saga of this great fight. Later, Mavrouki did pretty well at it, but Mavrouki's attention

(Continued on Page 79

Rexall

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Liquid

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also was somewhat distracted. With the true instinct of the gun bearer, as Breck went down, he darted forward to possess himself of the elephant rifle. Unfortunately, Breck had not succeeded in reloading. If the piece had been recharged, Mavrouki might have held off the rush for a moment or so. The double blast of a hundred grains of cordite is pretty appalling in confined quarters, even if—as was likely—Mavrouki failed to hit anything. But the rifle was empty. Of course, Mavrouki might have stood astride his fallen master and there died heroically and uselessly. In his younger days he would undoubtedly have done so, without any hesitation whatever; Mavrouki possessed both the courage and devotion of his caste. But now he was older in wisdom. He leaped back far enough to clear himself so that he might reload, which was the only sensible thing to do.

The woman might have had a better impression of the detail than Maclyn, but she also was somewhat preoccupied by her own problem. When Maclyn charged forward, she followed him as quickly as she could. She held the light rifle by its barrel, club fashion; and thus she was able to lay out quite efficiently the tall priest just in the nick of time. He seemed, with Mavrouki, to be the only other collected person present, and with great coolness was waiting, knife in hand, for an appropriate chance to stick it into Maclyn from behind. The rifle butt removed that factor of the situation.

Maclyn was at first all concentrated on reaching Breck's side. He went through the crowding savages as he would have gone through a football line, hurling men to right and left, stabbing one with the spear and relinquishing it as its victim's fall twisted it in his grasp, administering a clean knock-out to another with his bare fist, smashing the skulls of two more so violently one against the other that they, too, passed out of the picture; thrusting still others aside with long powerful sweeps of his arms so violently that they were upset or hurled against the wall of the cave, against which one cracked his skull and collapsed. And all the time he was shouting at the top of his voice. An unimpassioned bystander—of which there were, of course, none—would have recognized fragments of a certain college yell. Nothing could have stood such an onslaught. It was magnificent. Before Mavrouki could reload—before even the rifle butt had described its arc to settle the matter of the head priest—Maclyn had reached the side of the elephant hunter.

For a single choking instant he stared at Kali Sana. Breck's head was doubled under him; a spear had transfixed him through the lower part of the chest; a pool of blood was slowly forming beneath his huddled figure. For the fraction of a second Maclyn stared; then whirled like a madman to attack.

His first rush had been merely a sweeping aside of obstruction. Now he saw red. The shaft of a short heavy *runga*, or war club, came somehow into his hand. He wrested it away from its owner and began to lay about him.

For a moment the remaining savages resisted. But there was no withstanding the berserker dynamics of his wild fling at them. He was here, there, everywhere. Spears flashed toward him; he avoided them. Men tried to grasp him; he was not there. Whirling his short club, he struck, and struck again. And suddenly they were hurtling past one another in a panic, crowding through the cave opening, seeking the open, and Maclyn raging behind them with his *runga*.

"The god is angry! This is a god!" And their high priest down, and the sacred ring of fire scattered, and a half dozen of them writhing or still!

Surely never was so great a fight, one against many! They fled now like sheep, so that one was jostled from the edge of the platform and fell down the cliff, crying out horribly until his head hit a rock, and so he bounced and bounded to the waiting talus below, where he lay broken in the still moonlight.

Maclyn raged at their heels. As he passed Mavrouki he snatched the double rifle from his hands, and with one wrench tore the bandolier of cartridges from the old man's shoulders. The strong buckle held tenaciously, but there was no withstanding Maclyn's purpose. The twist that tore it loose almost cut poor Mavrouki in half, and sent him spinning in recoil, breathless and gasping, half across the cave. He picked himself up painfully, struggling to fill his lungs.

The cave was strangely and suddenly stilled. The woman, shuddering, was drawing the spear blade from Breck's side. She turned him over, feeling his heart. His eyes were open, met hers, held them for a long instant. A slow deep wonder filled them. Then slowly they closed and he drifted into unconsciousness. She looked up at Mavrouki, bending over. The old gun bearer seemed to have recovered his customary equanimity together with his breath.

"*Hapana kufa, mem-sahib*—he is not dead?" asked he.

"Bring water," she commanded sharply. "Quickly!"

They threw up their heads as a heavy double report shattered the stillness outside.

"*M'bili*—two!" observed Mavrouki with satisfaction. He looked about him, searching something.

"There, beyond the fire, the calabash," prompted the girl. "*Pesi*—hurry!"

Mavrouki seized the large gourd and darted toward the entrance. A third, single shot, this time a little farther away.

"*Tatu*—three!" tallied Mavrouki, and disappeared.

He returned almost immediately, the gourd full of water. Under command, he poured some of it carefully, a little stream in which she washed her hands, and stood by, lifting Breck's heavy body while she cut away the shirt and stanched the wounds and tore rough bandages from Breck's garments. Twice more, at long intervals, faint and far away, muffled by distance and the walls of the cave, the elephant rifle sounded. At each discharge Mavrouki paused, cocking his ear intently.

"*Ini—tana*—four—five," he enumerated calmly. Otherwise he did not speak. His demeanor was detached, but his one eye glowed with concern.

The rough bandaging was finished as well as she could accomplish it. Breck, his head pillowed on Mavrouki's coat, lay stretched in a profound unconsciousness. There was nothing more to do. She sat for a few moments, his pulse between her fingers. Then she commanded Mavrouki to pour more water, in which she washed the white paint from her face. After this had been done she rose to her feet, stepped lightly to the back of the cave, and returned wearing a dressing gown of dull orange silk which had evidently been there concealed. She was, now that her painted body was covered, to all appearance wholly a white woman. She resumed her place by Breck's side, watching intently his shallow breathing.

Mavrouki stood for several seconds, waiting. Then, finding she wanted nothing further for the moment, he went about certain business of his own.

The knife of the head priest lay on the cave's floor not far from its prostrate owner. Mavrouki picked this up and tested its point. Then methodically he went in turn to the recumbent forms scattered about the scene of battle and, with entire nonchalance, thrust the blade into their hearts.

"All are now entirely dead, *mem-sahib*," he announced coolly.

She looked up, saw the reeking knife. For the first time she showed emotion. A gleam of almost fanatic satisfaction crossed her eyes. "That is well done!" she cried.

XXXVII

MACLYN, returning, dragged himself wearily into the entrance of the cave. His head was down, his shoulders bowed. Mavrouki sprang to him and took the elephant gun from his listless grasp.

"How many, *bwana?*" he asked eagerly.

"Four," replied Maclyn dully. "Two I could not come at and they have gone away."

"And six here," said Mavrouki. "That is well fought, *bwana*."

Maclyn moved slowly to where Breck lay, covered against the chill by Mavrouki's jacket. He stood looking down at his friend, his eyes clouded with tears, his hands opening and shutting in the agony of his grief. He had no eyes for anything else; he was aware of nothing else. A sob choked his throat. The tears unashamedly overflowed.

"He is not dead," said the girl gently.

"Not dead?" Maclyn dropped to his knees in a great revulsion of relief. He lifted the jacket gently.

"It's the knock on the head that has put him out," went on the girl. "That's only a *runga* blow."

Maclyn raised a shining face. After his usual fashion, his spirits had rebounded from their depths. A knock on the head was nothing; he had had them in football games, and none the worse. The spear thrust he had not seen, but the blood spot on the bandages was small and seemed to be well to one side. Dear old Kali Sana! Tough on him to be laid up again after his long bout with the fever but —— His exultant thoughts recoiled against his astonishment.

"You!" he cried. "Good God! You! Of all people in the world!"

"Why not?" she responded to this.

"I don't remember your name—you're the girl at the hunting camp—near the Loieta ——"

"Who else, in heaven's name, could I be?" she cried with what was almost a touch of impatience. "Whom did you expect?"

"Expect? I didn't expect anybody."

"Aren't you part of a rescue party?" It was her turn for bewilderment.

Breck groaned with returning consciousness. Instantly Maclyn was hovering over him. Breck opened his eyes, raised one arm feebly, threw it about Maclyn's neck.

"Lad! Lad!" he murmured, and closed his eyes again.

Maclyn's own eyes were frankly wet. The pressure of that arm had been faint and far, but it had carried a message of high voltage, for it had come straight from old Kali Sana's heart. The girl's eyes, too, were wet; she, unlike Maclyn, had seen that spear wound.

For some time Breck made no further sign. He might have lapsed again into unconsciousness. Then slowly his eyes opened again. "Any water?" he murmured.

Mavrouki instantly presented a fresh gourdful, which, with good presence of mind, he had just brought from the spring. His prompt recognition of the English word shows how an emergency can develop unsuspected linguistic knowledge.

Breck, his head lifted tenderly by Maclyn, drank a few swallows. "Ah, Mavrouki," he observed, apparently seeing the gun bearer for the first time.

"*Bwana*," responded Mavrouki. His face smiled, but his one eye was anxious and very sad.

Breck's slow gaze traveled from Mavrouki to the girl, where it rested for some time. "Kits?" he inquired doubtfully. "Kits Forrester?" She nodded without speaking.

Apparently he puzzled for some moments, then gave it up. His eyes came to rest again on the young man bending over him—came to rest with so obvious and tender a satisfaction that the girl strangled a sob of sheer emotionalism.

"Ah, lad!" sighed Breck. His arm slid from about Maclyn's shoulders. He groped. Maclyn seized his hand in his own. Breck relaxed, lying there immobile, staring straight upward in an obvious effort to orient himself and collect his forces.

The girl was the first to become practical again. "Where's your camp?" she

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(Continued from Page 79)

whispered sharply to Maclyn. "Haven't you any whisky or medicines? Send this man for them."

"Not a thing—some tea," acknowledged Maclyn despairingly. "We were traveling light."

Breck's slow gaze turned in their direction. "My map case," he whispered.

Maclyn started to say something soothing, but the girl impatiently intervened. "He carries some medicines in his map case, stupid!" she cried. Breck's eyes showed their approval.

"Go quickly, Mavrouki," commanded Maclyn. "Bring the *bwana's mafuka*. Bring that yourself. And tell Morenda to bring over all other things. We shall have to camp here," he said to the girl. Mavrouki darted away. "He ought to be back in an hour," calculated Maclyn.

Breck's eyes had closed again. They settled themselves anxiously to wait. Speculation and wonder had again leisure to crowd Maclyn's brain. He found himself examining covertly the pensive figure in the firelight, gorgeous in its silk robe and with its aureole of bright hair. Sheer stunned bewilderment had passed, but the liveliest curiosity was stirring to take its place.

He jumped at the sound of Breck's voice—strong, clear, even a little amused. Kali Sana had returned from his withdrawn mysterious communings with weakness, armed again with that strength his will power could summon out of nothing—another of Africa's gifts for which he had paid the price.

"Well, tell me what happened?" said Breck.

"It's all right. Don't try to talk. They attacked us. You got here just in time. It's all right. We got them all but two. Everything is all right."

But Breck refused to be satisfied with that, moving his head slightly in impatience.

"Go on with it," he insisted.

Maclyn told him his part of the tale. In the telling he recovered much of his cheer and confidence. The sound of his own voice reassured him; it was a natural and accustomed phenomenon. Breck was obviously gaining strength every minute. Maclyn even managed a little light touch here and there, introducing it with a pathetically anxious hopefulness that it might cheer Breck up a trifle. One tiny jokelet did make Breck chuckle. That brought on a coughing fit. Breck smothered it, but his hand came away from his mouth flecked lightly with foamy blood. Breck looked at it thoughtfully a moment. A queer withdrawn look came into his eyes. He glanced up quickly to see if Maclyn had noticed. He had not; he was wholly occupied with the water gourd which he was holding to Breck's lips. Breck's eyes turned to the girl, and in them read a dawning horror. She understood.

Suddenly the frozen unnatural calm with which she had moved in direct efficiency broke down. The pent-up torrent of her emotion rushed forth. She cast herself down by Breck's side in a sobbing anguish of wretchedness.

"Oh, I was such a fool!" she wailed. "Such a fool! I could kill myself! Stupid, vain fool! Oh, I shall never forgive myself! It's all my fault—all my fault!"

Maclyn stared in amazement. It probably had not occurred to him that anyone else might be entitled to emotional reactions. Breck's face was very tender. He reached a hand toward her. She seized it convulsively.

"There, there, Kits," he murmured. "Tell me."

She threw back her hair with a passionate toss, gritting her teeth in a transport of self-accusation. "Egotism—pure egotism! I despise myself! It was all my fool idea. I was going to find your secret country for myself while my brother was in England. Look what it has brought about! I was off my head with egotism. I wanted to show I was as good as any man. I ——"

Breck patted her hand. His touch seemed to soothe her. She blinked back tears and went on more calmly:

"I got together a small *safari*—men I knew—and started. Nobody knew where I was going. I think nobody knew I had gone. I set out from the farm. Everything went all right. I knew where you turned off the road; I followed you to see. I followed all right until I came to your motor cars. The men there would tell me nothing. I tried to bribe them," she admitted.

"That's all right, Kits," said Kali Sana. "And then?"

"I lost your track. So I began to send scouts ahead—for water, you know. Everything went all right until one night. I heard a row outside and slipped on my dressing gown and went out. These horrible—horrible ——" She threatened to break down.

"Steady, Kits!" said Breck.

"They'd killed my headman. I saw his body," she went on after a moment. "I don't know what happened to the others. They took me away with them, just as I was. All I had was my dressing gown. My slippers wore out and they made me sandals. We walked days and days and days ——"

She paused again to collect herself. "They treated me well enough," she continued. "I couldn't understand it. They talked no Swahili. I tried to keep up my courage. They fed me in a calabash. I used to put it on my head—the sun, you know. I suppose that saved my life. . . . Oh, I wish I'd died of the sun!" she wailed.

"Carry on, Kits," said Breck.

"I could see nothing but the ground before my feet, but it was better than the sun. We seemed to go on forever. There was nothing to do but think, think, think! What did they want of me? What were they going to do with me? They hadn't robbed my camp. They treated me with respect—almost exaggerated respect. I couldn't make any sense to it. I almost went mad.

"There was no chance even to think of escape. We were on a wide veldt. But they never left me for a minute. The only privacy I could get was to hang up my dressing gown. Then they went away a little. Perhaps they thought I was praying—perhaps I was—in my fashion." She shuddered. "It was awful—awful! I can't even talk about it.

"I tried not to think," she went on after a moment. "I was afraid to. I clung only to one idea—it would not do to show fear to them. That was the only hold I could possibly have on them. Once you show a *shenzi* you are afraid of him —— I sang a good deal of the time to keep up my courage. I couldn't keep from thinking about what was going to happen. Nobody would miss me at home; at least, not for a long time. Then after days and days we came here."

"Yes?" said Breck curiously. "Did you suffer for water on the route?"

"No, there was plenty of water."

"H'm," commented Breck. He ruminated for a time over this. "That's interesting," said he. "Go on. Where have you been since?"

"Here—back in the forest."

"With the tribe?"

"No; only these men. I thought I was being taken as wife to some *sultani*. I made up my mind what to do in that case. But for months I've been here. It was the same as on the march. No one treated me badly. Quite the contrary. I gradually came to think they believed me sacred in some fashion."

"What made you think that?"

She shuddered again. "Once a month, when the moon was full, they took me to this cave, and there were ceremonies, like tonight. Horrible things—terrifying. At first I thought they were going to sacrifice me. They acted that way. I've been bound and the knife at my throat. I was terribly frightened. I thought I should die."

"But you wouldn't let them see it—good Kits!"

"That was all I had left," she said simply. "I made up my mind I'd die if I had to, but I'd never gratify any *shenzis* by showing fear of them." She threw up her head with a recurring flicker of the pride that had sustained her.

"And then?"

"That is all. Then you came." She broke again, dropping her head. "Oh, Kali Sana, Kali Sana!" she wailed. "It's all my fault!" She caught sight of Maclyn staring at her, fascinated. "Yes, and yours, too!" she flared passionately.

"Mine!" echoed Maclyn, taken aback.

"Yes, yours! If it hadn't been for your silly, superior talk about your 'man's country' and your 'no woman could stand it,' it would never have entered my head." She was going to pieces, though she tried desperately not to. "I never cry!" she sobbed resentfully. "I hate crying women! Go away from me! Oh, dear! I shouldn't do this! I'm no good on earth! I ought to be strong and helpful, and I'm making everything worse! Oh! Oh! Oh! If I could only get away or faint or forget just for a few minutes!"

"Poor kid!" said Breck.

She drew his hand to her cheek. Breck looked appealingly toward Maclyn. The latter was distinctly not rising to this sort of emergency. Breck chuckled aloud. "Mac," said he, "you look like a disconcerted elephant."

This brought her out. She laughed through her tears, laid Breck's hand gently aside and arose to her feet.

"Come," she said briskly, "let's fix up a little. Mavrouki will be back soon. Where shall we camp?"

"Right here," said Maclyn. "I'll clear away."

Mavrouki did return, but alone. The Watassi had disappeared.

"Perhaps they have *kuroka*—deserted," shrugged the old man. "Perhaps they hide and will come back."

In the meantime he had brought the map case, Breck's blanket, and—on his own initiative—a cooking pot and some food. In the map case were permanganate, morphia, quinine, phenacetin and cholera tablets—the Africander's simple *materia medica* at its simplest. They boiled fresh bandages improvised from more of Breck's shirt, mixed a permanganate solution. Maclyn felt much encouraged at sight of the wound. The spear thrust looked, once it had been washed, no more than a small slit.

When the job was done, Breck lay back on the thick grass couch Mavrouki had prepared for him, his strength of will again at an ebb.

He looked up at Maclyn and said in a tired voice: "You know you must be leader now. . . . Mavrouki!"

"Here, *bwana*."

"This is the *bwana makubwa* now. He orders all things. Tell the men."

"Of course I will," cried Maclyn cheerfully—"until you get well and strong again. I'll show you how good a pupil I am. I've learned something, anyway!"

"We'll have you able to travel in no time," added Kits.

Breck turned his eyes in her direction without reply. Hers fell. She turned away.

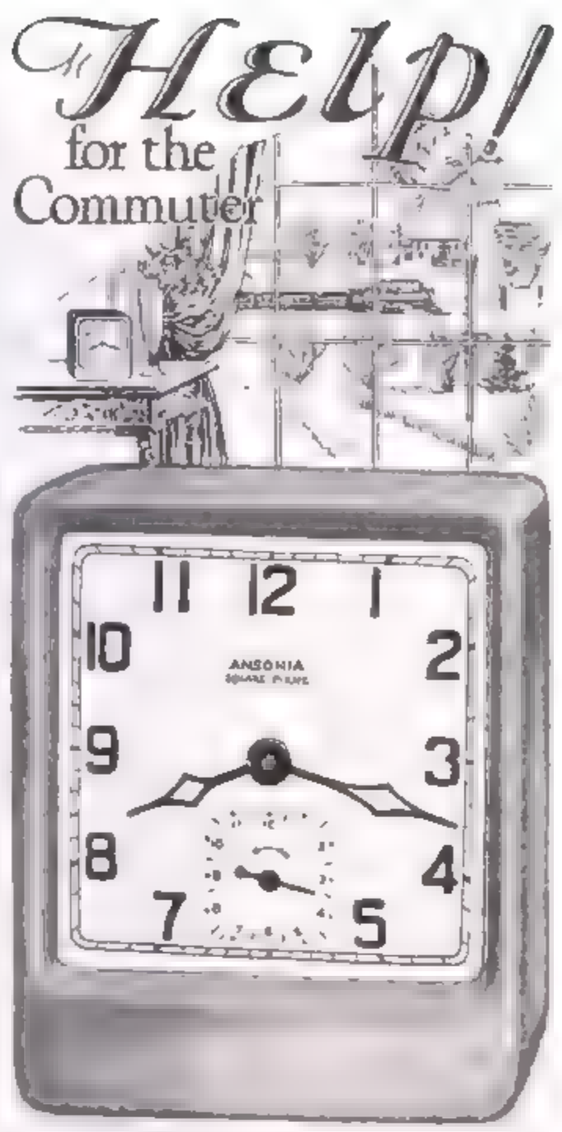
XXXVIII

NOBODY slept much during the night except Breck. Shortly he fell into a profound slumber which morning found still unbroken. The others huddled about a little fire they had constructed around the corner, out of the way, and cooked some of the food Mavrouki had brought, and dozed, and awakened with a shudder. Every so often Maclyn tiptoed out to look at Breck.

"He's still sleeping," he reported. "That's a good sign, don't you think?" He asked the question with so pathetically eager a desire for corroboration that Kits had not the heart to deny him.

"Yes, I'm sure of it," said she.

They talked much, too, exchanging in this calmer mood details of their amazing history.



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"Why," cried Maclyn, "we must have been within a hundred yards of you once! If only we could have known!"

He told her of the meeting with the journeying savages so long ago, and how two had parleyed with them while the rest had slipped around them and so on by.

"I remember now there was a woman with them, and that she wore a calabash on her head. We remarked on it."

"I couldn't see a thing when I had it on. Oh, if only I'd not worn it!" she sighed.

"Or had worn the dressing gown."

"I saved that; it would have been torn to bits."

"Of course. But wasn't it bad luck!"

"Wasn't it, just!"

Maclyn told her how he and Breck happened to be there. She took instant fire at the first hint of the discoveries that had been made, firing question after question, commenting so shrewdly on the implications and possibilities that Maclyn was moved to exclaim, "I say, you seem to know a lot about such things!"

"I ought to; I specialized in college. I was studying to qualify as expert and get a job with some expedition, when I had to drop it and come out here to help Fred with his beastly farm."

Maclyn for a brief instant drew in his horns.

"Of course, you know—I'm telling you these things—it's more or less old Kali Sana's show, too," he stammered.

She laughed low and deliciously, and the cave echoed back the sound as though muffled by uncertainty; as why should it not be uncertain? This was probably the first laughter its somber walls had ever heard.

"Oh, I shan't steal your thunder," she reassured him. "Don't worry. My ambition to rival the great strong men has been quite knocked out of me." She sobered, and a light shiver ran through her.

Maclyn was instantly solicitous. "Of course not!" he disclaimed. "It never occurred to me ——"

"But it did," she breathed, amused again.

"Only, you see, if word got out prematurely —— It takes experts to excavate properly, and ——"

She laughed again. "I quite understand. You needn't fear my discretion."

"Look here!" cried Maclyn, bursting with a sudden inspiration. "You're an expert yourself! Why couldn't you be one of the expedition?"

"In what capacity?" she inquired demurely.

"Why—why, as expert, of course!"

"Expert in what branch?"

"Whatever branch it is you're expert in," said Maclyn desperately. "Wouldn't you like it?"

She looked at him, her eyes dancing. In the fresh eagerness of his enthusiasm, which for the moment had swept away every trace of the night, he was very good to look at.

"I'd love it," she acknowledged. The mischief returned to her eyes. "Are you going to select the rest of your staff as—emotionally?"

He caught her eye and laughed too—a little ruefully. "Keno!" he remarked cryptically; then took heart. "Yes," he insisted, "if I can find anybody else who's taken what you've taken and stood it as well, and been such a game sport about it and come up smiling, you bet I'll take 'em—if they're experts only in making pea soup!"

It was her turn to lower her eyes, but a slow color crept into her cheeks.

"All right, I accept," said she softly. "And, truly, I will be of some use."

Maclyn could, she found, explain to her some things that had puzzled her much. The attitude of the savages toward her, for instance.

"They really never offered me any harm, you know," she said. "Indeed, for *shenzis*, they treated me kindly and seemed to want to do what they could for me. There seemed to be a sort of invisible circle around me that none of them crossed except the big one who was the leader. And he was entirely respectful. I got an idea they looked on me as something sacred. And then once a month they took me to this place and celebrated these horrible ceremonies—all night long."

"What sort of ceremonies?"

"I don't believe I want to tell about them just now. Another time I will." At the thought, the color had left her cheeks, her face became drawn.

"Of course. Never mind that. Go on," Maclyn hastened.

"They never actually harmed me, but their whole object seemed to be to terrify me, if they could."

"That was exactly what they did try to do," said Maclyn.

She stared at him. "What do you know about it?" she asked at last.

"It's Mavrouki's dope." Maclyn told her what he had learned from the old gun bearer; how once in ten years the Eldorot priests went out among the tribes seeking a bride for the god of the mountain; how once each moon, for six months, they tested her fitness by the trials of the cave.

"As I gather it," observed Maclyn, "this particular god likes 'em rough. He doesn't want any bride who is likely to be afraid of him. So they try their little best to scare the lady to death. If she shows any sign of fear, she goes into the discard at once and the poor old god has to wait another ten years."

"That's very interesting," commented Kits thoughtfully. "This was the sixth ceremony," she added. "And what next?"

"I'm a trifle hazy about that," admitted Maclyn. "Let's ask him."

Mavrouki uncoiled from the knot into which he had huddled himself and sat erect, instantly wide awake. "She becomes the bride of the god, *mem-sahib*," he answered the question.

"How? Does the god come and take her?"

"He takes her spirit, *mem-sahib*, which the priest has sent him by means of the sacred knife."

Kits and Maclyn stared at each other as the significance of this dawned on them.

"Apparently we happened along about the right time," said Maclyn, who was the first to recover. "And the others—the ones who show fear—are they killed?"

"No, *bwana;* they are not worthy. They become slaves of the *sultani*."

"You pays your money and you takes your choice," observed Maclyn dryly. "Tell me" again he addressed Mavrouki—"have many women become the bride of the god?"

"As to that, *bwana*," answered Mavrouki, composedly taking snuff, "I cannot say. The god is very old. I think he is as old as the world. Many people have served him. You have seen one of his ancient houses, there where I found the *balauri* made of the yellow metal. But in the memory of men no woman's spirit has met the god. The *sultanis* have enjoyed many slaves. The *mem-sahib* is the first woman who has seen the sacred knife of all those races who now live in the earth."

"There's an honor for you!" Maclyn laughed curtly.

Mavrouki rose to his feet. "The magic of this god is broken," he crooned. "No more shall the people of the mountain eat the women of the tribes! No more shall the priests come among us, making their choice. Here! Here!"—he snatched the weapon from his belt and held it aloft—"Here is the sacred knife! I, Mavrouki, of the Monumwezi, hold it, and shall hold it forever!"

"Looks as if he was going to remain a bachelor god," commented Maclyn. "Well, he ought to be used to it."

"How do you know these things, Mavrouki?" asked Kits curiously.

"It is my *n'dowa, mem-sahib*."

"You'll get nowhere with him there," said Maclyn. "He always falls back on his confounded *n'dowa* when he wants to be mysterious."

"I know. But, Mavrouki, are you not afraid of the god? Are you not afraid to keep the sacred knife?"

"My *n'dowa* is strong," boasted Mavrouki.

Toward morning they dozed again, and were awakened by the dawn bird and the reviving freshness of new air from the hills. Breck still slept.

"Have you any extra clothes?" asked Kits. "I've got to wash this paint off me and wash my only garment in the world. I feel as if I would suffocate."

"Not a stitch," answered Maclyn, aghast, "except some extra socks."

"Well, that's that. I suppose I can wash out these old goatskins and get on with them. I've done it for some time."

They wrangled in amicable offer and refusal. Finally she agreed to take Maclyn's outer shirt. Like all good Africanders, he wore very light wool as undergarments, and his undershirt would do him very well. His coat they agreed to share as occasion might demand. The silk robe or the goatskins would improvise well enough for lower garments. Maclyn wanted to stand guard, on the rise beyond the water, while she bathed; but she would have none of it.

"Kali Sana might need you," was her sufficient answer. "Besides, there's no danger. Those two are well on their way by now."

That seemed likely, but Maclyn was not easy until she had consented to Mavrouki's standing sentinel in his place. The light rifle was again in working order. Mavrouki took this. Trivial matters, but in great crises trivial matters are very healing to the spirit.

XXXIX

MACLYN, sitting for a long time by Breck's side, his chin cupped in his hands, his eyes unfocused, lost in a daydream compounded of sleeplessness and drained excitement, felt Breck's gaze and looked down. Kali Sana lay still in the same position, but his eyes were open and clear.

"How you feeling? Does it hurt much? You had a fine sleep," was Maclyn's anxious greeting.

"Pretty stiff and sore, lad," Breck told him weakly.

"Sure! Naturally! But that'll soon fix itself all right. Now don't talk or move until I get you some soup. That'll set you up."

He bustled over to the fire for the broth they had been simmering throughout the night. "Good old meat soup!" he cried, returning with a *balauri*. "Can't get anything like it anywhere but in Africa. Full meal in itself."

He managed to raise Breck's head sufficiently. Breck swallowed the soup, was eased back, closed his eyes. Maclyn watched him anxiously. Breck opened his eyes again.

"All right," he gasped. "Just a twinge—stiff, you know." His hand wandered toward his side. "There, that's better. Now, lad, listen. You must get out of here just as quickly as you possibly can. Every day—every minute, even—is precious. That whole lot will be back and around your ears. That's as certain as daylight. It just depends on how far away the tribe lives. If you could get out of here today, so much the better."

"Yes, that's all very well," said Maclyn; "but you're in no fit shape to travel."

"Never mind that part of it. It can be done; it must be done; and as quickly as possible."

Breck was getting excited. His voice rose; his pale cheek flushed beneath his beard; in the emphasis of his insistence he even half attempted to raise his shoulders, but fell back with a quickly stifled groan of pain.

"All right," Maclyn hastened to say, solely for the soothing effect of reassurance; "but we can't start off, bang—like that. Not in this country. You know that, Kali Sana. Not without some preparation. Not with a woman. Between here and the first water tins we ought to ——"

"Get at it! Get at it!" urged Breck. His voice was nervous and strained. "Fill the canteens and all the gourds you can get hold of. Send the boys out to plant them. Never mind the outfit. Throw it away. It can and must be done."

"All right," agreed Maclyn reluctantly. "But why? You know you're not fit."

"I tell you they'll be back—any minute. You must!" His voice broke with strain.

"But the trip back would kill you," objected Maclyn, at his wit's end. "It can't be done. Let them come. There's only one way into this place. We have two rifles. Mavrouki and I can handle them."

"Can't I make you see?" groaned Breck. He reached out to seize Maclyn's hand. His grasp was convulsive and his hand was hot with fever. "Do as I tell you!" he insisted.

Maclyn, startled by the feel of the burning flesh, hastened to agree.

"Go now. Start the men now, without delay!" urged Breck. He pushed Maclyn's arm.

The latter arose to his feet perplexedly. He could not tell Breck that the men had disappeared. Perhaps they had come back. He would send Mavrouki to find out. In some manner he must appear to humor Breck's idea, to quiet his mind.

"All right," said he; "I'll be right back."

He went to the edge of the thicket and whistled. Mavrouki was started at once for the old camp. Kits, freshened from her bath, hastened to join him.

"I heard you," said she. "How is he?"

Maclyn told her the situation. "I don't know what to do," he confessed.

"You've done the only thing—humor him," she approved.

They returned together to Breck. "I've sent Mavrouki to camp," Maclyn answered the question in his glance.

"That's good," breathed Breck.

"There's nothing to do until he gets back. See if you can't take it easy."

"No," said Breck. "And now, lad, if you don't mind, I want to talk to Kits."

Maclyn withdrew, uneasy and distressed, to the slope outside, where he could intercept Mavrouki. The conference lasted a long time. At the end of an hour he discovered a single figure returning across the veldt. Only when that hope was taken away did he realize how strong it had been.

Mavrouki was laden like a camel. He toiled up the slope and deposited his burden with a grunt of relief.

"They are not there, *bwana*," he reported. "We shall not see them again. *M'buzi!*" Having thus dismissed them with appropriate contempt, he turned to more practical matters. "See, *bwana*, here is a blanket for *mem-sahib*, and dried meat and the *kibuyus* for water, and blankets for you and for me; and here is all the *posho* that remains. It is not much. We have all that is necessary." He surveyed the pile with satisfaction. Then he reached inside his shirt and from the slack between that garment and his body he carefully drew forth the golden vase. "And here," said he, "is the *balauri* belonging to that god."

"You have done well, Mavrouki," approved Maclyn.

"When, *bwana*, do we make *safari?*" inquired the old man. "It is well to make *safari*. To be sure, we have here the *balauri* and the knife of that god, and my *n'dowa* is very strong; but it may well be that this god has *n'dowa* of which we know nothing. Besides," Mavrouki added practically, as he took snuff, "it seems probable that the people of this god may return."

"*Bwana* Kali Sana cannot make *safari*. You know that!" cried Maclyn with impatience.

"E-e-e!" observed Mavrouki noncommitally.

"Look here, Mavrouki," asked Maclyn, "how about these people? Do they live near or far away?"

"That I do not know, *bwana*."

"Does not your *n'dowa* tell you that? Better ask it."

"My *n'dowa* does not tell me, *bwana*."

"Damn your *n'dowa!*" burst out Maclyn.

(Continued on Page 87)

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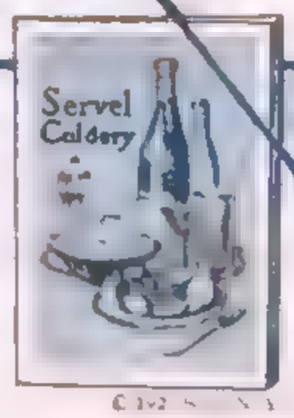

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(Continued from Page 82)

Kits' voice was heard calling. Maclyn found her sitting by Breck's side, her face very grave.

"Listen, lad," Breck cut short the young man's cheering remarks, "this is not the time to deceive ourselves. She"—he moved his head almost imperceptibly toward Kits—"has made me see that. So here it is: I'm not going to get well —— No, don't argue; I can't talk much. I know."

"But—but ——" objected Maclyn, suddenly stricken hollow.

"My lung is punctured. They nicked the end of it. I knew that as soon as the blood came from my mouth. And it's not a clean wound."

"But even lung wounds in the war ——"

"Please!" interrupted Breck. "It's a matter of sepsis. I know the symptoms. That's settled. Let's take it for granted and go on from there. Why, lad, you mustn't take it so! I've had a good life; a verra full life; a longer life than I had any reason to expect. I'm satisfied." He fell silent for an instant. "Gather yourself, lad, and listen. Listen! I must speak while my head is clear, before the poison and the fever begin to cloud me. You must get out, and get out right away!"

"How about you?" Maclyn's voice was quietly obstinate.

"I don't count any more. You'll leave me."

Maclyn laughed shortly. "I think the fever is in your head already, Kali Sana."

"Lad," said Kali Sana, "it may sound like the fever to you, but it's no the fever. It's Africa. There are necessities here that exist nowhere else. Look you! I have traveled the thirst with a *safari* of a hundred men making a forced march to reach water, and at noon one has given out. If I stayed to care for him, all the rest might die of thirst; certainly many would. If I left him, the beasts would surely get him. I did what I had to do, in mercy to him and to all the rest. I had him shot. That is Africa. Is not that true, Kits?"

The girl nodded without speaking.

"Well, here Africa has brought us to a similar crossroads. Don't weaken yourself with sentiment, lad. This is man's work. Get yourselves out alive. Bring back your people. We don't count; it is progress and knowledge that goes on. It's your *casi* now; and dinna forget, it's bigger than any of us." He glanced from Maclyn to Kits and back again, seeking assent. They were both looking at him, attentive, somber. He went on, his voice now calm and level:

"This *casi* is no longer a personal affair. It's a world affair, you see. That's why you have no choice but to do as I say. Without you, the secret is lost, the whole record of a vanished civilization is gone. And dinna ye feel sorry on my account, lad. Think! I go out on the crest of a great discovery."

He fell silent again. After a moment's pause to permit him to resume if he cared to do so, Maclyn spoke in his turn. He, too, was quite calm and reasonable—at first.

"There's only one argument against you, Kali Sana," said he. "You're probably quite right and reasonable in all you say, but you've forgotten one thing; that's the Golden Rule. You've failed to put yourself in my place. Suppose I were as you are and you as I, would you leave me?"

"In the especial circumstances ——" began Breck.

Maclyn's forced restraint broke utterly. "I don't believe it!" he stormed. "And if you think that all the talk in the world could make me abandon you here, wounded, to die alone or be speared by a lot of greasy *shenzis*, to save my own precious hide or anybody else's precious skin or two dozen vanished civilizations—well, what do you take me for, anyway?" His voice broke with his emotion. "Dog-gone you, Kali Sana, I never dreamed you thought I could be such a skunk! Dog-gone you, if you weren't laid up the way you are, I'd—I'd lick hell out of you!" He turned away, fighting for control of himself, gulping to restrain plain unmanly blubbering.

Breck looked after him, perplexed, but with a very tender smile on his harsh and bearded mouth. Kits Forrester, watching him, felt her eyes fill with a sudden rush of tears. Breck turned to her, appealing. "You tell him, Kits," he begged, "that what I say is true."

"I agree with him," said she unexpectedly.

Breck closed his eyes as though weary. Then opened them as Maclyn strode back to his side. "You're wrong, lad. You do not see it whole." The strength was gone from his voice. He spoke in quick, gasping phrases. "We never fully live until we forget our little selves—a drop of water nearing the ocean. It's a great secret, lad; see life whole—leave me here—in peace—and carry on!"

Maclyn swallowed hard. He had regained control and he was fighting to hold it. "That's all right, *bwana*," said he. "We'll get a good ready, and when we can, we'll go. But don't you worry. I doubt if that gang will want any more of it. The two who got away won't have any too encouraging a tale to tell. And if they do come back, Mavrouki and I will handle them between us. There's only one way down into this place, and one or the other of us will be on the job there day and night."

The logical part of Maclyn's mind instantly reminded him that they themselves had managed to scramble down over by the needle, and that it was, of course, possible. He seized his logical mind by the scruff of its neck and kicked it into subconsciousness. This was no time for logic. "And you'll see, you're dead wrong about yourself. You're just weak and all in now, but you've got the constitution of an elephant. I'll get busy planting water for short stages, and in a week or so you'll be able to stagger along with us. So don't let's talk about it any more."

Breck closed his eyes again and for a long time lay immobile. Then he stirred restlessly. He stared about him and flung out one arm. "*M'bogo!*" he shouted in a loud clear voice. "*Angalia! Tembo makubwa huko chini nakamata risassi. Hi kali sana! Angalia!*"

Maclyn looked toward the girl, startled. "He's a little delirious," she said. "It's been too much for him." She placed her hand on Breck's forehead. "It's all right, Kali Sana," she murmured soothingly. "The elephant is dead."

Breck subsided into low incoherent mutterings, then calmed.

XL

AS THOUGH he had held his consciousness clear against the poison, rapidly inundating his system, only until he could make the attempt narrated in the preceding chapter, and now had let go, Breck lay the next three days in a state of almost constant light delirium. Occasionally for a few moments his own spirit looked forth from his troubled eyes, bewildered and a little dazed.

"Not gone yet?" he muttered on one of these occasions to Kits, who happened to be on watch. He tossed his head from side to side with a groan.

His was a tough body, hardened by long years. Aside from any of his ideas or desires, it put up a stubborn fight of its own against the invading hordes of septic germs. That it was a losing fight made no difference. Breck's constitution retreated sullenly from outpost to inpost, clinging desperately to the inner citadels of life, quite indifferent to the fact, apparently, that Breck was fighting on the other side.

"What day is it?" he inquired in another of his lucid intervals. When told, he knit his brows, painfully working out in his clouded mind the simple problem; then groaned again.

These intervals could be called lucid, but they were very foggy. Breck's brain cells were too full of toxins to permit him clear thought. Generally he lay still, without speaking. Indeed, it was most often by his falling silent from the shallow babblings of his fever that the watcher knew he had come to himself.

They took turn and turn about, the three of them. It was the only possible way. One must watch the pass; one must stay with Breck; the other might rest. Kits took her turn with the rifle by the white rock. It was possible to see plainly the rim above; so, should the savages return, she would have ample time, long before they could be halfway down the descent, to report them to the others. The watcher of the pass carried also the field glasses with which to keep an occasional eye across the floor of the crater to the base of the needle, where Maclyn and Breck had made their descent. On second thought, the young man did not anticipate danger from that direction. There had been no signs that anyone had ever, before them, found that way down.

Kits tended the dressing of Breck's wound, and she resolutely ordered Maclyn to keep away.

"But you make me feel so useless!" complained Maclyn.

"You've done your part—and you will do it again when the time comes. This is mine. I know a little about it because I've had to; you know nothing, as you've said. You'd just be in the way."

So Maclyn withdrew to take his place at the pass, and old Mavrouki came down to act as hospital assistant. Kits had done minor surgery among the natives, as has every Africander; and she knew a few first principles of the necessity of drainage and the like. Beyond that she could not go. She kept the wound open and drained and cleared away the pus, and bathed it with permanganate; and boiled out the bandages afterward in preparation for replacement the second day. And sadly she saw the pus discharges increase, and Breck's fever mount little by little, and the flesh fall away from his bones. Only his heart, his sturdy heart, pounded out its strong magnificent rhythm, sounding its drum beat of defiance in the citadel of life. She wondered at its sustained power, the accumulated capital of a clean life.

Maclyn did not see the pus discharges. Kits told him nothing. It was more to spare him a useless and sustained anguish than because of the reasons she gave that she dispensed with his assistance. Therefore the first turmoil of ups and downs was replaced in his spirit by a growing hope and confidence in Breck's recovery.

"He's holding his own," he kept saying. "He's got a wonderful constitution. There'll come a crisis, and then he'll hit the upgrade. But it's going to be a slow, long job. I'd better dry some more meat."

XLI

ON THE fourth day Breck's spirit, by a powerful effort, thrust itself above the miasmic fogs and mists of delusion and weakness into the clean air of complete self-possession. Maclyn was on watch at the pass. Kits was down by the stream, under a favorite shady bower of her own, in the dead deep sleep of recuperation. It happened to be old Mavrouki who squatted by Breck's side and who was the one to recognize the change.

"*Jambo, bwana,*" he greeted him, as though in salutation on his return. "You have come back."

"*Jambo,* Mavrouki," replied Breck. Singularly enough his voice was clear and normal. In that thrust upward above the fogs, his spirit had brought with it, and for its purposes, a strength of its own.

"I shall call the *bwana makubwa* and the *mem-sahib*," said Mavrouki, making to rise.

"Do not do so. My *shauri* is with you," Breck restrained him.

Mavrouki sank back to his heels, produced the corked tip of a gazelle horn, shook a little snuff from it in the palm of his hand. "Yes, *bwana*," he agreed.

"How many days is it now?"

"It has been four, *bwana*."

Breck groaned with impatience. "And you have seen no signs of those *shenzis* returning?"

"None, *bwana*."

"Do you think that it may be they will not return?" asked Breck anxiously.

Mavrouki composedly took the snuff from the flat of his hand. "That I do not know, *bwana*," said he; then—"It may be that these *shenzis* are now afraid. It may be that they think this god is angry. . . . Ah, *bwana*, that was a fight! Our *bwana makubwa* was as a lion. *N'gufu! N'gufu sana!*" Mavrouki paused, considering. "He has no name with our peoples yet. That shall be his name, *Bwana N'gufu.*"

"Strong—very strong," Breck muttered the translation to himself. "Yes, I think that name is well. Then you think these *shenzis* will not return?"

"That I did not say, *bwana*. It may be that they live far away, beyond the thirst, and that even now they come. *Tizama*—look you, *bwana!* This god is an old god and these people have served him from back beyond the memory of man. It is not likely they would desert him now. But I do not know."

"That, too, is possible," agreed Breck. He hesitated. His next question was proffered almost shamefacedly, and in gruff curt tones. "What does your *n'dowa* tell you?" he inquired.

"I have not asked my *n'dowa, bwana*. To what purpose? Here we are. What is to come will come. We are ready."

"Ask it now," said Breck, still more gruffly.

"Yes, *bwana*," agreed Mavrouki, quite matter of fact.

He built a tiny fire, threw upon it a powder from the skin bag he always wore about his neck, wrapped his head in his jacket. For some time he sat motionless; then threw aside the jacket and shook more snuff into his palm.

"They come, *bwana, mingi sana*—very many," said he. "They are distant two days' *safari*. They come from there." He extended his arm toward the far side of the crater.

Breck knit his brows, his blue eyes staring intently at the squatting figure the other side of the fire. "I wish I knew," he muttered to himself. "But at least I have his real opinion." He withdrew into an inner remoteness, returned with a deep sigh. "Soon I shall know," he reflected. "*Tizama*, Mavrouki," he said earnestly. "It is not well that *Bwana N'gufu* and the *mem-sahib* remain here. They must go. You must go with them, for you know the path."

"That is true, *bwana*. But they will not go. That also is true." Breck threw his hand out in a passionate gesture. "You have tried, *bwana;* that I have seen," said old Mavrouki gently.

Breck looked toward him, startled; but said nothing. For a long time he lay still, staring up at the sky. "Mavrouki," he said abruptly at last. "Are you strong? Can you carry me a little distance? I wish to sit there, yonder, where I can see out across the plains."

"Yes, *bwana*, I am strong."

He stooped and as gently as possible gathered the wasted form in his arms. Breck gasped and his face twisted with pain, but he made no sound. The gun bearer staggered to the edge of the platform and deposited his burden against the side of the great flat rock. Breck breathed heavily for a few moments, then passed the back of his hand across his eyes, collected himself and looked abroad. Mavrouki squatted silent at his side.

Long the old elephant hunter looked, his eyes passing slowly from feature to feature of the scene laid out before him, the shadow of the needle creeping toward his feet, the smoke, the glitter of the distant lake.

They lingered longest on the peaceful beasts grazing or moving slowly about. They passed to the great cone and the forests below them.

"Tell me of the elephants, Mavrouki." He spoke for the first time. "Have you seen them?"

"No, *bwana*, I have not seen them," said Mavrouki; "but I have seen their paths

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and their sign. They are many. There are tracks that are large, very large."

Breck sighed deeply. He continued for some moments to gaze at the forest, as if his fancy wandered foot-free among its mighty monarchs.

Then he tore his eyes away as though in a renunciation.

"Bring me the *mafuka* for the maps," he commanded.

From the contents of the case Breck selected the tiny flat medicine case with its row of little vials. Out of one of these he shook a half dozen white tablets into the palm of his hand.

"Take the *mafuka* back and place it just where you found it," he told Mavrouki. "And bring water."

He held the tablets in his hand, staring, unseeing, straight before him. The shadow of the needle stopped its steady march at the edge of the plain, crept slowly up the slope.

And all at once its coolness lay across Breck, gathering him to itself as under the protection of a mighty wing. The tenseness of his expression relaxed. A peace stole into his eyes, and a greeting, for now to him at last Africa was kind and gentle and pitiful.

He took the water gourd from Mavrouki's hand. "You will be silent, Mavrouki."

"*Bwana*, I know."

"Now you may go away."

Mavrouki looked down at the seated figure. Breck was staring straight out across the world, his eyes wide. The glow of the sunset shone in his face. "*Qua heri, bwana*," said Mavrouki—"good-by."

Breck did not answer—he was not there. Mavrouki hesitated a moment, then stole softly away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE VIKINGS' DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 5)

"How about a walk in the woods?" he suggested, with his gentlest smile. "I don't often get such a chance as this —— That is, unless you have an engagement."

The boy shook his head. "No," he replied; "as it happens, I've nothing whatever to do this morning. I'll be delighted to show you a little of Mt. Desert."

They wandered up the hill back of the house, through the pines, to an open sunny spot covered with gray reindeer moss on the very crest.

Mr. Tutt made no effort to force the conversation, but there was something so sympathetic about the old man's kindly face and gentle manner that they had not rested there twenty minutes before Robert had told him the whole story of his love affair with Dizzy Zucker.

"It all seems so foolish and unnecessary!" declared the boy, as he lay on the bed of moss with his hands locked behind his head, looking up at Mr. Tutt. "If father would only just see Dizzy once, and talk to her—but he won't even let me bring her to the house! It isn't as if she were an uneducated girl—Dizzy goes to college. You see, I'm on our college glee club and we gave a concert at Colby winter before last. Dizzy was on their reception committee. I thought she was the grandest girl I'd ever met, so honest and capable and perfectly lovely to look at. I guess she liked me pretty well, too, although she didn't say so.

"I went back to college, but I used to think of her a lot, and once I sent her a book of poetry—Yeats, you know—and got a nice letter from her, saying she hoped we'd meet again sometime—nothing much, but very friendly and nice. Well, the following summer dad rented this place here in Bar Harbor in order to give my sister a chance to meet what he calls the right sort of people, and when I got here I found that Dizzy had taken a job in the village tea room. Of course, after that, I saw her all the time."

"That was a year ago?"

"Yes. I didn't see her but once all last winter. You see, Dizzy's father died a long time ago, and she has always lived with her mother and her grandfather on the island except when she has been away at school and college, or working. Last March her grandfather was taken sick with pneumonia and they sent for her to go back. He died and she stayed on there to look after her mother, who is quite an old lady and can't be left alone. I saw Dizzy for a couple of days during the Christmas vacation while she was visiting her brother in Boston. I want her to go back to college again this autumn, but she says she ought not to leave her mother; and that, anyhow, they couldn't afford it unless she makes a lot of money this summer lobstering. It makes me feel like thirty cents to be hanging around here doing nothing while she's hard at work over on the island.

"I suppose dad would like me to marry the daughter of somebody just like himself, who'd made a few millions in mining or insurance or electric lighting or canned goods, and is satisfied to spend three or four months here in the summer going out to a lot of fat luncheons and dinner parties. He talks a lot about wanting to have me begin where he leaves off. Well, where is he leaving off? As far as I can make out, it's at the Kebo golf course and the Pot and Kettle Club. I don't mind coming up here in my college vacations and swinging a golf club for a week or so, in order to be near him, but I'd a darn sight rather be off camping in the woods, or taking a walking trip in Switzerland, or putting in a couple of months with Grenfell in Labrador.

"Perhaps dad shouldn't have sent me to college if he wanted me to be the perfect type of American business go-getter. It isn't that I don't like business. I do. I really enjoy it a lot. I'm pretty good at figures and I've taken a lot of courses in economics and banking. But I've taken others, too—in philosophy and fine arts—and I think there's something in life besides money." He considered a moment. "I want to be perfectly fair to dad. I'm not sure he really values money any more than I do, but he confuses the kick he gets out of making it. It's his form of sport, you see, with the thing itself—that's his fallacy. He says he judges people by what they've done, whereas he really judges them by what they've got. I agree that manufacturing breakfast food is a high and honorable calling, only I don't see why the man who makes it is any better than the woman who passes it around the table.

"And then, of course—speaking confidentially—dad is bugs on this Nordic business. To hear him you'd think the present generation of Dingles were of undiluted English blood. You got all this talk of his about our being merely good honest yeoman stock? Well, I looked that good old yeoman stock up, and the first Dingle to come over was a ticket-of-leave man whose family had to pay his debts to get him out of jail. And dad's paternal grandmother was a French Creole born in Martinique. I don't suppose he counts her in at all!

"He's just as muddled in his theories about racial inheritance as he is over that democracy-of-opportunity-and-aristocracy-of-achievement bunk of his in which he measures achievement simply by how much money a man has got. It seems to me that it's not how much a man has got but how he gets it that counts. I'm ready to become an aristocrat by achievement in the breakfast-food business and carry on the prestige of the Dingle family, but I'm going to marry whom I choose!

"I don't regard it as any particular favor to me for dad to load me up with all his money. I'd enjoy life exactly as much as a retailer as if I were a wholesaler—selling athletic goods, writing ads or raising chickens, so long as I do it with the girl I love. From what Dizzy tells me, there's a lot of excitement in the lobster business. Dad is too pig-headed even to see her! Once I told him her name and where she came from, he shut up like a clam. He won't even let me use the launch to go to see her. . . . Can you keep a secret?" Mr. Tutt nodded solemnly. "So she has to come over here to Bar Harbor to see me!"

"How does she get here?"

"In her own motorboat. She can make it in four hours and a half. . . . I haven't any money of my own, but I can work. If dad won't give his consent to our marriage I can marry without it. I'm fond of dad, but he doesn't need a lawyer half so much as a little broad-mindedness. He at least ought to be willing to listen to me."

"I'll do my best to see that he listens to you," said Mr. Tutt.

IV

IT IS a scant mile from the top of Malvern Hill, where the millionaires live, to the boat wharf, where the real life of Bar Harbor centers—the steam laundry, the bakery, Hodgkins' fish market, Nickerson & Spratt's feed store, Mr. Angelo's peanut stand, Charlie Parker's canoe float and supply store, and the Dirigo landing, where once in a blue moon you can find an old-time Portugee seaman with rings in his ears. Thither it was that Mr. Tutt, who always gravitated toward the genuine rather than the artificial, leaving behind him the graystone château of good old yeoman Dingle, took his way. From the bluestone drive he debouched into a broad concrete highway lined with flower-bedecked stone walls, and smoking a contemplative stogy, strolled down West Street toward the harbor.

Descending a hill, he passed a small grocery store where prominent in the window was a pyramid of party-colored packages labeled Dingle's Korn Pops. America was surely the land of opportunity! Contemplatively, he continued, pausing to buy a package of peanuts from Mr. Angelo, and arriving eventually at the steamboat wharf, where he sat down on one of the piles.

Engrossed in the view and otherwise fully occupied in eating his peanuts, he was rudely accosted from below: "Avast there! What ye doin' with them shells?"

Directly beneath him lay an exquisite mahogany launch nearly a hundred feet in length. Flags fluttered at her bow and stern, her brass blazed in the sunlight and the waves reflected themselves in dancing ripples on the green of her shining water line.

Her red-faced captain, no less immaculate, glared up at the old lawyer. "Don't y' s'pose I've got suthin' better to do than pick up your peanut shells?" he demanded.

"Sorry. Very careless of me. . . . Have a peanut?"

"No, I won't!"

"Sorry. My mistake. . . . Nice launch you've got there. . . . Have a cigar?"

The captain's austerity melted, as did that of most people when Mr. Tutt was around. "Thanks, don't mind if I do." He made a fair catch. "Yes, she's a pretty good boat."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Feller named Dingle."

"Don't say! I've heard of him."

"Like to come aboard?"

"I sure would!"

Thus it was that Mr. Tutt made another friend.

V

THE bell of the launch jangled, the dial registered Full Speed—Reverse, and the Arrow churned back into a whirlpool of seething foam.

(Continued on Page 91

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COUPE
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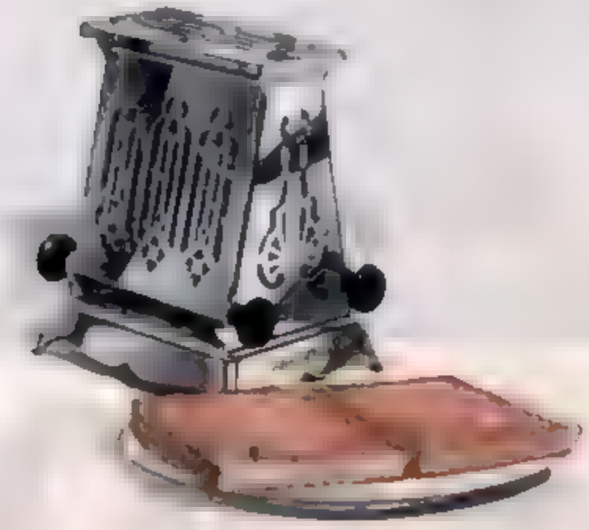

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(Continued from Page 88)

The launch, bearing the two elderly men on their cynical adventure, had raced seaward for an hour, slicing through the rollers, while the silhouette of Mt. Desert sank lower and lower over the stern. Then on the uttermost purple rim had lifted a gray shadow, growing in definition each instant as they leaped toward it, until it had become an island with ruddy granite cliffs and fir-capped promontories; lonely, yet beautiful, and seemingly uninhabited save by the snowy gulls that spotted its rocky shores or flickered against the background of its black pines.

"That's Mud," announced the captain "Nothin' much else between us an' Lisbon."

At that moment he observed a jagged, barnacle-covered rock, not quite awash, apparently rushing directly at the Arrow, and gave a frenzied jingle.

"That was a close one!" he ejaculated, gazing anxiously at the island across the maelstrom created by the Arrow's abrupt retrocession. "It's been some time since I was over here."

He slipped the lever to Ahead and the launch hummed in a sweeping half circle around the nearest promontory. "That's the harbor—such as it is."

They were at the mouth of a narrow cove the shores of which, littered with buoys, nets and lobster pots, rose everywhere in steep gravel banks to where it joined the meadow. At the farther end a few weather-beaten gray shanties clustered about a sagging wharf. Unless one wanted to shin up the slimy piles, it was difficult to see how one could get up there.

"Tide's goin' out. I'll have to set you ashore in the tender," the captain allowed. "I'll run in ez fur ez I darst."

With her engines at Slow the Arrow nosed a hundred yards or so in toward the wharf, the anchor was dropped, the dinghy lowered.

"Wait for us, captain," directed Mr. Dingle, as he climbed in, followed by Mr. Tutt. "We'll be back inside of an hour."

"All right, sir. I can't stay in here 'count of the tide, but I'll hang around close as I kin. I'll be watchin' out fur ye."

Mr. Tutt looked about him, sniffing the reek of tar and seaweed. So this was Mud Island! The grim suspicion came creeping over him that, after all, Mr. Dingle might be right. How could any girl who lived in such a place, even if she had gone to college, make a suitable wife for a young man of Robert Dingle's tradition and environment? Well, they would see. But first, how were they ever going to climb up that almost perpendicular bank? Slipping and sliding, his congress shoes filled with loose gravel, Mr. Tutt, followed by his fat client, scrambled up the slope and collapsed panting on a bed of juniper at the top. There was no suggestion of a road; no sign of life except the footpath that straggled around the cove to the group of houses on the opposite side. There was not even a cow in sight.

"This is a hell of a place!" grunted the perspiring Mr. Dingle. "That girl must live over in one of those hovels "

They walked along the path, which presently ducked over the dune and quartered the stony beach, left bare by the receding tide. A grizzled gaffer with incredible ringlets was searching among the stones, watched from a distance by a small freckle-faced boy. The ancient one looked up at their approach.

"Ain't seen a knife blade, have ye?" he cackled at Mr. Dingle. "I lost one here some'res ever so long ago. I dunno where it is." The cracked voice was plaintive.

"I have not!" snapped Mr. Dingle, stepping aside into a mudhole.

"He's all right!" called out the small guardian, approaching. "That's only old Pop Mullins. He's cracked, but he won't hurt nobody. Been lookin' for that knife blade for the last thirty years. He's eighty-seven. Folks never dies here. . . . Dizzy Zucker?- Sure, I know where she lives. You keep on this path round the cove, an' up over that hill thar, an' through the grove, an' you'll see it. Big yaller house."

It was a glittering afternoon. About them the meadow was sprinkled with daisies and wild roses. Beyond the reddish rocks of the headland they could see myriads of white horses racing shoreward across a bay of indigo. The air was full of grassy smells, pungent with the odor of thyme, juniper and sun-dried moss, the breeze fragrant of fir and balsam. From overhead the sun burned hot upon their backs. Through the drone of bees and the rasping of locusts came the faint syncopated tinkle of unseen cowbells, the occasional bleat of sheep.

"It's a fine afternoon," admitted Mr. Dingle. "These folks have a pretty nice place to live in—if they are able to appreciate it."

The path led up the hill, traversed a grove, and unexpectedly emerged upon the other side of the promontory. A horizon of unbroken ocean encircled them. From the beach below came the roar and rattle of the breakers. A solidly built two-story house with a cupola, surrounded by tall pines, faced the sea a hundred yards back from the edge of the cliff. Beside the open door of a shed, piled high with birch logs, a hatchet lay upon a wood block, the ground littered with white chips. Smoke was rising from the kitchen chimney.

"Go ahead. You must do the talking," directed Mr. Dingle.

Mr. Tutt knocked on the kitchen door, which was opened by a pleasant-faced woman, spotless in white calico.

"Does Miss Dizzy Zucker live here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman, "here's where she lives. She's out at present. But if you want to bargain for lobsters, it isn't any use, for she's all contracted up with Blank & Blank down to Boston."

"We're not looking for lobsters," answered Mr. Dingle stiffly. "We want to see her about something else."

"Well, if you want to try to find her, she's gone over to read to old Captain Freeman. He's stone-blind. She reads to him 'most every afternoon. You can follow the path right along the cliff."

They strolled on and entered the fragrant woods again, pausing frequently to enjoy the ocean glimpses through the trees.

"Say!" unexpectedly exclaimed Mr. Dingle, as they gazed through a framework of spruce and hemlock at the blue white-flecked bay. "This would be some site for a summer cottage, wouldn't it? Just look at that view! A fellow could buy one of these islands and have it all to himself. Don't suppose it would cost hardly anything to speak of. He could have a regular place over at Bar Harbor, with all the society he wanted, and come over here every day or so to—to ——"

"—— to live?" suggested Mr. Tutt.

The path circled back through the pines and they found themselves once more on the edge of the meadow overlooking the cove.

Here, in a patch of sun, a tall old man with snow-white hair and beard was sitting with closed eyes, his head resting against a pine trunk. Beside him, flat on her stomach, lay a girl reading aloud—the girl Mr. Tutt had seen that morning on the float. She lifted her eyes at their approach.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Are you Miss Zucker?"

"Yes," she said, without moving, "that is my name."

"Would it be convenient for you to have a few moments' talk with us—on a matter of business?"

"That's all right, Dizzy," boomed from the old man's lips. "Don't you bother about me. You must 'a' read more'n an hour already. Go ahead and talk to these folks."

Miss Zucker scrambled to her feet. She was still dressed in her khaki overalls. She had presented a pretty enough picture in the early morning as she stood in the stern of the launch with her hand upon the wheel; now, close at hand, Mr. Tutt perceived that she had real beauty.

Perhaps, Thought Mr. Tutt, It Was by the Light From Those Same Windows That Captain Freeman and Captain Higgins Had Shaped Their Homeward Courses on Their Return From Far-Distant Ports Across the Seas

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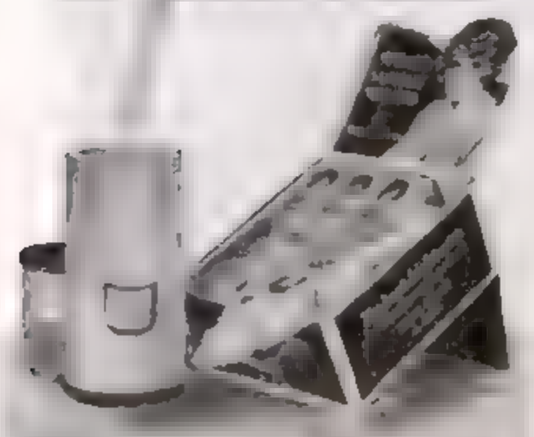

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"What do you want to speak to me about?"

Mr. Tutt, ignorant as he was of all feminine artifices, could not but wonder whether the blue cap and jersey had not been selected with an eye to contrast, for against them her bobbed yellow locks and clear sunburned skin looked almost golden. They made her eyes sky blue, her white teeth whiter. She stood easily erect, with her head thrown slightly back as if she were looking out to sea. Although her shoulders in the tight jersey looked absurdly small, she was only half a head shorter than Mr. Tutt—and Mr. Tutt was a tall man. Her expression was frank and direct.

"I haven't any lobsters—if that's what you want," she added.

Mr. Dingle rubbed his chin and looked at his companion.

"Allow me to introduce myself." The old lawyer bowed. "My name is Tutt—Ephraim Tutt—and this is Mr. Allison Dingle."

Miss Zucker flushed under her tan—flushed to the top of her temples, the tips of her ears.

"Tutt—Dingle? I never knew anybody by those names," interjected Captain Freeman. "You're not island men, are you?"

Mr. Tutt, repressing a natural desire to explain that they were Nordics, admitted that unfortunately they were not island men.

A moment of mutual embarrassment followed, relieved by a totally unexpected diversion.

Miss Zucker pointed suddenly to the cove. "If that's your launch, she's in trouble!" she exclaimed. "Looks to me as if she were aground."

A single glance was enough to satisfy them that the Arrow was, indeed, in trouble, for she lay canted on her side high out of water in mid-channel, surrounded by a flotilla of skiffs and lobster boats, while Captain Hull waved his arms and shouted ineffectually at the cosmos.

"Never ought to have come in on ebb tide," interjected the blind man, towering to his feet. "It's plumb crazy. You don't know much about this coast, I reckon."

"Better come along and see if we can't get her off!" cried the girl, running swiftly down the hill, followed by Mr. Tutt and his client.

"She's hard and fast on the bar!" she shouted to them over her shoulder, as she climbed into a dory and pushed off.

"Say," panted Mr. Dingle, "this is awkward!"

A crowd of perhaps twenty islanders was gathered on the beach, yelling encouragement and jocularities at the unfortunate Hull, who, waist high in the water and assisted by the mate, was attempting to lift the bow clear of the mud.

"I got trapped just like a lobster, b'gosh!" he shouted. "We come into the dog-goned cove all right, but when I went to turn around to git out I got stuck on this here dog-goned mudbank. Tide must 'a' dropped jist enough to ketch us."

He grasped the bow in his arms and heaved. The thin mahogany cracked.

"Look out! You'll rip the engines out of her!" warned the girl. "You can't move until the tide comes in."

"And when will that be?" inquired Mr. Dingle.

"About six tomorrow morning."

"Dear me, this is awkward!" repeated Mr. Dingle.

The girl, who had been surveying the situation from a dory, came rowing toward them.

"Your launch is all right," she said. "Luckily the bottom where she went aground is soft and level, and will distribute the weight of the engines so that they won't tear through. She'll lie there safe enough until morning."

"Isn't there any way for me to get back to Mt. Desert?" inquired Mr. Dingle, addressing Dizzy for the first time directly.

"Cap'n Higgins might take you over in this dory. He puts on an outboard motor—she makes nearly six knots."

"How long would it take?"

"About six hours."

"But I wouldn't get home until one o'clock tomorrow morning!"

"Besides which you haven't as yet accomplished your purpose in coming here," warned Mr. Tutt.

"Looks as if we'd have to spend the night. Do you know of anybody who would put us up?" asked Mr. Dingle.

"The Duncans might take you in. They sometimes accommodate people," she replied. "Shall we go there and see?"

They followed the duck board that constituted the main street toward a frame house planted in the middle of a field. Four adults, three men and one woman, rocking on the porch and regarding the horizon with studied unconcern, stolidly awaited their approach. The men were all in their shirt sleeves and collarless, apparently taking turns spitting over the crazy balustrade.

"Good evening, Mrs. Duncan," said Dizzy. "These gentlemen want to spend the night. Can you accommodate them?"

Mrs. Duncan seemed to be suffering from acute indigestion. "No, I can't!" she snapped after a lengthy silence.

"She can't!" echoed the last spitter; "school-teacher's stayin' here."

"I'm sorry. We'll try Mrs. Godkin."

The man at the other end of the row spat joyously. "She's full too. The coastwise missionary's got her only room."

Mrs. Duncan's turtle eye was fixed upon a tin can containing one dingy geranium. "Why don't you take him in yourself?" she inquired, adding enigmatically, "I guess what's good enough for one is good enough for another."

Dizzy turned to her companions. "Do stay with us. Mother will be delighted to have you," she said cordially.

Already the sun's red ball was rolling on the purple horizon and the shadows of the pines were shooting across the field. A wind chill from the mists of the Bay of Fundy drew down the hill.

"Really, this is most embarrassing," said Mr. Dingle in an aside to Mr. Tutt. "What the dickens are we going to do?"

"Unless you want to sleep out here in the meadow, I guess you are going to spend the night at Mrs. Zucker's," succinctly replied Mr. Tutt to Mr. Dingle.

The shipwrecked Son of the Revolution turned humbly to the daughter of the islands.

"Er—really, I hardly know what to say," he stammered. "I—er—hate to impose upon your mother; but if there's nowhere else ——"

"There isn't!" she laughed. "You will be entirely welcome. If you can amuse yourselves looking around the town for a few minutes, I'll dash ahead and get things ready."

"Well—it's awfully good of you," began Mr. Dingle, but already the girl had turned and was running light-footedly up the hill.

He stared helplessly at Mr. Tutt. "Say!" he ejaculated. "I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars!"

VI

MR. TUTT and Mr. Dingle watched Dizzy Zucker disappear among the pine trees at the top of the hill. "I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars," repeated the manufacturer miserably. "It's the most awkward thing that could possibly have occurred. Imagine coming over here to try to buy off a—er—blackmailer and then finding yourself forced to accept her hospitality and spend the night in her house! It's—it's grotesque!"

"Oh, it isn't so bad as all that," Mr. Tutt encouraged. "In fact, it seems to me to be almost providential. It puts us on a solid and amicable footing at the very start, and gives us plenty of time to feel our way along instead of hurrying roughshod through negotiations that will probably require very delicate handling. In fairness to the girl herself, you ought to find out something about her, first hand; anyhow, that will be necessary in order to make up our minds what to offer her."

"Well, as I told you before we started," replied Mr. Dingle doggedly, "I'll buy the whole island before I'll let my son marry into a lobster man's family. It doesn't look as if it would cost much either. I don't believe the land is worth over fifty dollars an acre cleared, if that; and uncleared, it's practically worthless. What bothers me is how you are going to broach the subject. She might take it into her head to get mad and throw us out of the house, and then where would we be?"

"Right here in this meadow," admitted Mr. Tutt.

"You'll have to wait until morning before you try to talk business with her," warned Mr. Dingle. "Anyhow, as you say, the more we know about her, the better we'll be able to calculate what to offer. How about giving the village the once-over, as she suggested. What a wretched-looking place! I don't believe they've even got a church! How do you suppose they manage to make a living?"

"From the sea, I suppose," answered Mr. Tutt. "Don't you think we'd better go back and try to arrange to have Captain Hull and your crew taken care of for the night? They can't sleep on the Arrow."

Captain Hull and the engineer were just coming ashore in the dinghy as Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dingle reached the beach, where a reception committee composed of the entire population of Mud Island, including old Pop Mullins, was awaiting their arrival. The sand bar on which the Arrow had gone aground was now clear out of water and she lay high and dry across the mouth of the cove.

"Darned if I had any notion there was any such tide here as that!" declared Captain Hull in extenuation of his error as he climbed shamefacedly out of the dinghy. "Must be over two fathoms if it's an inch!"

"Tide averages eleven foot," replied Captain Freeman, who had seated himself on a tar barrel and was interrogating the witnesses to the disaster. "There won't be a part'cle o' water in this cove two hours from now. You kin walk acrost it anywheres."

"I was diggin' clams this mornin' right where your propeller lies," announced another ancient mariner.

"Say, Joe, you didn't see nuthin' o' that knife blade of mine out thar, did ye?" inquired Pop Mullins. "I lost it ever so many years ago an' I've been lookin' fer it ever since."

"Sorry, Pop, but I didn't," answered the other old man in a kindly tone. "I heard you lost one and I'll keep an eye out fer it."

"What sort of a knife was it?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"It were an oyster knife—a new one," replied Pop. "That is, it were a new one when I lost it. I guess it would be kind o' rusty by this time."

"Come up to the store and I'll buy you a new one," volunteered the lawyer.

Pop appeared overwhelmed by such munificence.

"Wa-ll, na-ow, that's very kind of ye, I'm sure," he said with an embarrassed smile. "I don't know es I ought ter let ye do so much for me."

"It won't do no good," declared Captain Freeman. "Dizzy buys him a new knife every six weeks or so, and he just puts 'em away somewheres and goes on lookin' fer the old one."

"No matter," said Mr. Tutt. "I'd like to buy him a knife."

"Go along, Pop," urged the crowd. "Let him git ye a new one."

Headed by Pop Mullins, Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dingle, the crowd moved in single file along the duck board toward the group of shanties constituting the village. A flight of steps, so high as to seem almost like a ladder, led up to the door of a weather-beaten combination post office and grocery store which stood on the side of the hill. Two little girls and a wizened old man

(Continued on Page 94)

You pay no more for MAZDA *Lamps*

Look for "MAZDA" on the base

It costs no more, in time, trouble or money to have MAZDA Auto Lamps—and no one claims that there is anything better, at any price. As a matter of fact, every notable improvement in auto lamps that has been made—the concentrated filament, the depressible beam, the corrugated bulb, and so on—*every one* is a development of MAZDA Service, in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

National

The mark "MAZDA" is not the name of a product, but the distinguishing mark of a *Research Service* which has been the means of improving incandescent lamps and reducing their cost since 1910.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC *PRODUCT*

MAZDA *Auto Lamps*

(Continued from Page 92)

with a nutcracker face stood staring down at the approaching throng.

"Hi, Henery!" yelled someone. "This man's goin' to buy Pop a new knife. Got one?"

"Reckon I hev," mumbled Henery. "Come on up an' I'll see what there is."

"Henery's postmaster," explained Pop as they laboriously climbed the steps. "He's been postmaster pretty nigh ez long's I kin remember. He come from Lowell, Massachusetts, time of the war—didn't ye, Henery?"

"I sure did, Pop," answered the wizened one. "I come here the year President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Lowell was my home. I used to know Gen. Benjamin F. Butler well. But I had a hankerin' fer the sea an' this seemed a likely place. . . . How'll one o' them do ye?"

"How much is it?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"A quarter. It's the kind Dizzy allus gits fer him."

"Thank you very much," said Pop, pocketing the knife. "You'll find Henery a very interesting man."

"You say you came here during the Civil War?" challenged Mr. Dingle suspiciously. "How old are you, may I ask?"

"I'll be eighty-nine next month," said Henery. He lifted off his ragged wig, disclosing an entirely bald skull. "This ain't my own haar, ye see. But there's plenty o' folks livin' on this island older'n I be. Take old Captain Higgins—he's nearly a hundred."

"Where does he live? I'd like to meet him," said Mr. Tutt.

"First house to the right at the end of the street," replied the postmaster. "Pop will be glad to show ye."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, leaving behind it a fan of gold. Overhead the sky was dappled with pink clouds. The reflected light bathed the weather-beaten sheds and dwellings, and the no less weather-beaten faces of the old folks about them, in a magic sheen. The pines upon the promontory stood like bronze pillars against the deep blue. Mr. Dingle felt as if he were in a strange mysterious world unlike anything he had ever known before and in which nothing was real. They bade the postmaster good night and walked on. Standing apart a hundred yards up the hill was a shanty no bigger than a large doll's house.

"That's whar Cap'n Higgins lives," said Pop. "He most allus goes to bed at sundown, but I'll rout him out. He'll be glad to see ye."

The doll's house was perhaps eight feet high by seven feet square, with tiny windows, surrounded by a fence inclosing a miniature garden of phlox, sunflowers and hollyhocks.

Pop pounded on the closed door with his fist.

"Ahoy, Cap'n Higgins!" he cackled. "Got visitors fer ye! Let down your companionway!"

A muffled bellow came from somewhere under the roof, there was a heavy creaking, the door opened a crack, and a huge white beard protruded from it.

"Who's that?"

"It's me—an' some men from the mainland," explained Pop.

The door opened wider, a shaggy white head appeared in the aperture, and its owner came forth, stooping, and stood up. Erect, he was nearly as tall as the rooftree of his house.

"Glad to see ye," he said in a deep husky voice, extending a gnarled, blue-veined hand first to the manufacturer and then to Mr. Tutt. "I can't ask ye to come in, 'cause there ain't room. There's hardly space fer the cats after I get in."

"What a delightful house you have!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "It's the smallest house I ever saw."

"Yes, it's a pretty good house. I built it myself," agreed Captain Higgins, obviously pleased at the compliment. "When I gave up the sea about twenty years ago I had to have some place to live, an' havin' no family and not wantin' to go to any o' them seamen's homes or such places, I set to and built myself this house. I've lived here ever since."

"May I peek in?" begged Mr. Tutt.

"Sure! Look all ye want."

Captain Higgins picked up the white kitten that was purring between his ankles and stepped to one side. Mr. Tutt bent his head and thrust it through the door. A rag carpet covered the floor, white dimity curtains hung across the windows, the unpainted walls were gay with lithographs. One side was completely filled with a modern, highly polished stove. There was a rocking-chair, but no bed. A ladder led upward to a manhole in the ceiling.

"Where do you sleep?" inquired the lawyer.

"I bunk 'tween decks," explained Captain Higgins. "There's just room for my mattress under the keel—I mean the ridgepole. I tried to make it ez much like my old quarters aboard the Sarah N. Higgins—my old barkentine—ez I could. Below decks, I've got my little galley and stateroom, and I've got my berth above. It's mighty snug and shipshape. It wasn't allus ez pretty ez it is now, though. Miss Zucker, a young lady who lives here—she's quite a near neighbor o' mine—gave me the picters and put up the curtains for me."

"We are spending the night at her mother's," explained Mr. Tutt.

"Wall, ye couldn't have a nicer place to stay!" declared Captain Higgins warmly. "The Zuckers are jest about the finest people on this island, or anywheres else, I reckon. They was among the first to come here way back in the time when nobody knew whether these islands belonged to France or England. I sailed with her father an' her gran'ther an' her great-gran'ther. They was all deep-sea men who could take a ship around the Horn or through the Strait of Malacca when there weren't no lighthouses or markin's on the reefs—just crammed full sail on her and sent her boomin' through."

"Do they still breed good sailors hereabouts?" asked Mr. Tutt provocatively.

"They do that—men an' women! I don't want to see any man handle a boat prettier than this here Dizzy Zucker, the young lady I spoke of. You know how Deer Island men rate, I reckon. They won't have none but them to sail the big international cup races. Well, Deer Isle is only eleven miles south of here, and the men on all these islands rate as Deer Island men. It's in the blood—they're loyal. They'll see ye through and they'll stick by ye. Now take Miss Zucker. She's one of the smartest girls ever I see—college-eddicated an' able. She could go anywheres an' be welcome—be an ornament to any society. But would she go away an' leave her mother? Not she! Lor' bless ye, she looks after every sick woman and child on this island! And that's sayin' suthin' when there ain't a nurse or a doctor or a midwife nearer than Swann's Plantation—fourteen mile by water. Dizzy's one of our selectmen now. She was elected unanimous last November."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "Is there much party feeling here?"

"Pretty strong. We've got thirty-seven voters, with a reg'lar Republican majority of five. It hasn't changed so fur ez I know in ten years. Dizzy was on both tickets."

"What an extraordinary old man!" declared Mr. Dingle as they said good night and walked on. "And a very garrulous one. He seems to have a rather high opinion of the Zucker family."

"Well, can you blame him?" mused Mr. Tutt.

VII

IT WAS dark by the time they reached the top of the hill, and they found their way through the grove to the house by the light shining through its windows. Perhaps, thought Mr. Tutt, it was by the light from those same windows that Captain Freeman and Captain Higgins had shaped their homeward courses on their return from far-distant ports across the seas. Inside, they could see Mrs. Zucker moving about her shining kitchen, and from the crack of the window came a pleasant smell of cooking.

"I don't know how you feel about it," growled Mr. Dingle, "but I've never been more embarrassed in my life. I don't see how I can partake of that woman's bread and salt and then turn right around and offer her money to keep her hands off my son. I'd rather not take a bite to eat. But to be honest, I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I'm glad the situation has not deprived you of your appetite," replied Mr. Tutt. "I think we are exceedingly fortunate in having such a comfortable place in which to spend the night. I'm quite hungry myself."

"Well, knock and get it over with," said Mr. Dingle, and Mr. Tutt knocked.

"No trouble at all," declared their hostess, leading them into the kitchen. "No trouble at all. I'm always glad to have any friends of Dizzy's stay with us—that is, if there ain't too many of 'em. Only I'll have to ask you to wait a few minutes more while I get supper. You just make yourselves comfortable there around the stove. . . . Sure, smoke all you want to. A sea captain's wife is used to tobacco."

Dizzy was not in evidence, but from the darkness outside came the sound of chopping, and presently she came in bearing an armful of wood in her strong young arms.

"I'll just run down to the car and get a few lobsters," she said, depositing the wood and picking up the lantern which she had left beside the door. "I won't be five minutes."

"It's certainly most hospitable of you," murmured Mr. Dingle as he took off his overcoat and settled himself as near the fire as seemed reasonably safe. "You really needn't cook any lobsters on my account."

"Oh, that's all right! Lobsters take the place of chickens with us," explained Mrs. Zucker. "I hope you both like 'em. Chicken feed is so high these days—an egg is quite a luxury. But lobsters take care of themselves. Thank God for the lobster, I say! When my great-grandfather, Isaac Weyman, moved over here from Swann's Plantation in 1833, these islands were all covered with fine farms. Salt was hard to get in those days and the islanders used to trade with any French or English vessels that came along—two pounds of fresh beef or mutton for one of salt. Think of that! They didn't do nearly so much fishing as you'd think. That came later. They were real homesteaders. I've heard him say that folks along the coast—including Boston and New York and Philadelphia—all lived just about the same—not much difference between city and country."

"I take it that your husband was a deep-sea sailor," commented Mr. Tutt.

"Yes; he and his father and gran'ther before him," she answered. "They all followed the sea. My husband was drowned when Dizzy was five years old, so Gran'ther Zucker came to live with us. He was a pretty old man by that time, so he took up lobsterin'. He died of the pneumony last winter."

She paused and sighed. From the stove arose the sound of sizzling accompanied by a delicious aroma.

"Gran'ther Zucker was a wonderful old gentleman," she continued. "He'd been most everywhere in the world. Him and Cap'n Freeman, his chum, sailed round the Horn together in 1871. They most always shipped in the same vessel when they could. . . . Gran'ther was terrible fond of Dizzy. Summers he taught her how to sail an' trawl an' make lobster pots, and winters he taught her out of books. 'Twas him prepared her for college. She's a senior now at Colby."

"Do many of the young people from the island go to college?" asked the lawyer.

"Most all the boys and girls that's fit to go. I don't hold with educating the whole kit and caboodle. But the general run goes either to Colby or Bates or the University of Maine. They work summers and go to college in the winters."

"And then what?" suddenly inquired Mr. Dingle, who was gradually shedding his embarrassment.

"The majority of 'em become doctors or lawyers or business men, and the girls get married and settle down in the cities. It's a great shame!"

"How do you mean—it's a great shame?" Mr. Dingle leaned forward.

"I hold they ain't near so happy nor don't begin to live near so well as they would if they stayed right on the island. My husband, Captain Zucker, said he'd sailed all over the globe, up and down, crisscross and sideways, and there weren't any prettier place than the Maine coast—and no climate anywheres that could touch it."

"That was your idea, too, in settling on Mt. Desert, wasn't it, Mr. Dingle?" said Mr. Tutt innocently.

"Why, yes—certainly," agreed Mr. Dingle.

"And look how much it costs to live in those places!" she rattled on with the volubility of one who rarely had a chance to talk herself out. "My son Lester, who's a doctor in Boston, he can't lay by anything. He's smart too. But what with a wife and four children, he's never been able to contribute toward sending Dizzy to college. She's earned her way—every cent of it—waiting on table an' clerkin' an' teachin'. She's a real smart girl, if I am her mother."

"Did you say she was in the lobster business?" inquired Mr. Dingle timidly.

"I don't know as I said it, but she is," answered his hostess. "Gran'ther Zucker had a fine string of traps, and when he died last winter it took all Dizzy's savings to pay for his illness and the funeral. D'ya know, there weren't a decent coffin this side of Bass Harbor? Anyhow, I was left all alone here, so she came back and carried on the business. She's doing well too—makes all her own traps an' everything. Next winter she aims to take me along to live with her while she finishes her course and gets her degree."

"Don't you look forward to seeing her married?" hazarded Mr. Tutt.

"I haven't seen anybody near good enough for her yet," declared Mrs. Zucker, turning to the stove.

At that moment the young lady herself entered the kitchen, carrying a basket. "Aren't they beauties?" she demanded, throwing back the cover.

Mr. Dingle looked in. He seemed fascinated. "Are those lobsters?" he exclaimed. "I always supposed they were bright red." They all laughed.

"You're learning," Mr. Tutt informed him.

As he watched Dizzy standing so unself-consciously in the lamplight in her brown overalls, her cheeks flushed from running uphill and damp with the mist that clung in hundreds of tiny drops to her hair and eyelashes, he wished that he had a daughter like her. Did they breed girls of such sort in cities? He wondered what his client thought about it. He continued to wonder when, ten minutes later, she came downstairs dressed in a trim one-piece frock of dark-blue worsted edged with white and began deftly to set the table.

Mr. Dingle arose. "Er—can I be of any assistance?" he asked.

The old lawyer had never passed a pleasanter evening. Neither had he ever eaten a more savory meal—broiled live lobsters with drawn butter, hot muffins, new potatoes in their jackets, fresh corn on the cob, griddlecakes and maple sirup, blueberries and cream, coffee.

"I'm supposed to be dieting," announced the manufacturer ruefully. "But I'm going to cut loose for once. I wish my chef could cook like this."

"Your what?" asked Mrs. Zucker.

Replete, they sat and smoked in the spotless kitchen while the two women cleaned up and washed the dishes. Just as they finished, Captain Freeman entered.

"Heard you men were here," he said. "Wa-al, you kin rest easy. Your boat

(Continued on Page 99)

THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES THE GENUINE FABRIC

BEAUTIFUL and luxurious things always make a strong appeal ~ everyone likewise has a deep respect for fine materials and faultless craftsmanship. And for these reasons there is a marked preference, among people buying fine enclosed cars, for Chase VELMO ~ that regal mohair fabric of incomparable richness which affords such sterling service for automobile upholstery

CHASE VELMO, VELVETS OF MOHAIR AND MOHAIR BLENDS

Made by SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE
The World's Largest Weavers of Mohair Pile Fabrics

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CHASE
Velmo

THE ONLY MOTOR CAR ENGINE THAT IMPROVES WITH USE

This Miracle of Engineering *for the first time fully explained*

THE LETTER reproduced on this page, from a Willys-Knight owner, is typical of many that come to us from time to time.

"Over a year ago, I purchased a "70" Willys-Knight Six. Since that time I have driven the car nearly 15,000 miles and, today, the motor is much smoother, quieter and more powerful than on the day I took delivery. It has not been necessary to have my car in the repair shop for any reason. Can you tell me why it is the Willys-Knight engine improves so steadily with use? I am often asked to explain this seeming phenomenon to my friends."

Naturally, it is difficult for any, save the professional automotive engineer, to grasp just why the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight—against all established engineering rules—shows, with use, so noticeable a gain in smoothness and quietness and power where, under precisely the same conditions, all poppet-valve types of engine register an equally noticeable loss.

The purpose of this advertisement is, in so far as space limitations will permit, to state the reasons why.

When we say that the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor *improves* with use—that it *wears in* to greater efficiency and power while other motors are *wearing out*—we mean just that. And in no theoretical sense. But in a thoroughly factful and completely literal way.

The reason for this apparent phenomenon lies in the actual constructional principles of the patented Knight sleeve-valve motor which are basically and radically different from those employed in any motor of the poppet-valve type.

No valves—just two single sleeves

The Knight sleeve-valve engine principle is by far the simplest of all automobile engine principles. For example, the Knight sleeve-valve motor has no valves, in the ordinary sense. The action of the intake and exhaust ports is controlled by two single sleeves, rather than by a series of valves with all their multiplicity of parts—lifter-rods, lifter-springs, cams and so forth—that make up the poppet-valve motor.

The sleeves in the Knight motor fit snugly inside

of the cylinder walls, one sleeve fitting inside the other. They are actuated by connecting rods which are in turn operated by the shaft corresponding to the camshaft of the poppet-valve motor. This shaft is driven by means of a silent chain at the front of the motor.

The connecting rods operating the sleeves act in the same manner as the connecting rods operating on the crank shaft. In other words their motion is constant and uniform and the load they carry is *always the same*. Hence, all tendency or necessity for intermittent and jerky action is completely eliminated.

Absence of friction—less wear and tear

As the shaft turns, the connecting rods lift or lower and in turn lift or lower the sleeves. In these sleeves are two port-openings. One for intake and one for exhaust. The sleeves themselves move a total distance of approximately only one inch. In this distance the ports meet to form an opening for the intake or the exhaust gases and then close to seal the power in the cylinder until the point of explosion or the point of exhaust.

The two sleeves slide by each other with a thin film of oil between. Any possibility of friction is thus reduced to the vanishing point. What this absence of friction means becomes more clear when you consider that, in due course, friction will lessen the efficiency and eventually destroy the finest engine ever built into a poppet-valve car.

Because of the relatively short distance which the sleeves travel —and because the operation of the connecting rods is constant and uniform—the *wear* and *tear* which in the popper-valve engine *must* come as a result of cams pounding against lifter-rods, these in turn pounding against valve-stems, which again lift the valves against the down-pull of the valve-springs and then subject them to the sudden down-pull of the springs, all of this *completely disappears* in the Knight sleeve-valve engine.

No valve adjustments

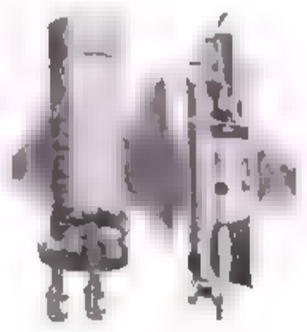
There is never any need for adjusting the valve-action in the Knight sleeve-valve motor. When the sleeves are first assembled into the motor, this is adjusted *for all time*. Therefore, since the valves in the Knight motor are *always* in proper adjustment, all of the wear and the trouble caused by improper valve adjustments is automatically done away with.

Willys-Knight wins world's record for high-gear hill-climbing, Klausen Pass, Switzerland.

In the cylinder-heads of the Knight motor a compression ring is set. The purpose of this is to seal the cylinder-head against any leakage of the gases under compression in the cylinders. Also to provide against any leakage of the suddenly expanded gases when ignition takes place. In the Knight sleeve-valve motor, the full power of the consumed gases is retained in the cylinders until the opening of the exhaust port permits the gases to escape. The more completely the cylinder is sealed against leakage of compressed gases, or of the suddenly expanded gases, *the greater becomes the power-efficiency of the motor.*

No carbon-cleaning

In the poppet-valve motor, carbon is always present as a result of incomplete fuel combustion, the admission of inadequately vaporized gasoline and the presence of lubricating oil. From the very start, this tends to overcome even the most elaborate precautions against loss of power. This carbon gathers on the valve-head and seat. It causes the valves to seat improperly. It fouls the cylinder walls and the piston top. Thus, with this carbon accumulation come the knocks and noises, and it is there the *loss* of power in the poppet-valve motor starts.

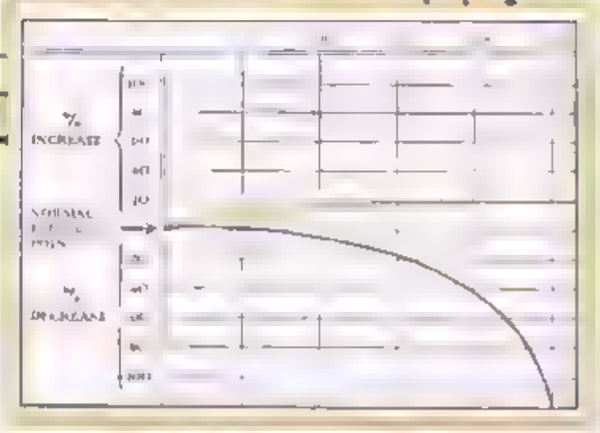


Simply two sleeves working smoothly, silently, up and down, one within the other, in a protective film of oil —and that is all.

In the Knight sleeve-valve motor, just the opposite is true. Such carbon as forms finds its way to the compression ring at the top of the cylinder, between the two sleeves and between the outer sleeve and the cylinder wall.

Gathering around the compression rings, it quickly forms an extremely tight seat through which the compressed gases cannot find a way out.

Between the sliding sleeves, this carbon is hardened into a glass-hard surface, constantly lubricated by the lubrication-system of the motor until there is no place between the sleeves where the compressed gases can find an exit until the opening of the exhaust port. And the same process takes place between the outer sleeve and the cylinder walls. Hence, the same identical thing which *breaks down* the efficiency of the poppet-valve motor, serves only to *increase* the Knight motor's efficiency and to *build up* its power.



Graph indicating estimated comparative efficiency of sleeve-valve (color line) and poppet-valve (black line) motors based upon average performance of both type. Note gradual rise of sleeve-valve engine efficiency curve up to and beyond the 75,000 mile mark and gradual decline to zero point of average poppet-valve engine at corresponding mileage.

Patented, exclusive

No carbon complications—no valve-grinding—freedom from the need for constant adjustment —an engine that is fool-proof, wear-proof, practically trouble-proof—and, because it has from 118 to 158 less working parts than any other, is almost wholly free from the necessity for repairs . . .

An engine you'll never wear out —that, instead of declining in power and efficiency as you run it, actually does *improve* with use . . .

An engine—patented, protected, exclusive—that other manufacturers would pay millions to get, because years of tests, both here and abroad, have proven it the most efficient type of automobile motor built . . .

These are the high-light advantages that are yours in the "70" Willys-Knight Six.

Examine this car for yourself—you'll delight in the beauty of it. Ride in it—you'll thrill to the comfort of it. Drive it—feel its responsiveness, its liveliness, the amazing power of it . . .

You really owe it to yourself to become informed upon the "70" Willys-Knight Six before committing yourself to any less desirable automobile.

* * *

"70" Willys-Knight Six prices from $1295 to $1525. Willys-Knight Great Six, from $1750 to $2295—f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice . . . The Willys Finance Plan offers unusually attractive credit terms . . . Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

"70" WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

—on Sale with all Fisk Franchise Dealers

Fisk Extra Heavy Balloon Tire -

Built for strength and safety. It is the newest and sturdiest tire built of Fisk *"Fillerless"* Cord Fabric. It is full oversize and of extra heavy construction throughout. It assures exceptional traction and protection against skidding. *Just* the tire for winter driving. It is your best insurance of freedom from any and every possible tire annoyance.

FISK TIRES

(Continued from Page 94)

seems all right and your crew are over to Putnam's. Thought you might like to know where they was. Anyhow, a 'gam' with a strange vessel is always agreeable."

"Come in, Captain Freeman," cried Dizzy, leading the blind man to a chair. "Did you have any trouble finding your way across the lot?"

"Nary a bit! I see as well by night as by day. I been walkin' that path now nigh on seventy years."

"May I offer you a stogy?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"No, thanks. I never got used to seegars," replied the old man. He filled his pipe and the girl lighted it.

"Yes, sirs! I kin remember when old Captain Lester Zucker built this house—Dizzy's great-gran'ther. That was in 1849, when everybody was all het up over the gold in Californy. He must 'a' been around ninety at that time. He run the blockade during Revolutionary days, fit the Barbary pirates, an' was with Commodore Perry in 1812. Yes, born right here on this island. His great-gran'ther settled here in 1698. He's buried up thar in the grove—spelled his name L-e-i-c-e-s-t-e-r. Unless the marble cutter made a mistake, he spelled Zucker different too—Z-o-o-k-e."

"That's right," nodded Mrs. Zucker. "They used to spell it that way, but they changed it, 'cause folks always mispronounced it."

Captain Freeman exhaled a cloud of smoke rivaling in size that of Mr. Tutt. "There used to be an *h* in it, somehow. Wa-al, it don't make no difference. But Captain Lester, he was quite interested in things like that. Told me he went somewheres in London once and paid to have it all looked up. But his son, Cap'n Isaac, never bothered about it none."

"We don't pay much attention to names around here," commented Mrs. Zucker. "Maybe we do spell it wrong, but what of it? A name don't mean anything, when you come to study it. There's Miss Duncan—she's always so ashamed because her great-great-great-grandmother was a full-blooded Kennebec Indian. I figured out she's only a one-sixty-fourth part."

"Zactly!" agreed Captain Freeman. "And if the Indian had been a buck instead of a squaw, Miss Duncan might have inherited his name spite o' the fact that she had sixty-three other ancestors just as closely related to her who was named entirely different."

Dizzy had been scribbling on the back of a paper bag.

"On that basis," she remarked, "and allowing four generations to a century, a person who traced his ancestry back three hundred years would have 4096 ancestors, from any one of whom he might have got his name."

Mr. Dingle showed signs of interest. "I really never thought of that before," he ruminated. "But, of course, it's quite true."

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,'" chuckled Mr. Tutt behind his stogy smoke.

"Three hundred years ain't such a long time," mused Captain Freeman. "Albeit a good many changes kin take place. I remember when all these islands was populated thick. Every inch of shore line was took up with farms, although no one did much farming. What they did was to build boats. You could hear the calkin' iron ringin' all the way from Calais to Biddeford Pool. I've seen sixty-two vessels built right in this very cove where you ran aground—brigs, barkentines, schooners an' full-rigged ships. Every man was a sailor an' his ambition was to sail his own ship. There was a heavy coastwise trade in salt cod an' lumber, an' to the Bahamas and West Indies. Occasionally a feller would take a sportin' chance and try Madeira, Lisbon, Algiers and Constantinople. The islanders was rich then. If a man died his widow would invest what he left in a ship—one thirty-second or one sixty-fourth."

"The lumber trade was a very active one," contributed Mr. Tutt.

"'Twas so!" agreed Captain Freeman. "An' a good deal of lumber that started for Boston an' New York never got farther than the captain's farm. There's lots of houses on this island built from lumber that was dumped ashore on the way by an' paid for by the consignor as lost at sea."

"There must have been a lot more goin' on here in those days than there is now," said Mrs. Zucker.

"Oh, them was lively times!" declared the captain. "We had a great deal of social life—corn huskin's, clambakes an' quiltin's. Folks was always visitin' around. I remember rowin' a girl fourteen miles to a huskin' over on Dog Island once."

"Dizzy's father and I sailed and rowed twenty-five to find a preacher to marry us," said Mrs. Zucker. "Took us all day to get there—and then he was out! He'd rowed eleven miles to Duck Island to bury a man."

"Conditions haven't improved much in that respect," said Dizzy. "There isn't a doctor or an undertaker nearer than fourteen miles by water. Of course, now that there are motorboats, it isn't so bad."

"Not unless there's a storm on," qualified her mother. "There's been many a soul passed out and many a child born on this island without assistance from doctors. But, of course, gasoline has made a big difference."

Mr. Dingle had been listening attentively.

"What you say, Captain Freeman, interests me extremely," he remarked. "What has been the reason for the decline of prosperity on these islands?"

"Steam," answered the old sailor. "It killed the coastwise trade, just as it did the overseas. There weren't no use building brigs an' schooners when one tug could tow a string o' barges half a mile long. So we quit shipbuildin'. Ever since then the folks on these islands has been livin' on their hump, more or less, although the hump don't amount to nothin' to speak of."

"That's when we began lobsterin'," said Mrs. Zucker. "If steam took away our carryin' trade, it enabled us to market our fresh fish and lobsters."

"What does it cost per pound to ship from here to Boston?" asked Mr. Dingle.

"Six cents," answered Dizzy. "Three cents to Rockland and three more to Boston. A power smack calls here a couple of times a week. I can sell direct for thirty-five cents a pound, or pay freight and try to profit by the fluctuation in price."

"We couldn't do no sech thing before steam," said Captain Freeman. "Some folks is inclined to lament modern inventions, but I hold there's a good deal to be said for 'em. . . . Don't y'want to turn on the radio, Diz, before I go?"

Dizzy vanished into the adjoining room and presently through the open door came the strains of Valencia.

"That's Russell's orchestra over at the Swimming Club in Bar Harbor," she said. "I tried New York and Boston, but there was nothing interesting."

"Wa-al, I must be gettin' along an' give you folks a chance to git to bed," said Captain Freeman, after the music had stopped. "Glad to have met you."

"I tell you it's a great comfort on a winter's night when there's a storm ragin' to sit here snug an' warm an' listen to a concert or an opry or a good speech, just like the folks on the mainland," remarked Mrs. Zucker appreciatively. "Makes you forget you're miles out to sea. We heard the President's speech just as clear as if he was upstairs. . . . Wouldn't you like to turn in?"

Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dingle agreed that it would not be a bad idea at all.

Lamp in hand, high above her head, the girl guided the two men up the narrow stairs. "This was gran'ther's room," she said, throwing open a door. "I hope you won't mind sleeping in the same bed." She put down the lamp, lingering for a moment to make sure that they had everything they might need.

It was a square, high-ceiled corner room, curtained with old-fashioned English chintz and furnished in heavy San Domingo mahogany. Upon the mantel stood an elaborate model of a Chinese junk, done entirely in ivory. A seaman's brass-bound chest stood in one corner, a tall secretary in the other, and upon the walls hung several prints of vessels under full sail. Mr. Dingle commented upon the beauty of the furniture, admiring the grain and polish of the mahogany. Her grandfather had brought it all himself from San Domingo more than sixty years ago, Dizzy said, and there were a lot of curious old things downstairs in the parlor collected by the great-grandfather, who had been interested in family history. So far Robert had not been mentioned, neither had there been any reference to the business which had brought them there. As she closed the door softly behind her, Mr. Dingle said, "I wonder what that girl thinks of us."

"I don't know what she thinks of us," answered Mr. Tutt. "But I know what I think of her," he added as if to himself.

VIII

IT SOON became obvious that the night in Gran'ther Zucker's bed was not going to be a success. Neither of them was used to sleeping with anybody else, a ghostly light pervaded the room, the patchwork quilt was too hot, and something was evidently preying upon the Dingle mind. The manufacturer tossed restlessly from side to side, sighing and groaning, and occasionally giving vent to distraught outcries. The lobsters had evidently been too much for him.

Mr. Tutt stood it as long as he could. At last he arose. A gibbous moon hung low over the pines. From the beach below the house came a muffled roar. From Gran'ther Zucker's bed came a roar equally muffled, hollow and unearthly. Mr. Tutt stood shivering by the window, for the air that came through it was chill.

"'It is a nipping and an eager air,'" quoted the lawyer as he slipped on his frock coat.

"'The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.'"

He tiptoed to the door. "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" he remarked to the huddled form.

Downstairs it was warm and cozy, and the range shone red. Mr. Tutt, lighting first a lamp, then a stogy, started on a voyage of exploration. His first survey of Great-gran'ther Lester's collection of curios proved disappointing—nothing more than a glass case containing a few Indian relics, a stuffed and rather mangy sea otter, a small brass cannon. Mr. Tutt placed the lamp on the center table holding the radio set and sat down. A little reading perhaps might soothe his weary nerves enough to induce sleep. But he could see nothing to read. There was not even a magazine lying about. Usually people left something on the center table, if only a photograph album. He glanced beneath it. Stacked against the legs was a row of books evidently removed to make room for the radio—a copy of Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Facts, which Mr. Tutt knew by heart; Ben Hur, the Christmas Carol, Webster's Dictionary, and a heavy volume bound in black leather and held by an iron clasp. He picked it up, blew off the dust and lifted the cover.

"To the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc., the translators of the Bible wish grace, mercy and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord." One of the original copies of the King James version.

Mr. Tutt, with the volume upon his lap, turned to its faded record of births and marriages. The first entry was barely decipherable:

Our Lady's Day, 1639. Leicester Bayard Villiers Zouche married to Mary Cavendish Montagu Drummond, of Eastlake, Hants.

Followed page upon page of births, deaths and marriages, during which the name Zouche became in turn Zouke, Zooke, Zooker, and finally Zucker. Two Christian names appeared over and over again—among the men, that of Leicester; among the women, that of Desire. The final entry was:

Sept. 6, 1903, born to Abner and Mary Zucker, a daughter—Desire.

The creaking of the staircase awakened the old man from the reveries conjured by the record, and he looked up to see Desire herself standing in the doorway with a lantern in her hand, dressed in oilskins, a sou'wester and rubber boots.

"Good morning, Desire," he accosted her. "Where are you going at such an early hour?"

"It's not early," she replied. "It's after one. I have to go and pull my traps. . . . I'm sorry you couldn't sleep."

"What do you know about this?" he asked, pointing to the first entry in the family Bible.

"Yes, that is the way the name used to be spelled. Great-gran'ther went into it all very carefully. There's a family tree over in the corner which carries it back ever so much farther."

She reached behind the bookcase and pulled forth a great scroll which he helped her to unwind.

At the top of the trunk, opposite the date 1308, appeared the name Zouche of Haryngworth; at the bottom, among a hundred or more tiny leaves, that of Leicester Bayard Villiers Zouche.

"The oldest barony in England," mused the old man.

"Is it?" she inquired. "Well, that's where the Zuckers came from, and"—she laughed—"the way we figured it out tonight, I must be nearly one ten-millionth part of a Haryngworth!"

"Whatever the percentage, you're all wool and a yard wide, my dear," he answered.

"Well, none of those things count much around here," she commented.

At that moment there was a noise from above. Mr. Tutt hurriedly rolled up the scroll and replaced the book as Mr. Dingle sleepily made his appearance.

"What are you two making such a noise about?" yawned the manufacturer.

"I was just going to ask Mr. Tutt if he wouldn't like to come out and help me pull my lobster traps," answered the girl.

"Sure, I'll come! Why don't you join the party, Dingle?"

"Do!" cried Desire. "There's going to be a lovely sunrise."

Mr. Dingle hesitated. "Well, I'll go—as far as the beach," said he.

"Oh, come on!" urged Mr. Tutt.

IX

THE moon had set, and in place of it a pale luminosity veiled the sleeping islands as, swinging her lantern, Desire led the way across the meadow to the wharf, where a fifteen-foot motorboat was made fast. Here, she unlocked a small shanty and brought out two sets of oilskins, which in the case of Mr. Tutt just reached to his knees and in that of Mr. Dingle trailed upon the ground—the long and the short of it. The latter climbed in dubiously. "If we upset I'd have a swell chance to float in these things!" he muttered, wedging himself in the stern between two half barrels, dimly visible by the light of the lantern which the girl had placed near the winch head amidships. Down there underneath the piles, it was pitch black, clammy as a charnel house—the boat, a ferry for lost souls. He meditated flight, but during the instant that pride withheld him the engine started with a sputter and they chugged swiftly out into the darkness.

Too late! His heart sank. On its way down it encountered his stomach. "Ugh!" he groaned. "What on earth is in those barrels?"

"Bait," answered the girl laconically.

(Continued on Page 102

A totally new and different type of automobile—a totally new and different kind of performance made possible by these basic improvements

The most powerful motor, in proportion to piston displacement, ever available in a production car. By means of a completely new and different kind of manifolding (the equi-distant down-draft principle, developed by Marmon) you now have a line-eight that delivers an absolutely smooth and unbroken flow of tremendous power *at low speed in high gear*—an engineering attainment of real importance to the whole motoring public, and one destined to earn a permanent place in automotive history.

The result of this and other important new developments in engine efficiency, when translated into everyday performance, means that the driver of this epochal new car is given complete traffic and road mastery. No car of any price or of any make can successfully challenge his right to get away *first* and stay first. He can go places that others can't go. He can do things that others can't do. And with far greater ease.

Rubber-set Hydraulic Spring Suspension—an entirely new passenger car development which instantly refutes the old superstition that wheelbase means comfort and comfort means wheelbase. The springs are the longest ever known in proportion to wheelbase. Husky rubber knuckles completely supplant the conventional shackles, eliminating all wear, rattles and looseness between frame members and springs—also all need of lubrication at this point. Furthermore these new rubber knuckles contribute a new resiliency and comfort factor which, in combination with live springs that monopolize all but twenty-two inches of the wheelbase, and Lovejoy Hydraulic shock absorbers engineered right into the chassis, enable the driver to hit bad bumps at high speed with ease, comfort and safety.

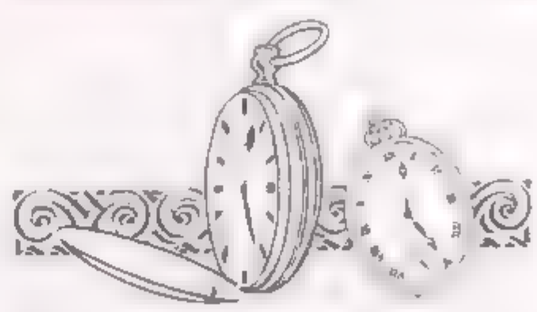
Hypoid Gear Drive—a real engineering development now being introduced in perfected and practical form to the American public. This new principle enables Marmon, with a car height of only sixty-nine inches, to provide the most generous headroom and normal road clearance.

Inherent "banking" ability, an outstanding characteristic of all Marmon cars, which enables you to take sharp turns safely at least 10 miles per hour faster than in any other make. The effect is precisely the same as if the road itself were banked on the turns.

Sized for traffic—By new ingenuity of design the fender spread has been reduced without narrowing the tread—thus enabling you to take advantage of traffic openings too tight for other cars.

New automatic oil primer sprays cold pistons with oil on those first laborious shots on frosty mornings before the stiff, cold oil in the crankcase has a chance to liquefy. This device eliminates that clinky, dry first three minutes in cold weather and completely protects the cylinder walls against scoring

The car throughout has been designed on the engineering principle of *"dimensional economy"*—the secret of making



things better, more convenient and more efficient by the elimination of unnecessary excesses. As a result, by means of ingenious artistry, Marmon has produced, in a car of moderate size, which completely meets present day traffic and parking needs, a surprising amount of leg room, head room, and lounging room. This car's generosity of size completely satisfies the habitual users of the biggest and the best.

In the field of automobiles it represents as great an advance over previous design as does the present day watch of the railroad engineer over the bulky timepieces which our grandfathers carried.

Scores of "vital incidentals" add to the luxurious completeness of the car—The most smooth and positive type of mechanical, self-energizing *four-wheel* brakes, with mechanism completely enclosed . . . *Engine modulator* which removes the last trace of "vibration periods" . . . A new and advanced type of *oil purifier* . . . *Shock-proof frame* with seven cross members . . . Non-shimmy *radiator* . . . *Steel running boards*, a great safety factor *Overize transmission gears* for quietness, long wear and easy shifting . . . *"Ankle-action"* clutch and brake pedals . . . *Gear shift lever* in typical Marmon position, only an *"octave"* from the wheel . . . *Fedco* system of non-theft protection . . . *Electric clock*, never has to be wound and not affected by road vibration New double-bright *lighting* in closed cars . . . Non-losable gasoline filler cap

Custom-style button and tufted type of *upholstery* over expensive, individually wrapped cushion springs and with the finest fabrics in refreshing new patterns.

Instrument panel which shows you at a glance the exact condition of every phase of your car—amount of gas—temperature of engine—oil pressure—condition of battery and generator—speed—mileage—and the time of the day—day or night. Diffused focal illumination.

The little MARMON 8

COMPANION TO THE LARGE MARMON SERIES 75

the little MARMON 8

Over night—a sweeping nation-wide vogue, because it first and completely meets everyone's desire for a small FINE *car.*

THE small fine car idea, conceived, developed and pioneered by Marmon seems to have struck a note almost universal in its importance.

The appearance of the little Marmon 8 at the salons and shows proves that the whole country was ready and waiting for just such a car. It more closely approaches being bought on sight than any other American automobile. Its whole reception can be epitomized in the two words, "*That's It.*"

The people wanted a small, fine car, but they were not willing to pay one iota of penalty in the way of skimped body room or passenger comfort.

They wanted greater power and speed and acceleration, but without paying a penalty in gasoline consumption.

They wanted a car that would meet traffic and parking problems but still a car that would go anywhere and do anything within the range of motoring possibility—greater agility and finesse in traffic but with the power and stamina and comfort for American distances and average road conditions.

They wanted a car that would cost less money but at the same time maintain their self-esteem, regardless of what cars they had driven in the past.

In a word they wanted the new little Marmon Eight.

We do not believe that such an ovation of purchase has ever before attended the introduction of a new automobile.

More than 3,000 people had bought and made deposits on this car even before it was introduced—a striking commentary on Marmon prestige and, we believe, the most definite acceptance ever accorded any automobile.

Since it was introduced at least 10,000 more have entered their names on priority lists, and the Marmon factory is working day and night to satisfy the demand.

Hundreds of the most seasoned and best-informed retail salesmen in the country have made application to Marmon dealers. Likewise, hundreds of successful dealers who have the instinct for spotting a new, salable product, are today making pilgrimages to the Marmon factory.

Owners who have already taken delivery of the car are not only satisfied themselves but have taken the responsibility of selling the car to everyone they come into contact with.

Everywhere they go in the car admiration is heaped upon it because of its entirely new conception, its distinctive differences and its superior standards of performance.

As of one voice and mind people everywhere are asking why someone didn't think of it before. A year from today there will probably be other cars based on the small fine car idea. Today there is only one.

In the entire history of automobiles there has been no advance, so definite and so far reaching as this.

Remember: Marmon is manufacturing the little Marmon 8 in its own *plant* and to the well known Marmon standard of precision manufacture.

Marmon dealers in nearly every community are now prepared to show you a different kind of a half hour than you have ever experienced before.

70 honest miles per hour with ease
Ability to maintain top speed hour after hour.

Fastest acceleration ever known
due to new discoveries in line-eight carburetion and scientific valve design.

Lightning-quick Gear Shift
and remarkably easy in all phases of driving and handling.

18-22 miles per gallon of gasoline
Oil consumption practically negligible.

Easy riding as cars twice its weight
Due to basic new comfort factors applied for first time to smaller car design.

Complete line of standard closed and open models—$1795 and upward—all under $2000, f. o. b. factory. Also several most unusual custom-built designs.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR

(Continued from Page 99)

Mr. Dingle pinched his nose between his fingers. "Wad sord of baid?"

"Refuse from the sardine factory."

So far the water had been smooth; now, as they neared the mouth of the cove, the launch began to rock gently but ominously.

"Ugh!" groaned Mr. Dingle again. He could see nothing—it was as if his sight had gone entirely into his nose. He felt that all would soon be lost. Once around the promontory, the full force of the ocean swell struck the launch, tossing it about like a chip, while an icy breeze smote him in the face and whisked away his outcries. He clung in the darkness to the barrels like a frenzied cat, as amid lashings of spray and spindrift the frail cockleshell that stood between him and death reared, hung in mid-air and plunged with an angry roaring of the propeller downward again into bottomless black craters. He entirely forgot the terrible odor from the barrels. They were headed straight for Spain! The end could not be delayed for long!

"H-how far out are y-you g-going?" he shouted in agony to the girl, who stood calmly holding the tiller.

"A couple of miles. If you set your traps on a rocky lee shore like this, you lose most of 'em in the winter. The big storms toss 'em around and smash 'em to bits. So I go out where I can get good clear bottom."

Two miles? They would not outride such a sea for a hundred yards! And then a whiff from the sardines upset his universe. He leaned weakly against the nearer barrel, clasping it with convulsive tenderness.

Unexpectedly and without preliminary, the sea turned lead color instead of black-green. Between plunges, he could see Mr. Tutt clutching at his sou'wester in the bow. The sight gave him comfort. They were literally both in the same boat, anyhow! But with the coming daylight the waves seemed even more mountainous. It was incredible that the launch could climb—climb—climb to their awful summits or survive the never-ending coast down into eternity. And then, with an abandonment of all hope, he realized that they were beyond sight of land. They were in a wilderness of waters. On every side, within arm's length, death yawned for him with gigantic, hissing, foam-flecked jaws.

"Isn't this—far—enough?" he gasped.

Suppose this was really to be the end! What a useless and utterly absurd way to die! Just to put out to sea for no purpose whatsoever—on a sort of bet—and be drowned! A ridiculous performance! Not even in his own boat! His life simply thrown away before he'd had half a chance to enjoy his money and the position that he'd made for himself! What good his fine house over at Bar Harbor, his apartment in New York, his fine car, his chef—Griffin? He could not die and lose everything like that! And yet he felt sure that drown he would. He realized that he was miserably afraid.

In that black moment in which he clung face to face with death, he was forced to acknowledge that so far as he was concerned he was no more a Nordic than he was a Latin or a Celt. The ghost of his Creole grandmother arose from the waves and shook an admonitory finger at the little man paralyzed with terror. Why had he always tried to gloss her over? His own grandmother! What was the use of pretending that one was anything in particular, when, as that girl had proved last evening, one had had four thousand ancestors only three hundred years back?—and millions before that? As he prepared to meet his God, Mr. Dingle confessed that he was a fraud. And there was Robert! He could not leave Robert yet—so young, so inexperienced—to face life alone. If, before he died, he could only see him safely married to the right girl!

At that instant the sun broke through the gray bank of cloud upon the eastern horizon and the leaden world became one of purple and bronze. It shone through Desire's wind-tossed hair, turning it and her oilskins to bright gold. All that had been vague, vast and mysterious became definite, close at hand and natural. They were not out of sight of land, after all! Somewhere off there to the right he could see the island cliffs. Desire looked at him and smiled. Suddenly Mr. Dingle felt an immense and reposeful confidence in the stalwart, erect, fearless young figure beside him. She was strong and brave and resourceful. She would not let him drown! And she was gentle and kind. She wished him no evil. How easily she could have disposed of him had she been so minded! Instead she had protected him—saved his life! He experienced an unbounded admiration for her capacity—as he already had for her lithe beauty.

"Hold on tight now!" she cried as she ran the launch up into the wind and shut off the engine. "There's one of my pots!"

They were drifting rapidly astern toward a white object that bobbed and ducked. Desire threw over the wheel, seized a gaff, and pulling in the buoy, tossed the warp over the davit block, took a turn around the winch head and started the engine again. Then, as the line ran up over the side, she coiled it deftly in the bottom of the launch.

"Here it comes!"

Leaning down below the davit, she heaved aboard the main trap. The winch rumbled again and she drew in another—the bridle trap. With the two traps dripping on the stern sheets, she once more turned the launch into the wind and shut off the engine. The main trap was empty, the second contained three greenish monsters. Desire swiftly unfastened the button that closed the door below the guy line, removed the bait bag, tossed the contents overboard and refilled it with a handful of the sardine refuse from the barrel in front of Mr. Dingle. Then, thrusting the trap overboard, she opened the other, reached in and took out the lobsters, threw one into the water and the two others into an empty keg, rebaited the trap and shoved it after its fellow, all before the six fathoms of warp that held the two traps together had run out.

"Wish I could do anything as well as that," thought Mr. Dingle admiringly. "She's as sure as Helen Wills!"

Her nonchalance communicated itself to him. He no longer believed death to be so imminent.

"Why did you throw one of 'em overboard?" he asked.

"That was a seed lobster," she announced—"a female. Of course we mustn't keep those. And one of the others was a shedder."

"A what?" bellowed Mr. Tutt from the bow.

"A shedder—a lobster that has shed its shell. Every year they crawl down into the mud and rocks and do that, beginning from the middle of July to the first of August, depending on what sort of a winter we've had. When it has been mild—like this year—they begin to shed earlier. A shedder is soft, but if he's full length we keep him and hold him in the car until his shell grows again."

Once more they raced head on into the waves, stopped, drifted down upon another buoy, kept off to gaff it, and ran before the wind while Desire pulled in and unloaded the pots.

Many were empty and some were badly damaged, with broken bows or cracked sills and rungs, several having the funnel eyes, through which lobsters entered the trap, half torn from the heads.

"The sea treats 'em rough," she commented. "I have to spend half my time mending my traps. I lose quite a few, too—guy line frays off or the warps break, and sometimes a trap will catch in the rocks and refuse to come up for keeps. But it's a fairly good business. If the lobsters go back on us we take to trawling or fall back on ground and hand lines. I can carry six tubs of trawls right in this boat. We get seventy-five cents a quintal—that's a hundred and twelve pounds—for hake and seventy-two cents a quintal for cod. We pack 'em in hogsheads—drums, we call them—holding eight quintals apiece and ship to Boston and New York. It's all right in summer; great fun in fact—as you can see."

"Great!" echoed Mr. Dingle, beginning to feel like a hardy mariner. He was really enjoying himself a little, although now and again a particularly big surge would make him catch his breath. The sun by this time was well up, the wind had gone down, and the sea, deep blue and sparkling, was covered with boats. He felt reasonably confident that if any accident happened someone would come to their rescue. He started to hum:

"All's well on the land;
All's well on the sea!"

Was it? Surely it was—on the sea! Even if this girl were not a suitable mate for a boy of Robert's wealth and social opportunities, she would make a splendid wife for anybody who had to make his way in the world. If Robert were beginning now at the bottom instead of the top! There really wasn't such a terrible difference between the lobster business and any other, except that it took a lot more skill and courage. For an instant his Napoleonic mind dallied with the idea of a gigantic lobster trust.

"What are you thinking about?" he yelled to the lank figure in the bow.

"I was wondering whether a lobster was a fish," answered Mr. Tutt.

The bait kegs were empty, the bottom of the launch full of writhing crustaceans, when Desire, having pulled her one hundred and twenty-sixth trap, headed the launch shoreward. Running with the wind, it was hot and they took off their oilskins.

"Certainly a fine-looking girl," admitted Mr. Dingle. "Put her in a ball gown and she —— No, by thunder, I'd rather keep her in a sweater!"

Confronted with her frank and disarming smile, he felt decidedly ashamed of himself. Really, he'd never seen a prettier girl—of that type.

"I was also thinking over what you said yesterday about Nordics," mumbled Mr. Tutt as he bent over in the cockpit to light a stogy.

At the entrance of the cove, Desire steered the launch alongside a huge floating car into which she tossed her catch of forty-three.

"The smack will be along Friday," she said; then, shading her eyes, she added, looking toward the beach, "I see the Arrow is afloat again."

A young man who had been awaiting them on the wharf arose at their approach. His face wore an expression of amusement.

"Hello, Diz! Hello, dad! Hello, Mr. Tutt! Where have you been?"

"Oh, just for a little sail after lobsters," replied the elder Dingle airily. "What are you doing here, Robert?"

"I got nervous when you didn't turn up last evening, so this morning I hired a launch myself and came to look for you."

The constraint between father and son had disappeared. In fact there was no constraint apparent upon the part of anyone as they all walked back together to the house.

Mrs. Zucker was standing on the porch. "Breakfast's ready!" she called. "Come right in and sit down!"

Mr. Dingle, who up to that time had not thought of food, ate ravenously of cereal, hot rolls, bacon, griddlecakes and coffee. He was not only content; he was positively happy, the final factor in his absolute satisfaction being the gayly colored package of Dingle's Korn Pops that stood in the middle of the table.

"Well," said Mr. Tutt, as he joined his client for a post-prandial smoke upon the piazza, "how shall we go about this business? Will you speak to the girl or shall I?"

Desire and Robert had wandered off toward the grove.

"How do you mean?" demanded Mr. Dingle vaguely.

"You haven't forgot the purpose of your visit, have you?"

Mr. Dingle fidgeted. "Naturally—not!" he said. "But I don't want to be hasty. When it comes to matters of this sort I don't believe in too much interference with other people's lives."

They looked at each other and grinned. "Absolutely, Mr. Dingle?"

"Positively, Mr. Tutt!"

"In that case I might as well beat it back to New York," said the lawyer. "How soon before you start for Bar Harbor?"

"I think I'll spend the day here with Robert," replied his client. "The Arrow can run you up to Bangor in time to catch the afternoon express. Incidentally, how much do I owe you?"

Mr. Tutt pondered for a moment. "One hundred dollars," he said finally.

"A hundred dollars! Nonsense! That's not enough! Besides, you had your expenses."

"My fee is one hundred dollars—or nothing," replied the old lawyer. "I've always wanted to see Mt. Desert, and, anyhow, I've had a swell time."

Mr. Dingle peeled a bill from the roll in his pocket. "Well, there you are!" he protested. "But you make me feel like thirty cents!"

"That's what I set out to do," muttered Mr. Tutt to himself as he went into the house. Presently he returned carrying Great-gran'ther Lester's family Bible.

"You might stick your nose in that," he suggested—"after I'm gone!"

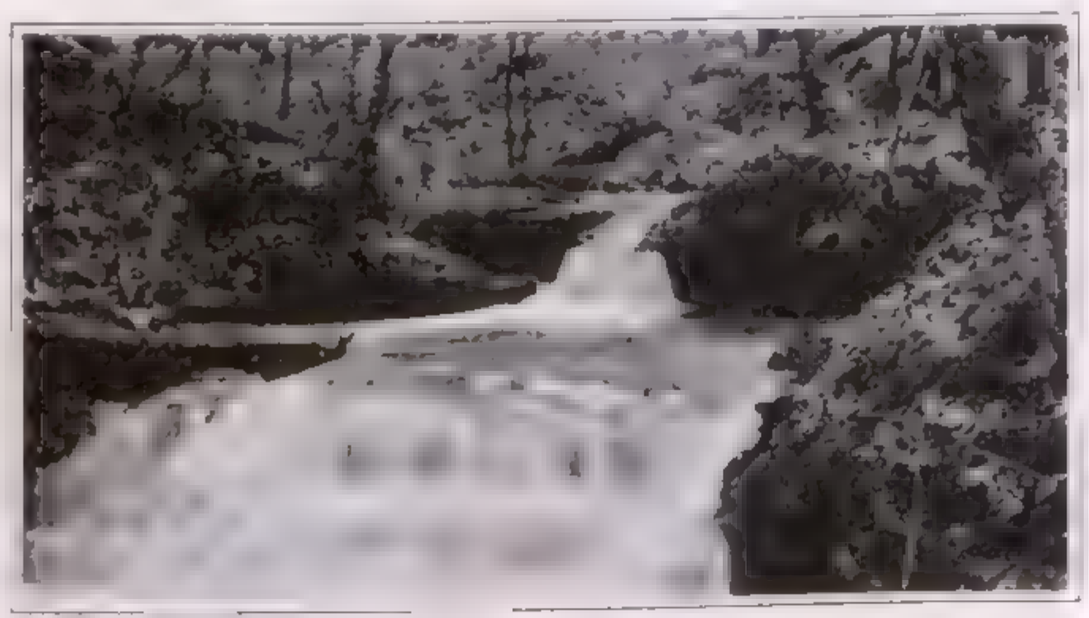
Desire and Robert waved at him from the promontory as he shot out of the harbor, and Mr. Tutt blew them a kiss. An hour later he shook hands with Captain Hull on the steamboat landing at Bangor.

"Here's the hundred dollars I promised you," he said. "You certainly did your part of it. But how on earth did you know just where to run the Arrow aground?"

"Oh, that was easy," replied that worthy sea dog. "I was born on Mud Island, although I ain't been thar since I was a boy."

Mr. Tutt stopped halfway up the gang plank. "And I forgot to pay you for that package of Korn Pops," he remarked. "How much did it cost?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Captain Hull



Woodland Stream, Swollen by Melting Snow, in Upshur County, West Virginia

Over the Rim of Grand Canyon

He threw this Pen to see whether it would break

It Struck the Jagged Rocks Unharmed a Half Mile Below

Some can't believe what the Parker Duofold will stand since we changed the Barrel from rubber to Permanite

Non-breakable Pen Barrel? Dr. F. C. Morse of the National Park-to-Park Highway Association was unconvinced. Perhaps he had broken a rubber barreled pen, such as we used to make and others still do. He did not conceive the improvement we've effected by using Parker Permanite instead of rubber.

So recently to test this new Parker Duofold, he stood on the rim of Grand Canyon and threw it into the rock-lined abyss. The pen, in its swift descent, bounded from the sharp rocks repeatedly. Then it hurtled far out, and dropped from sight.

Dr. Morse and companions had to descend a winding 7-mile trail to recover it. But this Black-tipped Lacquer-red beauty is hard to mislay. And they found it amid the jagged rocks a half mile below the canyon's edge—unbroken!

Even with the old-time rubber barrel, Parker Duofold outsold every other pen because of its super-smooth Iridium tipped point that's guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

Five times inspected and writing tested—it's a point that needs no "breaking in." A point that's tempered to yield to any hand, yet never lose its original shape.

Good pen counters couldn't do business without it, or the Parker Black-tipped Jade that's just the same except for color. But for Duofold quality insist on the pen stamped "Geo. S. Parker" no matter how much some other may resemble it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • MILWAUKEE
ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker

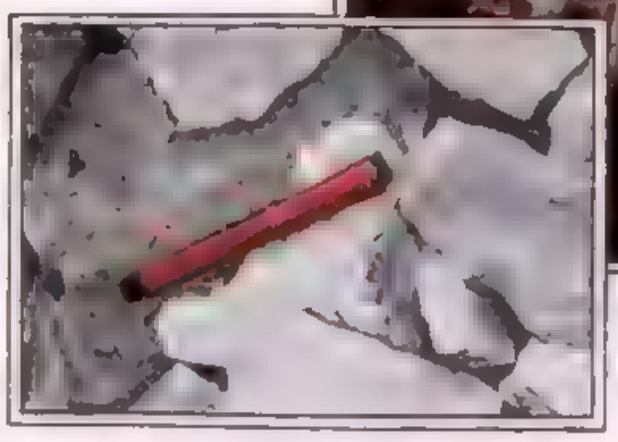
Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office

Duofold

Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point

OVER SIZE
$7

Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold, $5
Pencils to match, $3, $3.50 & $4



Photograph at the left shows where the Parker Duofold Pen, unbroken and only slightly scratched, was recovered on sharp rocks ½-mile below point from which it was thrown.

Nearly seven square feet of shelf area Adequate for the average family.

Kelvination

Cold that keeps

Detail of the new and exclusive Kelvinator "Sealtite" construction.

Startling low price announced in Newspapers, February 7th—or see the nearest Dealer for the price, and examine this wonderful new model. Easy payments.

A NEW IDEA in Electric Refrigerator Construction that brings Kelvination within reach of every home

The Greatest Achievement of this Electric Age

The latest member of the Kelvinator family. Beautiful in design—all-metal exterior—built like a bridge—finished in Kelvinator gray enamel.

Cannot warp. Good for a lifetime. Corkboard insulation—Kelvinator exclusive "Sealtite" construction—impervious to moisture. Every proved device to keep warm air out and cold air in.

Compact—54½ inches high—26¼ inches wide—wonderful amount of food storage space—nearly 5 cubic feet—19 inches deep (exterior) so that you can reach in easily for anything. And it gives you Kelvination—"cold that keeps"—the finest type of electric refrigeration. The Zone of Kelvination (40 to 50 degrees) is the Zone of Health

A source of continual pride to you—and comfort—and convenience—and health—and economy. Ideal for small homes and apartments. Light—easy to move about to take with you when you move.

Never was so attractive, spacious and useful a cabinet, with electric refrigeration of so high a standard, offered at such a low price. A truly wonderful present for wedding, birthday or anniversary.

A practical saver of money, labor and food. Makes delicious frozen salads and desserts—and plenty of those dainty ice cubes.

Kelvination costs little more to operate than burning an ordinary electric light continuously in your home. And you can get it for a small down payment and easy monthly installments.

* * *

See the Kelvinator Dealer nearest you about this newest model. You'll find his address in the telephone book. Drop in for a demonstration; learn how easily you can buy one on our Household Budget Plan, or put a Kelvinator in your present refrigerator. If you investigate—you'll Kelvinate.

Don't forget—you can have the Kelvinator freezing unit installed in your present refrigerator and get all the advantages of unsurpassed electric refrigeration at lowest possible cost.

49 of these New "Sealtite" Model Cabinet Kelvinators free

One for each State in the U. S. and one for the Dominion of Canada.

Unusually compact. The most refrigeration area for its size you can buy. Fits in anywhere. Easily moved around

In Celebration of Startling Low Prices

Already announced on all Kelvinator models—the lowest prices for Kelvinator quality in the history of the industry

You can win one by just writing us the best letter from your State telling what you know about Kelvination—the wonder of modern refrigeration. The most interesting subject you can imagine when you think of how important refrigeration has been since the very beginning of man and how many centuries he has worked to provide it.

And now—Kelvination—the precious gift to humanity from Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest scientists who ever lived. Named after him who first discovered the laws of temperature and developed the means of controlling it at will.

Here is your opportunity to own a Kelvinator—wonderfully efficient electric refrigeration — without cost — and little time or effort. Delivered free to each winner's home and installed without charge. Ready to "plug in" for polar cold. "Cold that keeps."

We can install a Kelvinator Freezing Unit in any good refrigerator in a few hours.

Husbands—this is your chance to give your wife the present she wants most. Housewives—a letter may bring you this longed-for comfort. Young men and women—think what a wonderful start it means for that new home of yours. For all—a joy-giving thing in its convenience, healthfulness, economy—ease of living.

Try It ~ Everybody

Kelvination is the oldest domestic electric refrigeration—the system of longest proved efficiency. Remarkably successful in its perfect automatic control of temperature. Remarkably low in current consumption—costs little more than burning an extra electric light continuously. So absolutely reliable that service calls average less than one per year.

And all for writing the best letter on Kelvination—its advantages in the home—what it means to life and health and comfort. You'll be fascinated with the subject. And the prize is well worth winning, for you'll enjoy your Kelvinator for a long, long time.

So get busy quickly. We want these 49 lucky people to have their Kelvinators as soon as possible.

The Kelvinator Dealer Will Help You

Go to his showroom for an entry blank and catalog. He will show you many cabinet models and also demonstrate the wonders of Kelvination to you. Then spend an evening or two at home telling us what you know about Kelvinator and the Zone of Kelvination—which is the Zone of Health. Read the Rules below—easy to follow—and do your best.

Rules of Contest

1. Open to any resident of an electrically wired home, not in any way connected with Kelvinator factory, sales or dealer organization.
2. Letters limited to 500 words in length.
3. As many letters as desired may be submitted by any one person.
4. Each letter must be accompanied by a completely filled-in Entry Blank to be secured from local Kelvinator Dealer.
5. Contest will close March 31, 1927, and all letters must be received at the Detroit address given below before that date, to obtain consideration.
6. Prize winners will be announced not later than June 15, 1927.
7. Address all letters to "Contest," Kelvinator, 2050 West Fort Street, Detroit, Michigan.

KELVINATOR, 2050 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.
Division of Electric Refrigeration Corporation
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 1130 Dundas St., East, London, Ont.

Kelvinator

Better Always Better

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

DM-50

Free Book

Tells how you can have running water under pressure at a few cents per day Today—send coupon below for this valuable book!

Giving children better health

YOUR doctor will tell you that lack of city sanitation gravely perils farm children. He will tell you that pumping and carrying water drains heavily on the health of suburban and farm women.

How different is the home where the dependable Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant quietly gives abundant water under pressure—at the turn of a faucet!

You step from the refreshing bath to the convenient kitchen where running water speeds the meals and lightens drudgery. Your laundry tubs fill in a few seconds. An indoor toilet stops those dangerous trips outside and goes far to save the children from typhoid.

Where can you invest so little and secure such tremendous benefits?

Running water at less than city rates!

For two generations the Fairbanks-Morse organization has built quality pump and electrical equipment, up to the size used in big city pumping stations.

The F-M Home Water Plant is truly a *home* plant. In homes the country over it quietly operates at full capacity month after month with scarcely any attention.

300 gal. per hour Automatic Electric Home Water Plant

Despite high quality and fine workmanship, this plant *costs less than any* in its class. As free book explains, it actually gives you running water *under pressure* at less than city rates! There is a Fairbanks-Morse water plant for every need—engine or electric drive—120 to 5000 gallons per hour capacity. Factory cash prices $84.75 up. And if you prefer not to pay cash, have your dealer explain the Fairbanks-Morse Finance Plan.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago, U. S. A.

Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every Line a Leader"

Branches and Service Stations Covering Every State in the Union

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
HOME WATER PLANTS

TODAY! FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Dept. L-2, 900 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send your free 32-page Home Water Service Book to

Name .....

Address .....

My source of water supply is:
☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream ☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

Getting On in the World

Learning Before Earning

LESS than twenty years ago a straw-haired boy applied to the owner of a wholesale hardware store for a job. When told that the pay roll wouldn't stand any additions he promptly replied, "But I'll work for nothing until you can afford to pay me something. I like the hardware business and I want to learn it."

"Well," laughed the merchant, "if you make good perhaps I can afford to double your wages in a month or two. We'll call it a bargain. But I warn you the work isn't easy. There's nothing easy in the hardware trade. Your job will be to unpack goods and hand-truck them to where they belong in the stock."

It was not long before the owner discovered that the boy who was willing to start with a wage of nothing flat could unpack more goods and truck them into place with less breakage than any other man on the job. The employer would willingly have paid the boy something almost immediately, but decided it would be better for the lad to let him stick for a while at the original terms. Besides, the merchant was curious to see if the new trucker was a stayer.

The end of the third month approached and the boy, more concerned about learning than earning, made no mention of wages. Then the storekeeper raised him to twenty-five dollars a month. That boy is now one of the highest-paid men in the retail-hardware trade and an outstanding authority in the hardware business. How he came to switch from the wholesale to the retail branch of the hardware trade and finally to the position which he now holds as editor of a leading trade journal devoted to the interests and problems of hardware retailers is a business romance with a real kick in it and a liberal portion of mental nourishment for any ambitious young man in any line of trade.

Apparently there was never a time in the experience of Rivers Peterson when he did not hold learning above earning. After he had attained a very respectable position and a good salary in a wholesale hardware house he surprised his employer by resigning to take a lower salary in a retail store. His astonished chief exclaimed:

"What's th' matter with you, Pete? Are all the screws in your head coming loose? Have you gone nuts? Don't you know that every clerk in a retail-hardware store would jump at the chance to get into a good wholesale house and would willingly work years to climb to the position you hold now? You seem to have the notion that it's a great thing to start at the top and work down."

To which Pete replied, "I've got the notion that there are a lot of screws loose in the retail-hardware trade and that perhaps I could tighten a few of 'em if I learned the retail end of the trade. If I'm right about it, then the experience will make me a better wholesale man if I choose to come back. And I can't get what the retail trade has to teach me if I wait much longer. I want to know about selling hardware to the folks who actually use it."

"You've got too blamed much curiosity, Pete," replied his employer. "But, all the same, I'll bet you'll find out a lot of things about hardware in the hands of its users and how to get it there at a profit that will be mighty useful to the wholesaler."

This prophecy has been more than fulfilled. Few men in this country have done as much to correct the weaknesses of the retail hardware trade as the young man who resigned a good job in the wholesale end to take less money in the retail. At every stage of his development this widely recognized authority on hardware merchandising was laughed at by his store associates for his incorrigible curiosity about the goods he handled.

At the outset of his experience in selling builders' hardware he made a personal investigation into the mysteries of a cylinder lock—with the result that its springs leaped out and scattered the "whole works" over the store floor. But by the time he had reassembled all the parts he was master of the mechanism of the cylinder lock. Again, when rustless butts were introduced on the market, this salesman with an unquenchable curiosity took a hack saw and cut one of the butts in two—and learned a lot about the texture of the new rust-resisting metal composition.

About his first experience in a retail store was in selling kitchen ranges. He studied all the literature from the manufacturers and then made a thorough study of the ranges themselves.

One day a customer inquired for him and the owner of the store answered, "He's back there takin' a range apart or puttin' it together. Acts as if he expected to find one with a diamond hid in its insides. But he sure can sell 'em!"

Later, when gas ranges came in, Pete appeared at the store with a batch of biscuit dough which he had secured from the cook at his boarding house. He had also taken lessons in biscuit baking. The store ranges were connected for demonstration purposes, and biscuit baking was considered the acid test of a gas range. He demonstrated with biscuits, "baked while you wait," that filled the store with a delicious and appetizing odor, which made one masculine caller remark:

"Give a man a whiff of that and it's just as easy to take his money away from him as if he'd swallowed knock-out drops."

"No man," says Mr. Peterson, "can successfully sell a thing in which he is not interested and he cannot be interested in a thing about which he knows nothing, or next to nothing. It is impossible for any man to succeed in any line concerning which his curiosity is not virtually insatiable. Cultivate your curiosity about the goods you are expected to sell is the best bit of advice any salesman can receive. I can draw no consolation from my own experience that is of more practical value than that.

"I'm quite as keen about my pay check as any other salaried man, I think, but I have to admit that learning has always been ahead of earning in my program. Perhaps the commonest failing among young people today is that of holding immediate enjoyment at too high a premium and discounting the future too heavily. A young man who holds his present pay as the all-important thing, and the upbuilding of his future earning capacity as something that will take care of itself is short-changing himself sadly.

"Millions of people are doing that very thing and it is a very human thing to do. But the young man who will not sacrifice present earnings in order to increase his future earning capacity is as shortsighted as the bank or the business corporation which does not consistently apply itself to the building up of a surplus.

"Earning capacity is the same thing to a salaried man that capital is to a business. It must be built up; and the way it is built up generally is by sacrificing something of the present in order to lay the foundations of future security and increased income. The way to do that, for the man under thirty, is to put learning ahead of earning."

Mr. Peterson's bump of constructive curiosity is responsible for his being the editor of a magazine devoted to the hardware trade instead of the head of a hardware house. He sat up nights to read hardware-trade journals because of his consuming curiosity to learn the latest developments in the trade.

In one of these journals he encountered an offer of prizes to be awarded for the best papers on the subject of hardware salesmanship. Instantly he put his ideas on paper and won the first prize. After that the trade would not allow him to stop writing.

—FORREST CRISSEY.

FEDERAL

Presents

a One Ton Truck

With Truck Engineering Throughout -the Climax of 17 Successful Years—

$995

CHASSIS—F.O.B. FACTORY

Other models 1 to 7½ tons. New literature on request.

Factory Owned Branches in 25 leading cities.

Sales and Service Stations at 1067 other points.

DEALERS: Consider the bigger possibilities that Federal's complete line offers you. Get the facts from a company that has been doing business with distributors and dealers for 17 years.

IMPORTANT: Federal's 17 years' experience with transportation problems in every business is a storehouse of scientific information. Write today—state your problems and secure expert transportation advice.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK CO., DETROIT

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

Scientifically BALLOON

THIS type of tire rides more directly on the wide rider strip at the center of the tread. That is where the weight and wear come, so that is where extra rubber is needed. The walls and tread of this tire are thick and stiff making necessary the use of large tread design for high pressure tires.

THE low pressure Balloon Tire distributes most of the wear toward the outer edges of the tread. Notice that Firestone places an extra amount of rubber here. Yet the whole tread flexes with the Gum-Dipped carcass, starting from the direct center, where there is a deep groove or channel, with additional grooves toward edges of tread, which almost close under load. Firestone rider strips are narrow and non-skid projections are small, avoiding the stiffening effect of large, heavy tread design.

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Designed TIRE TREAD

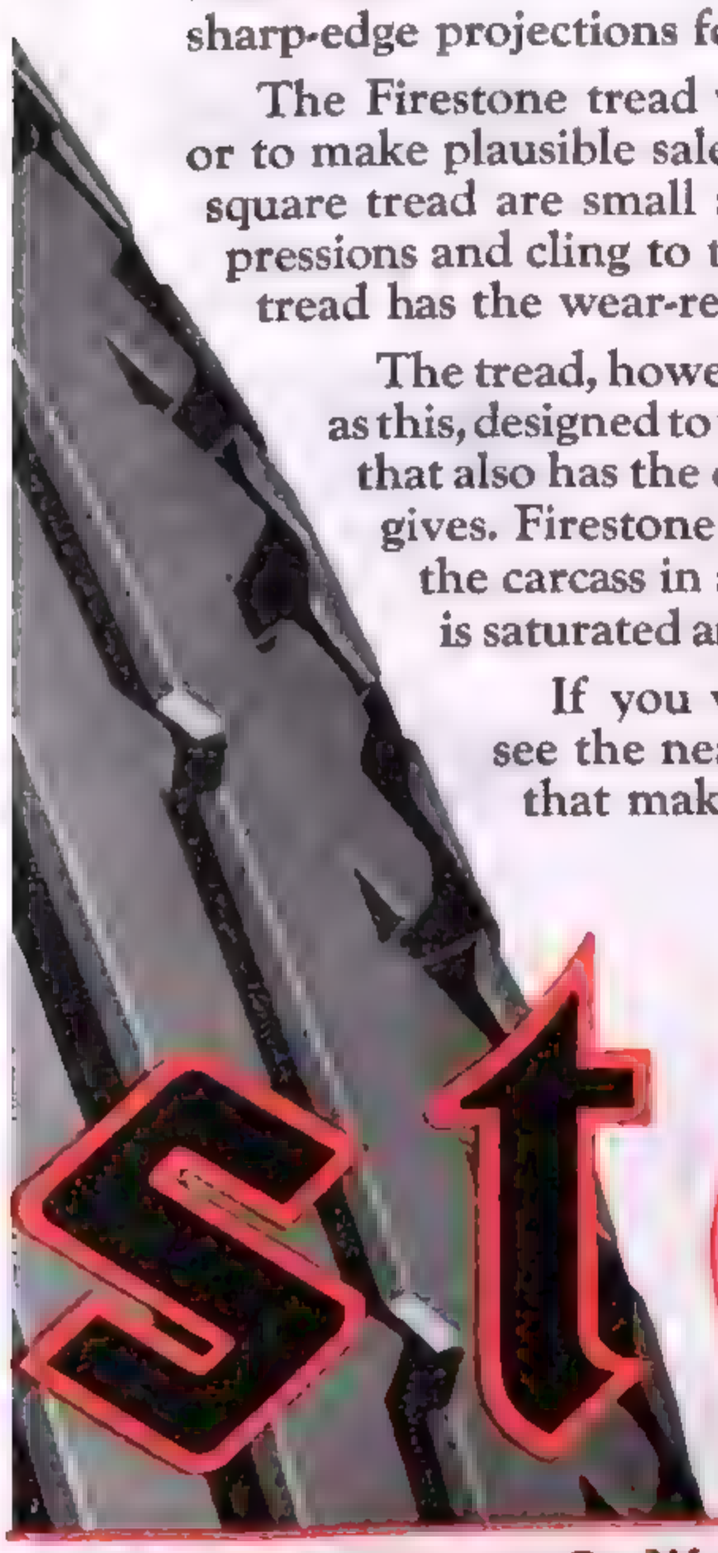
Another Reason why Firestone Tires are Better

WHEN Firestone engineers were developing the Balloon Tire they found it necessary to design a tread altogether different from that which is required by High Pressure Tires. The tread of a Regular Cord, or High Pressure Tire is usually designed with what is known as a wide rider strip at the center. Here the bulk of the rubber on the tread is concentrated.

With the Balloon or Low Pressure Tire this extra amount of rubber must be placed away from the center toward the outer edges of the tread. Because of the low pressure conditions the displacement is greater and most of the weight and wear is at these outer points.

Notice how the Firestone Balloon tread has a deep groove at the direct center, with narrow flexing rider strips and additional grooves on either side. These grooves nearly close up when the tire is under load, as they provide room for the rubber to spread out. Next come the outer rider strips—at the points of greatest wear—with numerous angular sharp-edge projections for non-skid qualities.

The Firestone tread was not designed with large, massive projections for appearance or to make plausible sales argument. On the contrary, the projections of the cross-and-square tread are small and the rider strips narrow, permitting the tread to yield to depressions and cling to the road, giving the greatest non-skid surface. This tough, pliable tread has the wear-resisting qualities that give thousands of extra miles of service.



The tread, however, is not the only important part of the Balloon Tire. Such a tread as this, designed to yield to every impression of the road, must be placed on the carcass that also has the qualifications to withstand the terrific flexing that this design tread gives. Firestone provides this extra strength and endurance by dipping the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. By this extra process, every fiber of every cord is saturated and insulated—to withstand the extra flexing of the Firestone tread.

If you want the economy, comfort and safety of Gum-Dipped Tires—see the nearest Firestone Dealer. He will gladly explain the many features that make Firestone Tires better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Stone

The Mark of Quality

THEIR OWN RUBBER · Harvey S. Firestone

BULOVA Watches

How to select a perfect Timepiece

THERE is no mechanism so fine as a perfect timepiece; there is none called upon to perform such unfailing service. Prompted to purchase a watch because of its utilitarian purpose, only too often in the final selection beauty alone influences the choice. And yet how quickly that beauty fades when the watch fails to perform its duty—to tell time *on* time faithfully throughout the years!

Those artisans who build each BULOVA movement are inspired by a great ancestry who, too, were true craftsmen in the watchmaker's art. Each BULOVA movement symbolizes generations of painstaking effort. Its supremacy, its accuracy, rest upon such a background as this!

The design of each case, like all works of art, is authentic. Time cannot antiquate it. Whether it be a simple watch for $25.00 or one adorned with jewels for $2500.00, true artists conceived it, true lovers of beauty will choose it.

In selecting a watch, then—influenced by beauty and by accuracy—one should choose a BULOVA, a timepiece that is truly the *Aristocrat of Beauty—Autocrat of Time!*

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY • *Fifth Avenue* • *New York*

Makers of Fine Watches

PRESIDENT

14 kt. solid gold handsomely carved, 17 jewel, radium dial, curved to fit the wrist $85.00

14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $50.00

NORMAN

14 kt. gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel; radium dial $37.50

AMBASSADOR

14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

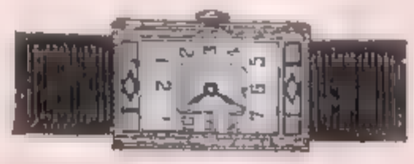
APOLLO

14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $75.00

14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $50.00

ROXANE

18 kt. solid white gold; exquisitely hand carved; 6 diamonds and 11 sapphires, set in platinum; 17 jewel $125.00



MIGNON

14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved, and inlaid with black enamel; 15 jewel $55.00

LUCILLE

14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 15 jewel $50.00

14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $40.00

PRINCINE

14 kt. white gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel $28.50

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

FUNNY NOSE

(Continued from Page 17)

Henry wasn't quite sure about what happened next. Somebody shook his arm in a rough grip and hissed, "Name and number?" Other people were lifting the battered Tommy and throwing water into his swollen face.

Then another voice, cold and official, said, "You're Sykes, of C Flight, aren't you?" And then aside: "I'll take care of this man, sergeant." And someone said, "Yes, sir. Very good, sir," and heels clicked sharply in the hushed silence. After that someone put something wet and cold against Henry Sykes' face and wiped it carefully. He stumbled blindly along through the weaving mist of faces and came into the darkened street. Presently, still dizzy, he was in a car hurtling into the cold, shrieking night air.

"Used to be Mr. Bollinge's rigger, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir."

"Um—how much do you weigh?"

"Please, sir, nine stone, sir."

"Dashed pretty fight—twenty-five minutes they said, and your man out cold. Twice your size almost."

"If you please, sir. I couldn't help it loike, sir. He said somethink to me that Mr. Bollinge said last, and I couldn't stomach it loike, an' I just had to fight even if I am a ruddy slacker and him a Tommy, sir."

"A what?"

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir. I feels it. Not bein' allowed to fly and fight regular-loike in th' war, sir."

"Want to fly, do you?"

"Yes, sir. Since I joined up I've been wantin' to learn, but th' sergeant says as 'ow I ain't got the edjewcation—even fer observers' school."

Four days later 152222, Sykes, Henry, was paraded officially before Major Eltinge.

"I'm doing something for you, Sykes, out of a sheer sporting instinct. You're being relieved and sent back to England to observers' school. I'll expect you to back up my decision with your record. Your papers show that you're a fairly bright lad, and clean, and from what I've seen of your guts, I think you'll do. Don't let me down."

Henry Sykes stiffened furiously and beamed: "No, sir. Beggin' yer pardon, sir, I won't—nor Mr. Bollinge neither. I'll learn, sir, I will. Thankee, sir!"

"Right! That's all."

Henry Sykes saluted, faced about and left the office with a warm glow in his heart and his chin high.

Outside, he straightened his Glengarry on the side of his head and threw out his chest. B Flight was streaking across the 'drome, taking off for the afternoon patrol. He watched them zoom and bank around and trail off into the horizon mists of the Somme Valley.

"I'll learn," he muttered through his teeth, "an' I'll come back an' kill 'em as kilt Mr. Bollinge."

So Henry Sykes, cleanly brushed and shaved and polished, went up to Boulogne with his kit bags and took boat for Folkestone and eventually clicked his heels to the adjutant at Stulton Downs. It was an amazing place of salutings and button polishing and marchings to and from large wooden sheds, where sergeants talked incessantly in monotonous droning voices.

Henry could never quite understand how the whole thing fitted together. When they told him to do things and showed him how, he did them well and easily. They sent him to the machine-gun ranges and he made good scores. They took him up in machines and told him to take pictures of little spots on the ground. The camera he knew all about, and he could work it easily, for they had shown him how; but he could seldom find the little spots. They had only talked about that, and he couldn't quite understand them, they talked so fast and used words here and there that he had never heard before.

They told him about wireless and made him learn the code by heart so that he could send and receive twelve words a minute. That was very easy for Henry. And it was easy, too, when they made him climb up the ladder in the shed and watch the little electric lights wink on the big relief map below. One light was the guns of the battery firing and all the rest were shell bursts around the target. He knew where the battery was and where to watch for the bursts, and he telegraphed it all very quickly. He could do the same thing in an actual machine when he worked on the puff targets, for he had good eyes.

But there were other things to learn. They taught him all about bombs—how fast they dropped and how long it was before the little safety propellers wound themselves off the detonator plungers. That was easy too; but when they sent him up in a machine to drop real bombs, he could never quite find the spots he was to drop them on, for the map was only red lines with numbers, whereas the ground was all brown and misty and it wasn't the same.

They talked to him about wind deflection and the angle of incidence and compass bearings. He knew all about the compass—how it always pointed north—but wind deflection was different; it always changed. Then, too, if the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection, what was the use of bothering about them? They sent him up once to tell his pilot how to fly cross country to Cheeseborough and back, and somehow he couldn't quite do it, although the pilot seemed to get there just the same, so Henry Sykes didn't worry very much about it. In his heart he wished he could understand more of the things the sergeants said in the lecture rooms. If they would only show him instead of talking!

Then presently they began to send him up in balloons. Henry didn't like that. The blimps were so slow and wabbly; it wasn't really flying and you couldn't fight in a blimp. And worse still, they sent him up in kite balloons—great sausages with a basket underneath and a long rope leading to the ground. That was worst of all, for it wasn't flying at all—just going straight up and coming straight down when they wound in the rope on the winch. Still, it was all part of the course, it seemed, so he worked hard and learned where he could, and presently it was over.

That last day was a great one for Henry Sykes. They told him he was a corporal and he ran all the way to Stores to draw his brand-new chevrons and the little white O with the wing on it that was to go over his heart. The tailor sewed them on for him, and Henry looked in the mirror for the first time and saw himself as others were to see him henceforth. He almost gasped at the splendor of his reflection. He slapped his Glengarry on at a rakish angle and flicked his regimental cane at his neatly wound putties, then he walked solemnly back to the hutments, where they were to be photographed.

There were two thoughts in his mind. He had done what Major Eltinge had told him to do—he had not let him down. He was an observer now, and a flyer. But the other thought took the edge from the first. He was too late to save Mr. Bollinge. Far off to the right on the ranges, he could hear the hot, steady bleating of a machine gun. His shoulders straightened and he remembered the scores he had made himself. It didn't seem quite right not to have had Mr. Bollinge live, so he could save him —— "But anyways, I can kill 'em as kilt Mr. Bollinge!" There was sweat on the palms of his hands as he walked on more slowly, more determinedly.

They gave him three days' leave to see his folks, and because he didn't have any folks, he went to cheap cinemas and walked the streets aimlessly. Men didn't like him very much and he couldn't get on at all with girls. They giggled and snickered and gave him playful pushes when he talked to them. But he didn't care much about that now, for he was a real observer, going out to France again, to fly in real planes over the lines; to shoot a gun at real Huns—to be in the war.

Again he was in Boulogne with his kit bags, waiting for a train with some other men of his course. They were talking together while they waited.

In an interval Henry said, "I 'opes we goes to a Bristol squadron, or a De 'Aviland. Them Ack W's is so slow-loike an' I hates picture-tykin'."

They stared at him and laughed and nudged one another: "Barmy, 'e is. Thinks he's a real posh foightin' observer!"

Henry grinned and shifted to the other foot. The other men turned away and went on talking.

The train crawled slowly inland, carrying its freight of leave men up to railhead to fling them back into the eternal maw of the war again. Henry sat next to the window, watching the green of the landscape change to monotonous muddy brown as the train wound up into the training areas where men drilled and sweated and pounded the soil into slush under their hobnailed boots. He craned his neck once to watch an aeroplane. It would be good to get back to a real squadron now that he was a flyer. He was tingling with impatience inside. Perhaps it wouldn't be too late tonight, when he reported in. He might be in time for the dusk patrol. He wondered what his pilot would be like and whether his pilot would like him. That was curious about Henry Sykes—he always worried about whether people would like him. The thought of whether he would like people never entered his head, because that didn't very much matter-loike.

At railhead they piled into a lorry that was waiting to take them up to their unit. It rattled and jounced along the crowded road, throwing them from side to side in endless exasperating jolts that never took them twice at quite the same angle. They clung on and watched the snout of the next lorry behind for almost an hour. Then the lorry turned off the road, ran a little way further and stopped. They piled out with their kit bags. Henry looked around eagerly for the hangars, but there wasn't anything that looked quite like a hangar. He turned in the opposite direction. There were more lorries there, lined up in a row—lorries with great winches on them, and balloon baskets and neatly rolled balloons. Henry's heart jumped a beat, but he shook his head quickly to clear his mind of the thought. He was the last one to go into the office to salute and report himself. The adjutant took down his name and number and his next of kin. Henry always gave the minister of his parish for that.

"Righto! That's all."

"Please, sir, is it a De 'Aviland squadron, sir?"

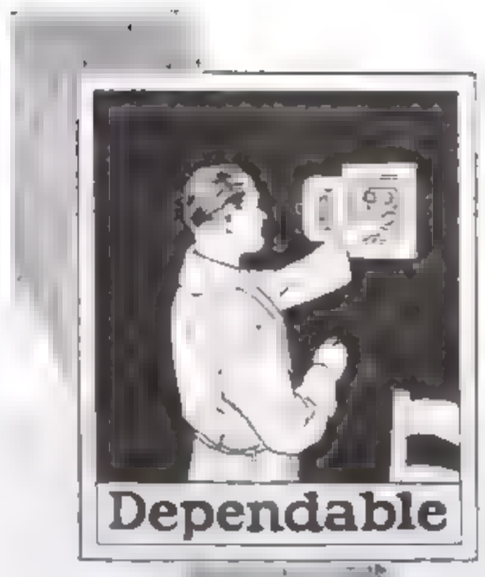
The adjutant looked up quickly and frowned: "What?"

"Nothink, sir." Henry gulped.

"De Haviland?" snapped the adjutant. "You're not passed as an aeroplane observer, my man. We're kite balloons here. That's what your papers call for."

Somehow Henry Sykes managed to salute and get out into the open air, but he couldn't eat any supper that night. Luck, it was—rotten luck. He'd done all they'd told him to do—done it well—all but the bombing and finding places on the map. And now he wasn't to fly after all! He went out of the mess shack and sat on a bench in the twilight.

"I done my best—I done my best," he said to himself. "An' now I ain't a-goin' to fly or foight at all loike. An' Mr. Bollinge'll know, an' Major Eltinge. I've let 'em both down. 'Struf I ain't much good at all. Just a blinkin' kite ballooner up on a rope an' down on a rope."



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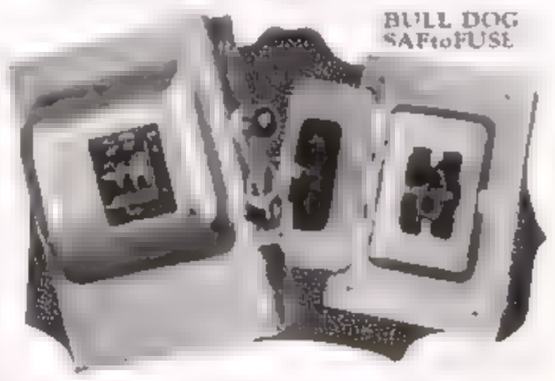

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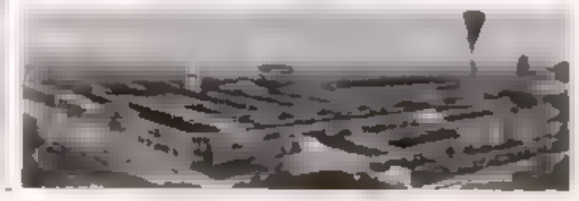

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GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
of Everlasting Beauty

His shame hovered over him for days, riding his shoulders like the Old Man of the Sea. Then gradually he forgot it. Henry Sykes had learned long ago that things just sort of happened to him loike, and it didn't make any difference what he thought about them. He just had to go on doing what they told him to do whether he liked doing it or not. And he had to do things well, too, or else people got angry with him, and that wasn't nice-loike. So he went on, as he had always done as long as he could remember, doing the things—just loike when he was sweeping and tidying up at the greengrocer's in Hampstead before the war. Slow-loike and careful and thorough.

The afternoon was a great amber-glass bell set over the beaten-copper disk of the ground. At the edges where the two met there were dust scrolls, shot with the refracted rays of the pale yellow sun, that quite shut off everything beyond. The great sausage overhead lolled and wabbled slowly in the fitful August air.

Henry Sykes, with his feet braced and his chin resting on the bound wicker rim of the swaying basket, squinted through his binoculars at the smudged horizon beyond. Behind him, Mr. Cochrane, with his back braced against the opposite corner, figured rapidly on his map case, meanwhile talking half aloud, half to himself. Presently he stopped figuring.

"What do you make out, Sykes?"

"Nothink much, sir," said Henry. "Fair blotted out, it is, in th' dust, sir." He lowered his glasses and turned around.

"We'll stick it a bit longer," said Mr. Cochrane. "Perhaps it'll clear." He picked up the telephone and talked sharply for a moment to the ground crew below. Henry looked up through the network of ropes that snared the flanged sausage above his head. Slowly he turned again and raised his binoculars, but it was useless. He looked down over the side of the basket. The drag cable, arched like a bow, pivoted slowly in a complete circle around the tiny lorry on the ground below. Henry wondered what would happen if the captive balloon suddenly started off into the upper air carrying the lorry with it, dangling on the end of the cable. He turned his glasses on the lorry. He could see the great winch quite clearly, and the men around it smoking and talking in the lazy heat of the afternoon. One of them had great hairy arms—loike th' arms of that Tommy at Amiens. Another one spat decisively and looked upward. Henry shifted the glasses suddenly under the man's gaze. He turned them in his hand and looked through the bottom end. The anchor lorry leaped away into infinite space and became so small that Henry could no longer see the men around it.

Again he squinted at the smudged horizon far in front of him. It was even worse now than before. Mr. Cochrane took his own glasses and looked. Slowly he swept the binoculars across the arc of their front.

"Oh, well," he said, "might as well give it up. Keep your eye on Number 4, and when she winds down we'll go with her." He pointed to the right, where the other balloon hung like a tiny breakfast sausage several miles away. Henry focused his binoculars on it and brought it much closer. He could see the heads and shoulders of the observers above its basket rim now.

One of them flung out his arm suddenly and pointed. Henry wondered about it idly. The second observer hunched forward and then threw a booted leg over the basket rim. He hung for a moment by his hands while the other man climbed over, then they both leaped free just as a rippling sheet of flame galloped along the top of the envelope above them. Henry saw their bodies hurtle down and snap up again, kicking, as the white wrinkled clouds of their parachutes bellowed over their heads.

He lowered his glasses and turned in surprise to Mr. Cochrane. There was a low whine in the air now, like the drone of a lazy bee

"They be jumpin' out, sir," said Henry. Mr. Cochrane took one look and leaped to the telephone. "Wind in! Wind in!" he screamed.

Henry stared at him. He was pointing toward the flame-and-smoke clouds that had been the other balloon. "No time! Step off, Sykes!" he shouted. Henry's mouth hung open. Mr. Cochrane was already climbing over the side of the basket. "Step off, you ruddy fool!" Henry wanted to understand—wanted desperately to understand—but it was all so sudden. Mr. Cochrane shook his fist. His cheeks were white with fright and rage. "Step off! It's a Hun!"

A steel-billed woodpecker broke the silence close at hand and commenced to hammer angrily in sharp bursts. Bits of wicker flew about in the basket and Mr. Cochrane's face and shoulders disappeared. Henry Sykes saw the fingers of one of his hands still on the basket rim, saw his ring glint in the sun, then they slipped off and he was gone. Suddenly Henry knew what it was. He whipped about quickly and started to climb the basket rim himself, but something lashed at him—something he couldn't see—and beat him back onto the swaying floor boards.

He was quite sick, but he caught himself on his hands and knees and fought against the screaming pain that burned in his leg and hip. He wasn't quite sure where he was. He dragged himself up again and stood for a second, wiping his sweating face with his hand. It was all very confusing—something had knocked him down and hurt him—still hurt him, and there was noise all about him; queer noise—loud and whining noise that wove up and down the scale as if someone were twanging a great fiddle-string and sliding a finger along it as he twanged—twanged incessantly—much faster than anyone could twang—faster than a machine gun.

The calluses on Henry's hands scraped at his face roughly. He was all sort of weakish-loike. Something red streaked past, outside the network of ropes, and was gone. The basket swayed mightily and one tiny rope snapped cleanly. Henry was down again on his hands and knees, wondering, trying desperately to think. He stared at the muddy floor boards of the basket—then suddenly he remembered:

"Go it, bantam! Smash him!"

"Come on, the Durham's!"

Pain tore at his leg as he jerked himself backward into the corner and caught one elbow over the basket rim. He wiped roughly at his eyes and lashed out weakly at the big Tommy. But the big Tommy wasn't there somehow—only that red streak coming back again with its twanging, whining drone getting louder and louder. Henry lashed at it with his fist, but it was too far away, snickering now again into cold horrid laughter. The binoculars which he still held by the strap whipped on the end of his arm and boomeranged back against his elbow.

"Mr. Bollinge, sir!" he screamed. Laughing at Mr. Bollinge! Again there was a short hard cackle above him. He turned sharply and stared into the pale whirring light fan of the Hun's propeller. Anger flamed into his eyes—hot, righteous anger. "It's them!" he shrieked, and he whirled the glasses mightily on their strap and slung them in a high arc through the ropes just as his legs doubled under him and he crashed down with his chin against the basket rim. He saw the glasses swoop out beyond him, trailing and whipping the strap behind, then the light fan shattered into a thousand splintered pieces as they struck it. But he didn't know about that.

"If I only had a machine gun!" he sobbed. "It's them—them as kilt Mr. Bollinge!" He slid his shoulder over the basket rim and shook his fist weakly. "I had—good scores—too." He could hardly see now, and his arm hung limply against the rough wicker. The streak flashed under him and came out again nose downward, spinning furiously, its red-hot engine racing and screaming as the splintered stumps of the propeller churned the air. Once more Henry shook his fist.

"Mr. Bollinge, sir!" His voice trailed off into a sigh just as the streak crashed into the ground. A sheet of flame leaped up around it. That was the last thing Henry saw. His head and shoulders were still over the basket rim when they wound the balloon down—and his right fist was still clenched tightly.

They stood over him, listening to his slow breathing as the tide went softly out. His eyes didn't open, but his lips moved once. The sergeant knelt beside him to listen.

The rasping whisper was very soft. The sergeant bent closer, then slowly he raised his head and his face was blank with amazement. He touched his nose with the palm of his hand and looked at it anxiously. He waited another moment, then he stood up and turned his thumb downward at Henry. In a hushed voice he said, "I didn't say nothing to 'im, did I?"

The ground crew stared at the sergeant and the big lorry driver shook his head: "Not as I heard, you didn't."

"But he says to me," said the sergeant slowly, 'Yes, sir. Thankee, sir. I knows I has a funny nose.' Then he sort of just died-like."

The lorry driver looked from the sergeant to Henry Sykes on the ground. Then he raised his eyes to the twisted mass of wire and metal that still burned feebly a hundred yards away where the red Hun had crashed. Then he spat decisively.

"Funny nose, is it?" he said slowly. "Humph! Not arf—I don't think." He shrugged his big shoulders. "Funny thinker, rather. Should've jumped when he had time, like Mr. Cochrane did. Blinkin' 'Un couldn't fly much anyway or he wouldn't 've crashed that way for no reason-like."

And again he spat.

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SOME DAY

(Continued from Page 27)

cause the retreat of the intruder so hurriedly that the glasses had not been recovered, when there might have been no opportunity to go back and procure them unperceived. No person who wore glasses, Clive reflected, could lose them in such contact and then forget about them. In this connection it occurred to him that among young people farsightedness is comparatively rare, and that when it exists, is more apt to need correction in the case of young men than in that of young women.

Comparatively few young women wear glasses habitually, and when they do the visual defect is more apt to be myopic. The odds were, therefore, in favor of the wearer of the glasses in this case being a man.

There had been, perhaps, something in the interview to inspire Aliste with the urgent desire to get off that ship, when the fishing boats becalmed close aboard, about a kilometer away, suggested the idea of slipping overside and swimming to the nearest of them. The sea had been smooth, and as few French fishing boats have engine power, the vessel would not be changing its position. In such a case Aliste must be hiding her identity, her very existence in fact, through fear of somebody or something. What that might be Clive was now determined to discover, and to discover unassisted. Aliste was painting at some point on the west coast of France, of which a more localized knowledge might be had through the coif of the Breton maid in her picture Pincée.

He had carefully noted this coif, but to fasten it definitely in his mind he drew out his notebook and sketched the scrap of headdress, so trifling in itself—merely a white encircling band with four starched loops of filet. A constructing engineer, naval and aerial architect must have some skill in drawing, and Clive's professional draftsmanship was supplemented by an artistic gift; or perhaps one should put it the other way about. At any rate he now sketched in the whole head, the face of a pretty girl with heavy hair neatly done up and crowned by this dainty native headdress.

It occurred to Clive that the quickest way to learn to what commune the coif belonged might be to walk a little way down the Avenue de l'Opéra to Trebano's, where he could undoubtedly find a book on Brittany that would list the coifs.

But he was saved this trouble. He had ordered a second bock, for the day was hot and he was thirsty; and now, as the waiter set down the little saucer his eye fell on the sketch when—being an elderly waiter of the old school who may have been employed at Lavenue or at the Café de Versailles or du Dome, frequented by artists—he said cheerfully, "*Très chic. Très bien fait. Une fille de Morbihan. La coiffe de Lorient, n'est-ce pas?*"

Clive glanced at him. "Are you sure about the coif?" he asked.

"Certainly, monsieur. I was first railway guard at Lorient during the war, then *réformé* for hernia and waiter at the Café de la Marine. Your American minesweepers were based there at the time. They had their work, *ma foi*. That place was putrid with mines between l'Ile de Groix and St.-Nazaire."

Here, thought Clive, was a bit of luck, if only in time saved, as he could have got the same information by a little inquiry. He paid his bill, with a tip of five francs, the equivalent at that moment of about fifteen cents. Then on the off chance of getting some information even more valuable he said, "I have not been there since the war. Tell me, did you ever hear of a young Breton fisherman named Fanch Kerodec?"

"The pilot. Certainly. A fine fellow. But that was not his name. He is well born, that fellow. But like many of the old Breton families he worked for his living. Owner of some fishing boats which he worked himself. During the war he served as naval pilot on that part of the coast. I'll tell you, monsieur, one of those pilots must know his affair. He must carry in his head without a chart all the courses into every port of his district, and be able to semaphore in the French and International Codes, and know the soundings, the depths of water, and read the code flags and all the rest, and have a knowledge of gunnery."

"You seem well informed," Clive observed.

The old waiter shrugged. "A waiter hears a good deal, and me, I am not stupid. I served the officers of the American mine sweepers, the little fish boats. They were too deep for safety as mine sweepers. Kerodec was attached to their flagship for a while and came sometimes to the café with the officers. We were not allowed to serve them spirits—only wine and beer. But sometimes when they had caught a mine or two they would have a cup of tea—with cognac." The old fellow winked.

"I wonder what became of Kerodec after the war," Clive said.

The waiter shrugged again. "Who knows? An enemy submarine that was planting mines, Penmarch Pete, popped up one day when his fishing boats were becalmed and grabbed all their wine and bread and what stores and fish they wanted and laid bombs in their holds and blew them up. He lost everything, and I do not know if he were recompensed."

"And the crews?" Clive asked.

"They were allowed to save themselves as best they could in their small boats. But there came a tempest that night and some were drowned. Kerodec was furious. The more so as his brother-in-law—the husband of his sister—was lost. He went to the Admiral Joliet and said, 'Give us some guns for our fish boats and we will show these boche pirates something.' They did that thing, and the next time a submarine tried that game they pulled a tarpaulin off the gun and let him have it. After sinking one or two, they were let alone. But Kerodec was ruined. I think he had a little farm on Belle Isle—a château of sorts. That is where he came from." He broke off suddenly. "Monsieur desires?"

The customer addressed was at a table directly behind Clive. Glancing instinctively over his shoulder, Clive received a disagreeable shock. Seated at the table was the man Constant who had come into the art dealer's near the Madeleine. The table had been vacant on Clive's seating himself, so that the man must at that moment have dropped quietly into a chair and could not have heard much of the conversation. But Clive's notebook with the sketch of the coif was lying open on the table, plainly visible to anybody standing behind him. He closed it quickly and slipped it back into his pocket.

The valuable news he had just received was now presented in a different light—as a possible misfortune rather than a stroke of luck. There seemed no particular reason to believe that the fellow was taking any special interest in his movements, and yet Clive's intuition warned him that this second encounter was not entirely fortuitous. He remembered the dealer's having told him that the man had called first on the same errand as his own, to inquire where he might find a painting by Mademoiselle O'Day, and on being shown the specimens of work much similar was attempting to get in touch with the painter.

This effort Clive thought might be genuine, or it might be merely to determine whether this painter would accept a carte-blanche order to do the portraits of some children. If not, the fact of such a refusal would be significant, a verification of what the fellow possibly already suspected—that Aliste was painting somewhere under an incognito.

Even without his unpleasant intuition, the fact of the man's presence there would have been enough to suggest that he was interested in Clive's movements, after having discovered him at the art dealer's examining the pictures by Aliste and the two others so much resembling her technic. Clive got up and walked back to the optician's.

His friendly acquaintance in the shop was serving a customer, but gave him a slight nod as he entered and stood waiting.

The client having been disposed of, Clive stepped to the counter and said: "I want to ask for a little private information. I've got an idea that I'm being trailed by a species of pest who wants to work me for something or other. Did a well-dressed young man with black hair and a sort of Tartar look about him like a flush second-story worker come in here soon after I'd left?"

"He sure did, Mr. Pierpont. The description fits. He said that he saw you go out as he was passing and thought you were a man he knew, but couldn't be quite sure. He asked for your name."

"Did you give it to him?"

"I did not. There are scads of his breed of touts and come-ons hanging round the Place de l'Opéra. The French claim that your snappy modern up-to-date American crooks have organized a foreign service of *voyous* over here and are giving the Paris *apaches* a P. G. course in modern methods of graft, and I shouldn't wonder if that was right. Has this rotter tried to brace you?"

"No," Clive said; "but he's been hanging off and on. He came into an art dealer's when I was there, and just now he slid into a table behind me at the Café de la Paix."

"Well, I guess you know your book."

"Did he ask anything else?"

"No. I didn't offer to kiss him on both cheeks. He saw that I was wise and slid."

Clive thanked him and went out. There was no longer any doubt but that he was being shadowed. The motive might be no more than because he gave outward evidence of the rich idle young American tourist cruising about in search of diversion, a possible victim for guidance of sorts, as young men of his class vacationing alone are sometimes apt to be in a foreign country, when they would be unapproachable at home.

Then again it might have something to do with his quest for Aliste. If so, his talk with the waiter had been most unfortunate. A generous tip would reveal the subject of their conversation and furnish an immediate clew. For a moment Clive was tempted to return to the café, talk to the waiter and make it worth his while to keep his mouth shut. But he reflected that to do so would be as good as announcing his suspicions to Constant if he still were there; and, besides, the man had only to overtop his bribe to learn what he wanted to know. The talkative old waiter had not impressed Clive as one in whom much confidence could be placed.

He decided, therefore, that his best course was now to get immediately about his investigation. Aliste, he felt convinced, was painting in some retired corner of the coast of Brittany near Lorient. Her fisherman model Kerodec could be no other than the former French naval pilot described by the waiter. Kerodec hailed originally from Belle Isle, was of the lesser early Breton nobility perhaps, and after the annihilation of his little fishing fleet, which represented his whole fortune, no doubt he had been working a boat of his own. How Aliste had happened to run into him did not seem important. She might have been making a sketch on the quay when Kerodec was unloading fish, and in his guise of stolid Breton fisherman Aliste might easily have asked him to pose. He would have been amused at being taken for a mere peasant *pêcheur de thon* and readily complied, with the result of their becoming better acquainted. In the case of the Bretons, as in that of their neighbors, the Basques, it is practically impossible for the foreigner to distinguish the matter of caste, possibly because both are of the same proud simplicity, in which the mere knowledge of superiority is entirely sufficient without any outward and visible insignia of rank.

Clive decided to go immediately to Lorient, there to make a few quiet inquiries, which he thought might take him to Belle Isle.

Going then to his hotel, he examined a travel map and found that there was a passenger service across the eight-mile stretch between Quiberon and the Pointe des Poulains, on the northwest corner of Belle Isle—that island secretly fortified by Fouquet, Minister of Finance under Louis Quatorze, who had vainly hoped to retire safely there with the fruits of his peculations, but delayed too long, subsequently to die in prison. There was another service to Le Palais, the principal town of Belle Isle, that had its name from Fouquet's fortress-palace.

Whatever Constant might or might not suspect, or even have learned, one thing was imperative, Clive decided—he must throw the man off his trail, take every precaution against being followed to Lorient. Being fortunate in not having to consider the matter of cost, with an independent income considerably in excess of his pay, Clive decided to engage a fast and comfortable car, with a chauffeur who knew the route. Also, in case of finding it advisable to loiter watchfully in some locality, it seemed advisable to have some pretext for doing so, and Clive could think of none better than the rôle of amateur painter. He was in fact artist enough to carry out this idea—rather more than that, for his drawing was excellent, though his knowledge of mixing colors did not go far.

He jumped into a taxi and crossed the Seine to an artists' supply shop off the Boulevard Raspail, where he equipped himself with a color box *panneau*, a little easel and folding stool. As he was making these purchases, a man with a Vandyke beard, whose general air and costume suggested the artist, came in and bought a sketchbook and some crayons. There was nothing about this person to arouse suspicion, if Clive had not already been on the alert for espionage. Two details served, however, to put him even more on edge. One of these was that the customer bore something of the same facial traits as Constant—the Central European sort, and the eastern part of Central Europe, where the Tartar strain obtains. The other fact was that after making his purchase he loitered just as Constant had done, then went out immediately after Clive and got into a small but high-powered two-seater that he drove himself.

Clive stood for a moment and watched him start up the hill, then got in his taxi, telling the chauffeur to return to the hotel. On the way back he concluded that his movements were under close surveillance and that he must mind his step to get out of Paris undetected. The idea occurred to him that he might have been watched since his arrival, and if so he had to thank Marina for these attentions. She had told him that Aliste was running latterly with a very bad crowd, so that it was quite possible that the singer herself had been involved in it, and might now share the intensity of interest in Clive's belief that Aliste lived and in his effort to discover where she might be hiding. In such a case he had committed his first great *faux pas* in talking to Marina at all, though the fact that Constant was already trying to pick up the scent seemed to indicate that his own suspicions were already shared, and that his stating them to Marina had served as confirmation of them.

He had ordered the driver to return to the hotel; and on arriving presently Clive's habitual keenness of observation, now honed to a fine edge, picked up another evidence that he was being watched. The man who had been at the paint shop had not,

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"Alley-oop!"

When skis glide on air at St. Moritz . . . when bob-sleds race in icy ruts at Lake Placid . . . when toboggans fly in old Quebec . . . four out of five are riding to a fall.

Sooner or later the breathless rush ends in damp catastrophe. But dismay lasts only an instant when a man is dressed as well and as warmly as this: colorful mufflers of wool from Scotland, and very heavy Swiss silk knits... shirts for sport with collars attached . . . worsted underwear with Chalet or Glacier ribs . . . woolen gloves and mittens, quaintly patterned by McGeorge of Scotland . . . neckwear in Mayfair stripes, moires, prints, and reps . . . imported sport hose, long and short, in hues brilliant or softly subtle.

Hard to find such fine things at moderate price? Not at all! In every city and town, there are good stores that have them—the haberdashers who display Wilson Brothers label.

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear
Nightwear • Belts • Suspenders • Garters • Novelties

© 1927 Wilson Brothers

When Father "*fixes*" that balky drain

...watch out for wet weather!

"LET me at it," says the Handy Man of the house with perfect assurance—"I'll have it open for you in no time!"

"No time" is right! Twenty minutes of violent prodding and poking—a great plenitude of splashing—and Father's remarks are free-running even if the drain isn't!

If he would just let Drāno do the job—there'd be a different story then. For Drāno will boil and bubble its way through the most stubborn pipe obstruction—dissolving it completely. Used every week it will *keep* all the drains in the house sweet and clean and open, for it actually *scours* the un-get-at-able insides of waste pipes—*and it cannot harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*

Deodorize the Garbage Can

Sprinkle Drāno freely into can and add a cup or two of water. It disinfects, too.

And Drāno *does other things*

Drāno will remove burnt-in grease from iron pots and glass oven-ware. It purifies refrigerator drains. It clears out downspouts and cleans oily garage floors. Drāno is the "handy man" in millions of homes. Order a can today or send 25c for a full-sized trial can.

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Chio

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

35¢ *in Canada*

Continued from Page 114

under Clive's analyzing glance, much of anything to distinguish him. One note, however, had caught Clive's attention. The man's shoes were of the glaring yellow sort, so that Clive's eye was naturally attracted to them. He had noticed a black smear across the right shoe, as if the wearer, desiring to wipe the dust off his gleaming footgear, had picked up the wrong rag from his tool box—one with a smudge of burnt oil.

As Clive now paid off his taxi and turned to go into the hotel, he glanced casually at the clients sitting on the sidewalk terrace of this popular café at the hub of Paris. He saw no face that caught his attention, but as his gaze swept downward it fell upon a foot beneath a table, behind which sat a man with an open copy of Le Matin so held as to eclipse his head. But Clive did not need to examine that capital ornament. The foot projecting under the iron table was incased in a yellow shoe that would have been neat enough but for a thin smear of black across it. Also Clive observed in passing on to the hotel entrance that the angle of the newspaper was shifted slightly as he went by, and that there was a slight tear in its middle fold.

Another point determined in this game at hide and seek now being played. Clive knew that he was under close surveillance, and that his subsequent moves must be most carefully made if he were to avoid betraying Aliste's secret to these unprepossessing scouts. This second spy had followed his taxi to the paint shop, then anticipated his probable return to the hotel and got there in time to watch his arrival. The man must have skimmed up round the corner of the Boulevard du Montparnasse, then turned down it and made back across the Seine.

Up to this point Clive trusted that his investigation had done no harm. Even if the loquacious waiter had been persuaded to comment on the sketch of the Breton girl's head that Constant must have seen, and got the same information that Clive had received—that the headdress was of Lorient—it might not help him much. Clive did not believe that Aliste was to be found on any tourist route down the coast. He doubted also that the waiter would have mentioned the former naval pilot Kerodec, because to the waiter there could be no association of ideas between the fisherman of Belle Isle and the coif of Lorient.

Not wishing, for obvious reasons, to make inquiries for the chartering of a car, Clive went to a telephone booth, called up his bank and asked to be advised on the matter. This service being promptly rendered, he called up the garage, stated his requirements and requested that the car agreed upon, with a chauffeur who knew the route to Nantes, be waiting for him outside the Travelers' Club on the Champs-Élysées at two P.M.

This having been promised, Clive checked out of the hotel, had his luggage set aboard a taxi at the side entrance on the Rue Scribe, then went out and got into it and drove to the club, of which he was a member. He lunched there and at the time appointed went out, found his car waiting, a smart, well-powered little roadster, and told the driver to start immediately for Nantes.

They went out over the road through Dreux, where, telling the chauffeur he had decided to go to Vannes, they held on through Alençon, then stopped for the night at Laval.

Making an early start the next morning, Clive continued on his way, through Redon, Vannes, Auray and down the long peninsula of Quiberon. Here he decided that a chauffeur, hanging about waiting for him, would be one more possible way of tracing his movement; he paid him off and sent the car back to Paris.

He reflected then that, finding their bird flown, his trailers might go to Lorient, acting on the possible tip obtained from the waiter, and Lorient was in the general vicinity—about fifty kilometers away. If they happened to investigate Quiberon, it would not be difficult to learn that he had crossed to Belle Isle, if he went in the usual tourist's way. To avoid this, Clive rose early next morning and went down to the quay, where, looking round a little, he found a small fishing boat with the *patron* and a *mousse*, and quickly struck a bargain to sail him across the eight-mile stretch of the Passage de la Teignouse, a little south of which is that rock pasture where in wartime the American convoys southbound sometimes anchored for the night, more or less protected from the stealthy enemy sea snakes by the far-flung scattered ledges that made submarine navigation too hazardous to risk.

A good breeze springing up, the little fishing boat made a quick run, landing him at Le Palais, the quaint and picturesque little port much visited by tourists. Clive, in his short suit of light tweeds, with easel and color box and stool, attracted no attention. His general type was that of English artist on a painting tour, this accentuated by the monocle dangling from its cord and a manner of speaking not associated in the French mind with the Yankee tourist. He did not believe that he could be traced to Belle Isle; and, after engaging a room in the hotel, he went out and roamed about, bought a few post cards with pressed sea mosses; and then an idea striking him went back to the café terrace of the hotel and ordered a half bottle of wine, which was served by a pretty girl in the costume of Morbihan, to which department Belle Isle belongs.

"I have not been here since before the war, when I was a schoolboy at the Collège de Normandie," Clive said conversationally. "But I cannot see that the place has changed."

She smiled.

"We others change, monsieur," she said, "but not Belle Isle."

The answer pleased Clive and so did the speaker. The girl was really very pretty, with no Breton stolidity. She was about twenty, with heavy black hair very snugly done beneath her crisp, dainty coif, robust of physique, red of cheek and lip from the soft damp tonic of the sea, a short and shapely nose, violet eyes and a laughing mouth.

There was, indeed, something about her to suggest Aliste, but that may have been merely coloring or a sort of racial resemblance, for Aliste was of French and Irish parentage, though her mother was American-born. This girl was evidently of French and Breton blood, the former as indicated by hair and eyes and the Breton akin to the Gaelic.

"I had a great friend here when I was a boy," Clive continued mendaciously. "He was a pilot during the war; though young for that position, I should say. Before that he owned some fishing boats that were sunk by a German submarine, and his sister's husband was lost."

The girl's eyes brightened with interest. "Monsieur speaks of François de Guerveur?"

Clive knitted his brows. "That does not sound exact. We called him Fanch."

She nodded. "The Breton *petit nom* for François. For a little boy, it is Fanchik."

"But it seems to me I've heard him spoken of as Kerodec."

"That was his mother's name. She was a girl of this place and her family were fisher folk. Fanch took that name because he thought De Guerveur, a noble name, ought not to be shouted back and forth when calling to a fisherman."

"I suppose," said Clive, "that by this time he has a wife and children of his own."

She shook her head. "But that is very sad, monsieur. He married just before the war. His wife was a girl of Lorient, very pretty, but, as it turned out, not so good. Fanch was always away at sea with American convoys and the mine sweepers. He came back to find that she had deceived him, and would have no more to do with her."

"A man should marry in his own place," Clive said. "Does he still live here on Belle Isle?" *(Continued on Page 119)*

Supremely happy because yours is *The smiling* MOUTH of YOUTH

MOST IMPORTANT are the six little glands in your mouth!

As long as they are active, vigorously supplying the natural fluids that prevent decay, your white teeth stay sound, your gums remain hard and healthy-pink.

But this protection of the mouth glands is all too easily lost.

For the exercise that keeps them active, youthful, is not given by our modern diet. The soft foods we eat need too little chewing. Soon the mouth glands cease producing their natural fluids. Then decay begins.

Especially to correct this—to renew the vigor of the mouth glands as well as to polish the teeth—Pebeco was prepared. As you brush your teeth with Pebeco you can taste an important salty ingredient. You can feel its soft crystals dissolve.

This important substance in Pebeco restores for you each day the healthy, smiling Mouth of Youth. A tingling after-feeling tells you that the tiny mouth glands are refreshed, revived.

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In our teens these six mouth glands begin to slow up . . .

From our earliest years, soft foods are gradually robbing our teeth and gums of their protection. The numbers show where the real guardians of the mouth are located, three on each side. They should be working day and night, producing the fluids that neutralize the acids of decay. Pebeco contains the important ingredient that restores the youthful vigor of the tiny mouth glands and keeps them always active.

All the Loveliness and Charm of Joyous Youth are Yours

How thrilling to be popular, admired—even envied—for your gaily flashing smiles, your piquant, adorable mouth! No matter how close to others you speak and laugh, you know your breath is sweet as a child's.

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Send me free your new large-size tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

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This coupon not good after February 1931

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands Young*

The Sampler —a favored Valentine token

Do you want her to know who sent the Valentine? You don't—*and you do*, especially if it's Whitman's Sampler. There's an air of unusualness about this famous box of sweets that you'll be proud to have her associate with your name. How she will enjoy the delicious chocolates and confections, the selections of the most critical candy tastes in America! Give the Sampler and you give a thrill.

A glance at the mysteriously written address. An air of suspense as the package is opened. Then a real thrill of pleasure when she finds it's a box of

Whitman's

Chocolates

Suit the Valentine to the individual taste. Each of the celebrated Whitman packages has its own "personality" and its own admirers. The Sampler, A Fussy Package, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Heart Box. Selection is easy from these beautiful boxes, with their special Valentine bands and the charming variety of their assortments. Every box sent direct from us to our agents in your neighborhood.

(Continued from Page 118)

"He comes and goes, earning his living at fishing. His home is a very old château, almost all ruins, on the road to Pointe des Poulains. Not a real château, but what was a fortified farm in the old times. Only a wing of it is left."

"Does he live alone?"

"For the last year there have been a cousin and her aunt. She is very pretty, and they say that he is in love with her. But they cannot marry without knowing if his wife still lives."

"Could he not divorce her?"

"Ah, but their church would not allow that—*voici*, monsieur."

She went to serve another client, who had seated himself, the first of a stream of arrivals, coming up from a landing. Clive, sipping his wine, felt that his mission was as good as achieved. This cousin would be Aliste, he was convinced; the aunt a companion of sorts to make regular a sanctuary at the home of Kerodec, or De Guerveur. Such a precaution would be essential in a country where, whatever the freedom of behavior, the forms of respectability must be strictly followed to avoid the sharp tongue of slander.

It was by this time noon, and a delicious luncheon was served—hors d'œuvres, *moules marinière*, omelet, *blanquette de veau*, salad and cheese. Immediately afterward, Clive set out with his color box, on foot, by a road that led at times along the high cliffs, at the foot of which were little beaches tucked away and grottoes in which the water made deep hollow sounds. Sometimes the cliffs dropped sheer into water that was wonderfully clear, the bottom carpeted by sea growths of lovely colors. Though late in July, the air was deliciously fresh, a light easterly breeze roughing the surface of the strait.

He trudged along for about three miles, passing some picturesque stone cottages and here and there a farm, where on the moor the little half-wild Breton cattle grazed, or a bunch of sheep. There was nothing desolate about the scene, and the island impressed him as more populated than many parts of the mainland of Brittany, especially back on the edge of the Montagnes Noires. Also, it was more cultivated, fresher and greener, and along the edge of the cliffs the gorse was in its second bloom, vivid yellow flowers that melted into the soft haze. A country rich in coloring, with an atmosphere to enhance yet soften the rich and often brilliant hues—an artist's paradise, Clive perceived, especially if that artist happened to be a painter of marines. Aliste could have fared far worse in seeking an *oubliette* that was not gloomy.

Clive did not follow the flinty road, but took a little coast-guard path on the edge of the cliffs. He could scarcely miss the Château de Guerveur, and presently identified it as the girl had described—what had been in the old days a well-fortified farmhouse that made yet some pretensions of state.

It was set back from the top of the cliffs in a swale that sheltered it from the southwest winds; while those from the east, striking the rampart of cliff, would have their force shunted up and over the place. One wing only appeared to be habitable, this built of solid stone blocks, with the usual jutting stones at intervals—some old superstition to invite the descent of mischievous devils or sprites, Clive had heard or read. It looked like some gnarled old tree that has decided to bloom again at one part of it, and a woman's hand was shown in the flower boxes, with their geraniums set Norman fashion outside the window sills. A cider-apple orchard, ancient but still fruitful and well tended, flanked the inclosure.

As he approached the house an enormous dog, sunning itself on the stone flagging outside the door, rose and gave forth a tremendous bark that was partly bay. Clive recognized the animal as the *chien des Pyrénées*, a breed used by the Basque mountaineers to guard their flocks, and sometimes trained to smuggle packets of tobacco over the French-Spanish frontier. Fanch, he reflected, might have brought back this specimen from a voyage to the coast of the Basses-Pyrénées department.

The huge dog showed no offensive hostility, merely standing at the door, a perfectly efficient guardian of the house. After the first alarm, it stood silent, watchful, neither growling nor showing its teeth. As nobody appeared, Clive ventured to approach the building; but when this intention became apparent to the dog, it gave another roaring bark, this time with a more warning note.

Clive did not persist in his advance. Evidently there was nobody at home, and the dog had been left in charge. A wall had at one time encircled the farm; but a part of it at the front of the house, facing the brink of the cliffs about a quarter of a mile away, had been removed, probably to use the stone for the building of the wing that was now the only habitable part, though the rest of the château seemed from the outside at least to be in a fair state of preservation. This new wing had a more cheerful look, with its red-tiled roof and flagged terrace, while the demolition of the wall afforded a view of the straits and of Quiberon, blue in the distance. The chances were, Clive thought, that Fanch, when contemplating matrimony just before the war, had made these changes for his prospective bride. But Clive observed that the windows were furnished with the iron shutters, or blinds, of all French houses whether in country or town, and supplied in addition with iron bars—a heavy grille. This last defense might, Clive thought, have been a wartime precaution against the possible forays of enemy submarine crews.

As there seemed no place to go but back to town Clive decided to hang about within sight of the road until someone of the household returned. He went to the edge of the *falaise*, which right here was fairly high and steep. There was a well-worn path; and following this, Clive found that it led down the face of the cliffs to a little beach below. In places this path had been hewed with a pick through the formation of chalk with its embedded flints, and there were several spots where the rock was sheer up and down on either side. But the passage looked easy for a level-headed person, and Clive was about to start down when his eye was caught by a moving figure on the edge of the cliffs in the direction of the town.

Clive was at this moment standing motionless at the head of the path, which was sunk a little, with gorse on either side, so that only his head was visible. He watched the figure that had just come into sight and discovered immediately something furtive in its movements. It was evidently that of a man, a tourist perhaps, following the coast-guard path and pausing frequently to approach fearsomely the brink of the cliffs and look over. There was nothing strange about such timidity—a fear of height vertigo, even though the elevation was not great. That which roused Clive's suspicion was that the same caution was manifested in the way the fellow peered round on the other sides. He seemed to pause as he advanced to look the ground over carefully before proceeding.

Clive was well placed to watch him, the gorse with its yellow blossoms shoulder high and the light gray mass of rock serving as a background. As he stood motionless, watching the man, the conviction grew that this prowler was himself watching somebody at the foot of the cliffs, but farther on ahead, and that his stealthy maneuvers were directed toward getting precisely above this person, while at the same time watching to see that he was unobserved by anybody who might be thereabouts on the moor or going along the road about four hundred yards away.

Moreover, Clive felt fairly sure that he himself was the person whom this fellow was so watchful to avoid. His movements indicated clearly that he had already sighted an objective down below invisible to Clive, and that he was working carefully along to find a way down to the beach unobserved.

Clive could find but one interpretation to put on this behavior—in spite of his precaution he had been trailed to Le Palais, or at least been seen to go aboard the fishing boat and sail off in that direction, when his tracker had taken the passenger boat a little later and arrived on Belle Isle not long after him, kept him under observation and followed him at a safe distance to the farm. Clive could not have been seen going from the farm to the cliffs because of a swale through which the path led, and a gorse-covered ridge that had hid him from view. But in following him at a safe distance his pursuer had evidently caught sight of something to interest him on the beach at the foot of the cliffs, and was now making that his object of scrutiny, at the same time keeping on the lookout for Clive.

At the same moment Clive discovered that this was only a part of some stealthy plan—one-third of it in fact. He caught sight of another man moving along the road abreast of the one on the edge of the cliffs, and even at that distance identified this figure as of similar pattern. Then, as he watched, Clive saw what looked like a signal between the two. The man on the cliffs made a sweeping gesture with his arm, as if to indicate that the other was to make a circling movement and join him on the cliff at a point opposite the farm, precisely where Clive himself was placed. And scarcely had this gesture been made when a third man came in sight on a little strip of beach visible from where Clive stood.

The maneuver became instantly clear to him. Here evidently was a dragnet of three thrown out and advancing cautiously, its object directed unquestionably against himself. He and not Aliste, Clive now believed, was the quarry that was being stalked.

This mob of three or more, so far as he knew, were stalking him with sinister purpose, and Clive could guess the reason for this. Whether tipped off by Marina or because of the fortuitous meeting in the art dealer's, these men were convinced that he was a detective detailed to investigate the disappearance of Aliste, and believed him to have verified their own suspicions that she was still alive and in hiding—even more than that, to have located the girl.

And they were right in part, Clive reflected bitterly. It looked as if his meddling in the affair in the hope of aiding Aliste had now resulted in precisely the opposite—led these three ferrets to her place of hiding. From the moment of his leaving the art dealer's, possibly before that time, he had been under close espionage. Besides the man with the yellow shoes, there must have been another in the lobby of the hotel. This one had followed him out the side door and to the Travelers' Club, where, while loitering outside, he had observed the arrival of the chartered car, guessed its purpose and promptly taken measures to follow. They had hung on his trail all the way, watched him embark in the fishing boat, when, as the day was clear and the wind fair, they had easily been able to determine his course, Belle Isle being plainly visible. On his starting out for the farm, they had followed him in this open order effectually to cut off his retreat to Le Palais. Whatever might be their affair with Aliste, Clive decided, their first and immediate intention was to remove finally and effectively this Yankee detective who had so kindly solved their other problem, and now stood as a distinct menace to them—or would do so, once he had found and interviewed Aliste.

His situation, Clive was forced to admit, was, as the French might say, extremely grave. He was unarmed, flanked by a fairly open moor, and the nearest possible sanctuary the Guerveur château, guarded by a huge dog that was unable to discriminate between friend and foe. He could not continue to retreat undiscovered; and to make matters worse, a circular sweep of the shore at this point must force him back against

(Continued on Page 121)

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To such charming ladies as

Billie Burke

St. Valentine's Day

is dedicated

SINCE the good old days when every gallant picked some lovely lady for his Valentine, the romantic custom has never waned.

Today, more than ever, it is proper to send Valentines—not only to our friends and relatives, and of course to the children—but to those we admire, the actresses, the writers, the artists, the singers—all who have given us happiness and inspiration through their artistry.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY
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The lives of our friends and relatives are full of occasions when the sending of a message of congratulation, praise, love or encouragement is the correct and kindly thing to do.

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For $4.40 you can WAX-POLISH *the* Floors *of* Six Average Rooms

Easily–Quickly–Electrically

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TELEPHONE your dealer that you want to RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for one day. There will be a $2.00 rental charge. And tell him to send a half-gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax with it.

That's ALL you need to bring 1500 sq. ft. of flooring to bright gleaming beauty. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Nor how they are finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. *All floors* respond wonderfully to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

It's so simple *anyone* can do it. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors—you will be amazed at the beauty of the lustrous, deep-toned polish so easily and quickly produced. The speed of the brush is responsible for the beautiful burnished accomplishment.

And after you have once gone over your floors with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher you will find it easy to *keep* them in this same sparkling, wear-resistant condition.

WAXED floors will give your home that indefinable air of refinement. Your rooms will take on new charm and distinction. The decorative value of your rugs and furnishings will be greatly enhanced. In fact, the whole house will look more beautiful and artistic when the floors glow with an electrically polished coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax.

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(Continued from Page 119)

the man who was coming along the road. This trio must have a good idea of his position, as the chances were he had been sighted approaching the farm.

A nice bungle he had made of it, Clive thought bitterly. The enemy was closing in on him at this lonesome spot, all three undoubtedly armed with automatic pistols and presumably good shots. Something had to be done, and quickly, if he were to get out of this jam alive; and the only choice appeared to be a dash across the rough moor in the hope of striking the road to Pointe des Poulains beyond the farm, and seeking the protection of some house or passers-by.

But Clive doubted that he could get to the road before being cut off by the fellow moving along it. The coast-guard path must keep on along the top of the cliffs, but this would be rough, irregular, going up and down and winding round fissures into the rocks, and he was certain to be headed off.

On the other hand, if he were to scramble down to the foot of the cliffs, he might find himself in a cul-de-sac, cornered by some buttress of rock projecting into the sea, and at the mercy or lack of this quality of the third man down below. Clive cursed himself for being such a fool as to neglect the precaution of arming himself and taking it for granted that he must have thrown his trackers off the scent.

But it was necessary to act quickly, whatever course he pursued. He might wriggle into the gorse like a rabbit in the hope that they pass him by. But the covert was not thick enough to promise much as a hiding place, especially as the men probably knew about where he was at the moment. There was not only grave danger but ignominy in being found like a cowering hare and exterminated where he lay. Neither did precipitate flight appeal to him—being chased over the moor and most probably outstripped by these lean whippets and brought down by them.

The situation was not only desperate to Clive but maddening, infuriating. He was rather heavy of build and no great runner, not in training for any hare-and-hound chase, with himself the hare and this pack to relay and head him off. His only possible refuge seemed to be the château; and there was that formidable dog, a huge beast against which an empty-handed man could do nothing—or even one armed with a club, Clive feared. But even with the dog disposed of, he doubted that the semi-ruined château would avail him much. The chances were it would be locked up, with everybody absent: and buildings of that sort are not to be broken into like a shore cottage of the American bandbox sort.

It looked to Clive as if his game was up. He could not run, and to hide he was ashamed—and, besides, there was no hiding place. A sort of fury of despair enveloped him, and in this desperation a poor but possible expedient was presented to his mind. His three pursuers were most evidently closing in on him at this point where he now stood, but the chances were against their arriving simultaneously at that very spot. The ledge against which he stood was eroded enough to offer concealment by crouching down in the gorse, so that he might be undetected until one of his trackers was within two or three paces.

By ambushing himself in this fashion, and provided with one of the chunks of flint, he might spring on an enemy, bowl him over and secure his weapon before the arrival of the two others.

It was a chance—a bare, naked chance—but the only one that seemed to offer any hope at all. Clive crouched down behind the low ledge, partly screened by that and partly by the gorse, and his grip fastened on a piece of heavy flint about the size of his fist. And there he waited, precisely as might have done some early island habitant cut off and hunted by well-armed marauders from the sea.

Thus, tense and strung to fighting pitch, Clive was all set for a swift, violent offensive, when he heard a sudden scuffling and the tinkle of loose stones just over the brink of the cliff. With the sound came that of quick, labored breathing. Then the padding of rapid steps, though still some distance down, gave evidence that the man beneath was coming up at the best speed he could make on so steep a climb.

A glow of savage exultation swept through Clive. This was better than he could have hoped for. His ambush was so placed that either of the two other men must surely have discovered him at a distance of twenty paces, a dangerous interval for the confronting of quick-fingered, nimble-witted desperadoes armed with automatics. Clive's only chance would have been a straight throw with his piece of flint, and the hope of disabling or disarming the other long enough for him to come to grips before being shot. No very hopeful manner of attack, as even a good stone throw can be dodged by a nimble person.

But in the case of the man coming up the path the advantage was all with Clive. His niche in the rock was at its very summit and directly against the erosion through which it led. He had only to let the fellow get abreast, then strike.

The panting scurry beneath grew louder, nearer. Clive wondered a little at this haste. His adversary on the cliff's edge had disappeared in a hollow. The chances were, Clive thought, that he was the chief—Constant, perhaps—and that it was now his aim to draw the purse string of his net. Just as he had waved to the man in the road to close in via the farm, so had he also signaled to the man beneath, and for some reason this one had read the signal as demanding haste.

There would not be much breath in him for a struggle by the time he got to the top, Clive grimly told himself. But he reflected also that his advance over the brink was apt to be more cautious, and with a pause to reconnoiter what might lie immediately beyond. Clive's tactics most obviously were to make no move whatever until the fellow had satisfied himself that the way was clear and no danger immediately confronting him.

He shifted the rock in his hand for a better grip and waited, tense, expectant, scarcely breathing.

Just as he had thought, there came a pause in the scurrying footsteps, but the labored breathing was very audible and close at hand. The loose stones rattled again. Clive flattened himself even more, if possible, though careful not to spoil his stance. Again there was a pause, and this time to his strained senses there came, in the gasping breaths so close that if the day had been frosty he must almost have seen their vapor pulsing beyond the rim of his rocky blind, a note that struck Clive with a shock of surprise.

Breathless though the fellow might be, Clive would not have expected to hear a sobbing quality in the panting of a desperado who had rushed up a steep path in response to a signal to murder a man. A whistling or hissing, as the laboring lungs fought for still more oxygen, would be natural enough; but the gasping sound so close at hand was sobbing, almost whimpering, like that of a fleeing, terror-stricken child. Moreover, there came just then a sort of low babble, breathless and incoherent, but sounding like the prayer of one in dire extremity.

Some instinct warned Clive not to strike as the figure surged suddenly abreast of him. It was the figure of a woman; and as she thrust forward in such blind, terror-stricken haste that she failed utterly to see him, Clive caught a faint odor of delicate perfume.

Still crouched, motionless, he watched this figure for a distance of some thirty yards. Then, at sight of the man in the road, who was at about an equal distance from the farm, the fleeing girl stopped short, with a low wail of despair. Her hands flew up to her temples and she seemed to totter on her feet.

There could be no mistake about her identity. The full but supple figure, the dark fine black hair with the ruddy tints in it, told Clive who this girl must be. It did not need the light painter's smock with its smears of color. Here in front of him was the lost Aliste O'Day! Aliste in the flesh, though it seemed doubtful at the moment how long she might remain in that charming earthly vehicle.

VI

THE man in the road had caught sight of her and was standing stock-still. Peering up over the top of the furze Clive then caught sight of the other man, and discovered him to be Constant, as he had supposed. He was the nearest in actual distance—almost in range for a chance shot if he had seen fit to fire. But between them there was one of those deep fissures to be found in such formations, and extending far enough back from the edge of the cliffs to make a detour necessary to reach the spot where Aliste stood.

For a brief moment there was one of those *tableaux vivants* in which, though there is life and the silent stress of anguished emotions, no movement at all obtains. The two men, at sight of this woman whom they had so stealthily discovered, stood motionless. The presence of Aliste where they were maneuvering to close in on Clive must have struck them with a sort of stasis, requiring a quick readjustment of their action. Their problem now would be whether to concentrate their movement on the man whom they believed to be close by, or on the girl who was seeking the refuge of the farm.

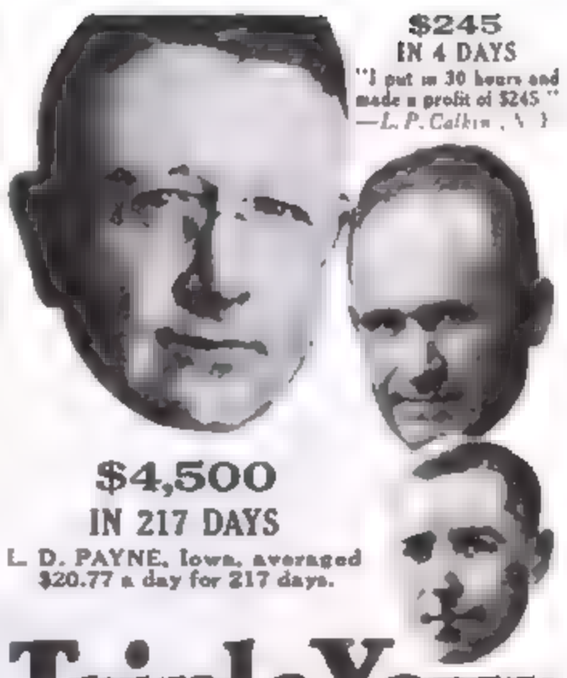
A new and more bitter despair swept over Clive. Not only had the sudden presence of Aliste, instead of one of his adversaries, ruined his one chance to escape but it now appeared to have included her in a fatal issue. He could not let her go on alone to what he believed must be her doom, nor did he see how he could do anything to protect her. If he continued to wait for the third man, Aliste might never reach the farm alive, while if he joined her, the chances were, he thought, that neither of them would live much longer. It flashed into his mind that his silly meddling had brought destruction on them both. Here at last was the fulfillment of that some day of his early dreams.

He stepped out and peered over the edge of the cliff, bringing most of the path in sight. Near the foot of it, the dark, squat figure of a man was starting the ascent. As Clive turned, Aliste, though standing with her back to him, seemed to feel his presence there. She whirled about, and on sight of this third point of the triangle that encompassed her, she gave another low wail of despair.

"Aliste!" Clive called. "It is I, Clive Pierpont."

He was glad then that he had let her pass him unperceived, as otherwise the situation might have been rendered even worse, if possible, with a girl in a dead faint on his hands. Aliste now did not faint, but her knees seemed to buckle under her, letting her down onto the path. With no further effort at concealment Clive strode up to her. There seemed nothing else to do, with these three weasels closing in on them as if they had been a pair of cornered conies. As he reached the spot where she had sunk down she turned to him a face that he had never forgotten even in its minor details—the peering eyes behind their rimless lenses, the mat complexion, the wide, sweet, sensitive mouth. Even in her mortal distress Clive saw with a pang that she had grown more lovely than he could possibly have imagined. She recognized him fully, and now looked up at him with a pitiful expression of new hope. It struck him through the heart, knowing that he had no protection at all to offer.

He stooped down, took her hands and raised her. "What about these men?" he asked.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"Oh, Clive, they've come to kill me!"

Again that mortal pang struck through Clive. Aliste was right. These assassins had come to kill her, and he had led them there, like the meddling fool he silently cursed himself for being.

The man on the road was walking toward the farm to intercept them. Clive passed his arm round Aliste, who was scarcely able to stand.

"Come on," he said briskly. "Let's get to the château."

"But, Clive, he'll head us off!"

"Can you run?"

"Oh, what's the good? There's the other coming too."

"We can beat him to it. There's only one of them in the way. I'll take care of him while you get into the house. You've got your dog."

It was in Clive's mind then that he might possibly manage to shield Aliste from the fire of the nearest man, long enough at any rate for her to get into the house, and the sound of the firing might bring aid, or at least witnesses, to frighten off the assassins for the moment. It would not be so easy to slip away from Belle Ile en Mer.

"Where is Fanch?" Clive asked.

"Away fishing -to be gone a week. There is scarcely anybody in the neighborhood because of the pardon at Quiberon."

This religious festival, Clive remembered, would account for the absence of tourists and local population. No one on the road.

"Walk as fast as you can," Clive said. "If that man on the road starts to run then make a dash for it."

The crisis of the situation had at this moment reached its pitch. For a crucial instance lies not in violence, but in the tension leading up to the outburst of this and culminating at that last moment before it breaks. Up to this time there was always the anticipation of the clash opposed to the possibility that it might be averted; that the enemy decline the issue, withdraw or postpone combat.

Just so it was now with Clive. So far these three men had not openly announced their murderous design, and they might even now withdraw, leaving no ground for accusation against them. All depended on whether the man on the road would or would not race them to the farm. Their distance from it was about equal—a quarter of a mile, perhaps, with a smoother going in the enemy's favor.

The second man, turning in from the cliff's edge, was half that distance behind them and on their left, and for him the going was even worse, rugged moor, with no path.

They would, Clive thought, have arrived at the farm—or some more distant refuge from all mortal dangers—before the third man got to the top of the cliffs.

As they started now to walk rapidly, the man on the road increased his pace, evidently gauging his time and distance to insure his cutting them off if they should start to run. Clive saw that nothing was to be gained by a race. On the contrary, it was rather their move to delay the clash as much as possible in the hope that somebody might come along. There were one or two dwellings in sight, but at a considerable distance—too far for any cry to reach them or signal to be understood, even if there were anyone at home.

He strode on rapidly and in silence a little ahead of Aliste, who now showed no faltering. No doubt she had taken his word that he was competent to deal with the man between them and sanctuary. For the solidly built château on the roadside would seem to offer such if once it could be gained. Aliste believed Clive armed and able to deal with this one adversary.

"Walk faster," he said and glanced back over his shoulder; and as he did so perceived that the man flanking them was Constant, as he had presumed, and that he had shortened the distance between them, slipping rapidly over the rough gorse-covered moor.

"Shall I run?" Aliste asked.

As she spoke the man on the road, fearing perhaps his estimate of the proportionate distance might not be exact, and to avoid all risk of error or perhaps to hasten the climax of the affair, broke into a run.

The crisis had arrived—that is to say, the psychological crisis. There could no longer be any doubt as to sinister intention.

"Run for it!" Clive said.

The race began, Clive holding a position to shelter Aliste. As he had been aware from the start, it must be a losing race for Aliste and himself. The man on the road was actually a little nearer to the farm and had a smooth track, while he and Aliste were obliged to follow the rough winding path that had its turnings and irregularities like all such over broken ground. Moreover, it would not be good enough to make a dead heat of it—that term being exact. Even if they were winners by a few yards the result was bound to be the same.

A cold fury of desperation gripped Clive, with the knowledge that the greater the effort, the faster they ran, so much the sooner would they meet destruction. To turn off across the moor would only be to prolong the agony, to be run down and slaughtered. Their one hope was that the man ahead might in some way muddle the affair—miss, in his excitement, or at least score no center hit on Clive until Aliste might be able to get inside the house and bar the heavy door.

And so the curious and dreadful chase, if such it could be called in the case of fugitives who were dashing directly to meet one of their armed pursuers, went on for about half of the distance between them. The finish would not be determined, Clive felt, until they came together at point-blank range, when, unless some miracle was wrought, some protection intervened, they must both be shot down in their tracks. They dipped into a little swale, then came up on a rise, with the breach in the front wall around the château about two hundred yards ahead.

The man on the road was now running swiftly, outstripping them; but as Clive glanced back over his shoulder, it seemed to him that they had gained on Constant, who was struggling through a thick mass of scrub ferns over broken rock.

Then, as the chill of despair gripped at his heart, an ally on which he had not counted was presented—no great ally in such an unequal encounter, but yet a brave and willing one.

Aliste, at his shoulder, gathered her failing breath and gave a loud, clear call: "Loup! *Tiens! Tiens!* Loup!"

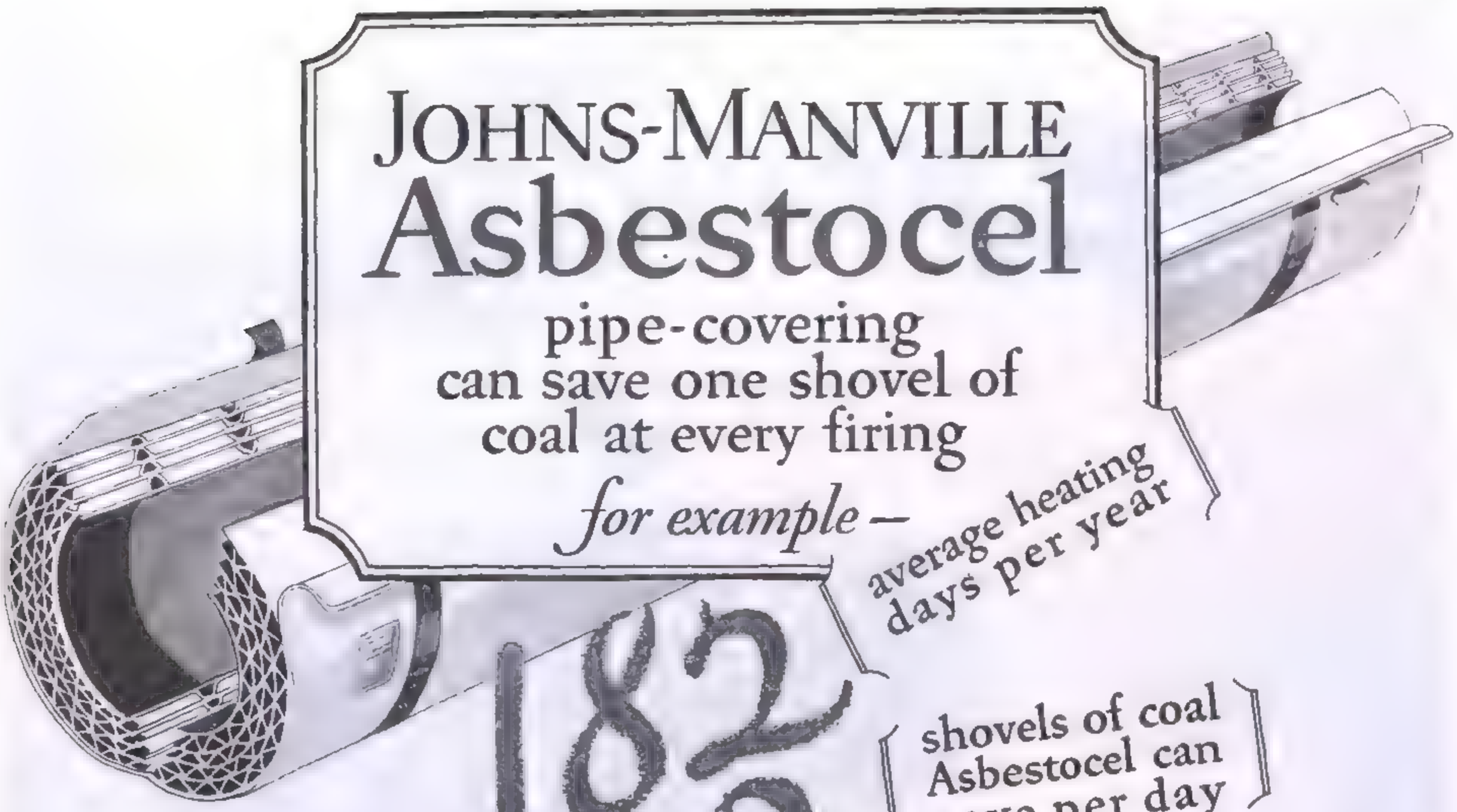
The huge Pyrénées dog that had forbidden Clive the premises was still crouched on the flagged terrace in front of the door. At the sound of Aliste's voice, this faithful guardian sprang up, stood for a moment, then came bounding to meet his mistress. That part of the wall still standing had cut off the dog's view of the man running up the road, so that Loup did not discover this assailant until reaching the breach in the wall.

Then, seeing a stranger bearing down at a run on the premises he was under orders to guard, the dog fetched up suddenly and stood for a moment rigid, as if trying to decide whether to run to Aliste or to stand fast.

Clive, running on and so maneuvering as to keep his body between Aliste and their assailant, who was now not more than two hundred yards away, had not counted on any great help from the dog, whatever its courage and devotion. The man had only to wait until the dog closed in on him, then dispose of it at close range with a single shot. Or so, at least, it looked to Clive; and he was now astonished at what seemed a supercanine strategy on the part of Loup.

Clive had heard or read that these highly intelligent Pyrénées dogs were frequently trained to carry packets of tobacco across the French-Spanish frontier and to avoid the cordon of *gabelous*—armed frontier guards—detailed to intercept them. Loup

(Continued on Page 125)



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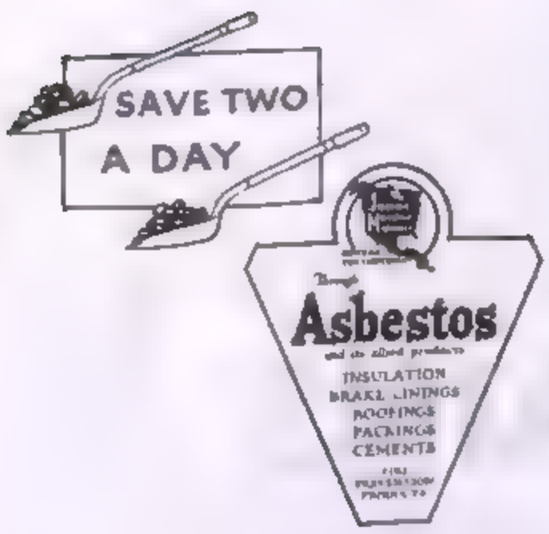

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(Continued from Page 122

had been one of these trained canine smugglers, frequently shot at, and on two occasions slightly hit, so that he was ruse-wise and full of wiles in regard to firearms.

As he stood there for a moment in the road Aliste cried out again in a breathless and desperate voice that carried its message to the dog's keen intelligence:

"Loup! *Prends le! Prends le! Tiens! Tiens!*" The French equivalent of "Sick him!"

Clive was amazed at the way in which the dog grasped the situation, and could scarcely have hoped for the course that helped to make it evident to the dog mind. If the man had run straight on, withholding his fire until Loup closed in on him, then to make sure of killing the animal with a single, well-aimed shot, the dog must have furnished scarcely so much as a diversion. But the sight of the big wolf dog, standing there stiffly erect, directly in his path and less than seventy-five yards away, precipitated the action. Whether trusting to his marksmanship or thinking perhaps to frighten off the dog, the man stopped suddenly, drew out a long black automatic pistol, aimed at the animal and fired.

But even before the weapon was discharged, the quick canine intelligence had anticipated the act. Loup sprang aside and flattened. Clive saw the bullet knock up the white dust of the road beyond where it had stood. Loup sprang forward toward the man, but not as the ordinary dog would run to attack a marauder. The smoke-colored body seemed rather to drift in a long, pale streak that had to it a sinuous, serpentine motion. Again the man fired, and again the dog forereached the action, flattening out on the road. The next instant it sprang up on the wall, a height of seven feet, where, instead of running, it crawled along the flat top, something in the fashion of a puma along a bough.

This act plainly disconcerted the man, though he fired again at the gray shape that could not have shown much of a target. But the mere swinging of the arm had served as warning enough to Loup. No dog was on that wall when the bullet, well-enough directed, grazed the top of it where he had been. Loup had poured his long lithe body down inside, tactics of even greater strategy than if the dog had continued the attack in the same aggressive but baffling manner.

Profiting by the diversion, Clive grabbed Aliste by the elbow and rushed on for the house. The man in the road, not knowing whether he had succeeded in killing the dog, which had fallen on the far side of the wall, or whether it was another ruse, and that he might expect this huge, determined animal to reappear again and leap down upon him from the top of the wall, now swerved out to the far side of the road, then halted suddenly to aim at Clive and Aliste. Before he could cover them with accuracy enough to hope for a hit at that range of about fifty yards, the big furry shape that was of the same pale, silvery gray as the wall itself had topped it again, this time abreast of where the man stood, when, instead of leaping down to renew the baffling attack, it hung over the flat top, head lowered, and gave out a prodigious roar.

No human nervous equilibrium was equal to careful aiming under such a demoralizing interruption. The man turned and fired on Loup, and even as his arm swung in an arc of ninety degrees the dog swept down over the wall into the road, this time launching a swift direct attack. Again the man fired, when there reached the ears of Clive a smothered yelp, and as he rushed along with Aliste he caught a glimpse of Loup rolling over in a cloud of dust.

Again the man fired, but Clive did not see the result of this shot. His frenzied dash with Aliste had carried them across the road and through the open space, so that now the end of the wall was between the attacker and themselves.

They rushed up on the low flagged terrace to the threshold. Aliste stooped, snatched a big key from under the corner of the sill, thrust it into the lock, then threw down the latch and flung herself against the heavy oak door that opened inwardly. Clive pitched in behind her, and as he did so there came another loud report and a smacking sound at the side of his head. A splinter of stone stung the back of his neck. Thrusting Aliste to the side, he slammed shut the door. Aliste picked up an oak bar that stood in the corner and dropped it into the wrought-iron hooks on either side.

"How about the windows?" Clive panted.

"They are grilled with iron bars."

"The back door?"

"That's barred too. There's no other way in." She seized his wrist, looking at him with a strained face. "Was Loup killed?"

"I don't know. The wall was between."

She began to sob. "He must be killed, or that beast would not have shot at us again."

"The very reason for hoping that he may not be killed," Clive said. "Once Loup was stopped, that *apache* wouldn't have waited to finish him. Time was precious and so were shots. Is there a gun in the house?"

"I've a pistol in the drawer of my night table. Why didn't you shoot, Clive?"

"Nothing to shoot with. I hadn't counted on this." He shrank from admitting his folly in leading her enemies there, and that while knowing of them he had been such an imbecile as to come unarmed. Time enough for confessions when they got out of this jam. Aliste looked at him curiously.

"How did you know that I was here, Clive?"

"I had reason to suspect the latter, and I saw your pictures Pincée and La Poule et ses Canetons. That was indiscreet of you. The dealer was struck by the similarity of technic. Anybody familiar with your work was bound to see it. I traced you here through Guerveur. Never mind about that now. Are you all alone?"

"Only for today. Tante Colette went to the pardon at Quiberon, and was to spend the night with friends and come back tomorrow. I felt safe enough with Loup. I thought by this time danger was past."

Clive did not ask why this danger should exist. There was no time for talk. Outside were three murderous brutes who had already shown their boldness and determination.

"Get me your pistol," he said.

Aliste went out of the big room, to return immediately with a pocket automatic of small caliber, which she handed to Clive. "But you said back there that you could take care of this man. What did you hope to do, unarmed?"

"Get between you—that was about all." He looked at the pistol and found it loaded and a cartridge in the breech

"I thought all danger was past," Aliste said. "Fanch did not want me to send any paintings, but I was sure nobody would suspect. Listen!"

There was a creaking at the big door as if it were being tried by a weight thrust against it. For a moment Clive was tempted to fire into it, if only to let their attackers know that he was armed. But this might be poor policy, as it was doubtful if the bullet would penetrate the heavy oak with force enough to kill, even if it were to find a mark. Also, if thinking him unarmed, the enemy might expose himself sooner or later. The best hope, Clive thought, now lay in trying to attract the attention of some passer-by.

He mentioned this to Aliste, who shook her head. "This is not the main road, but a small one that stops a kilometer beyond the house at a farm that is no longer occupied. Scarcely anybody comes this way."

"Isn't there a coast-guard patrol on the cliffs?"

"Not any more."

"A state of siege," Clive said. "How about food and water?"

"There is food enough, and I brought in a jug of water this morning from the well outside."

"Does nobody ever come here to see you?"

"Not often. Only the curé or some friend of Fanch or Tante Colette."

The main living room, in which they were, had windows front and rear, one end of it communicating with the ruined part of the château, but closed off by a heavy door of iron-bound oak. The other end of the room communicated by two doors with the kitchen and bedrooms, the latter of which were at the extreme end of the house and some on an upper story. All the windows were provided with the usual *volets*, which may be of wood or sheet iron, and in this house were the latter. There is nothing flimsy about European precautions against thieves, mobs, revolutionists, intrusive neighbors and the like, and their idea of protection against such menace to the home and household gods is not in burglar alarms and protective wiring and night watchmen who may be corrupt, but in good old stone and iron, heavy bars and bolts—the more efficient for a little rust. Where the past history of a whole island is that of much coveted and fortified sanctuary subject to beleaguerment, individual dwellings might be expected to partake of the same character. In the case of this lonely château off on the moor, there may have been added reasons for security, the resisting of sudden sharp attack long before the present heir offered it as a refuge for Aliste. Besides the *volets*, nearly of boiler-iron thickness, the windows also had bars leaded into the solid stone. Clive had already noticed this precaution, correctly ascribing it to a defensive measure against the prowling crews that might have landed from the enemy submarines nesting off Belle Isle during the war.

The slight noise to attract Clive's attention came from the other side of the door communicating with the ruin. It sounded as though heavy objects were being moved.

"What's in there?" he asked.

"Just a big storeroom. It used to be the refectory of the old château. Fanch keeps old sails and ropes there, and nets and other things he's apt to need for his fishing. There are some farm things too."

"Would it burn?"

"Yes; but it would be a good while before it could drive us out of here, and by that time the smoke would be seen and people come from the town."

"They are in there," Clive said. "They may try to batter in the door."

"It is very heavy," Aliste said, "and would take them a good while. Somebody may pass by before then."

"I shouldn't care to call for help to a single person, Aliste, or even two or three. There's a determination about these brutes that makes me think they'd stop at nothing. Why are they so bent on getting you?"

Aliste had seated herself on an old sea chest against the front wall, between the two windows, of which the *volets* were closed and barred. But though these thin shields shut off a view of the interior, Clive knew that they would not stop a pistol bullet. Their safety could be only for the length of time required to force an entrance, smash down any one of the three solid doors.

"They must be the hired assassins of a party, Clive. There's probably a price on my head."

"Why? What sort of a party?"

"I don't know very much about it," Aliste said. "But they must think that I do. I was warned to leave the country."

"Who warned you?"

"A woman I'd got acquainted with in Biarritz. She was a singer in *opéra comique* and had been a spy during the war. That was not her fault, because she'd been a political agent in German pay before the war, and when it broke she was so compromised she didn't dare draw it."

"And probably found her pay quadrupled," Clive said dryly. "There were quite a lot of them like that. Marina could have cleared out if she'd wanted to."

"You know her?"

"I made her acquaintance four days ago in La Rochelle. I was silly enough to let her know my suspicion that you might still be alive. Of course, I knew nothing about all this. It never entered my head, and I thought she was a friend of yours. She advised me not to try to find you. I believe now that we've got her to thank for this."

Aliste's nearsighted eyes peered up at him in the way that he remembered so well. They were a deep violet, and much larger than one suspected until she took off her glasses to wipe the lenses, which minimized their size.

"I wonder," Aliste murmured.

"Why did she tell you to change your point of view and general behavior?" Clive asked.

"She told me about her love affair with the officer I was engaged to."

Clive nodded. "I suspected something of the sort."

"She did not know that I had been his fiancée," Aliste said. "I liked her and we'd grown quite intimate. She seemed to have taken a friendly interest in me and asked me one day why I chose to lead such a dull, deadly sort of life. I told her that it was because of a promise to be faithful to the memory of my fiancé if he should be killed in the war. She said that though a girl might be foolish enough to make such a promise in the first place, there was no reason why she should be downright fool enough to keep it as a woman."

(Continued on Page 129)

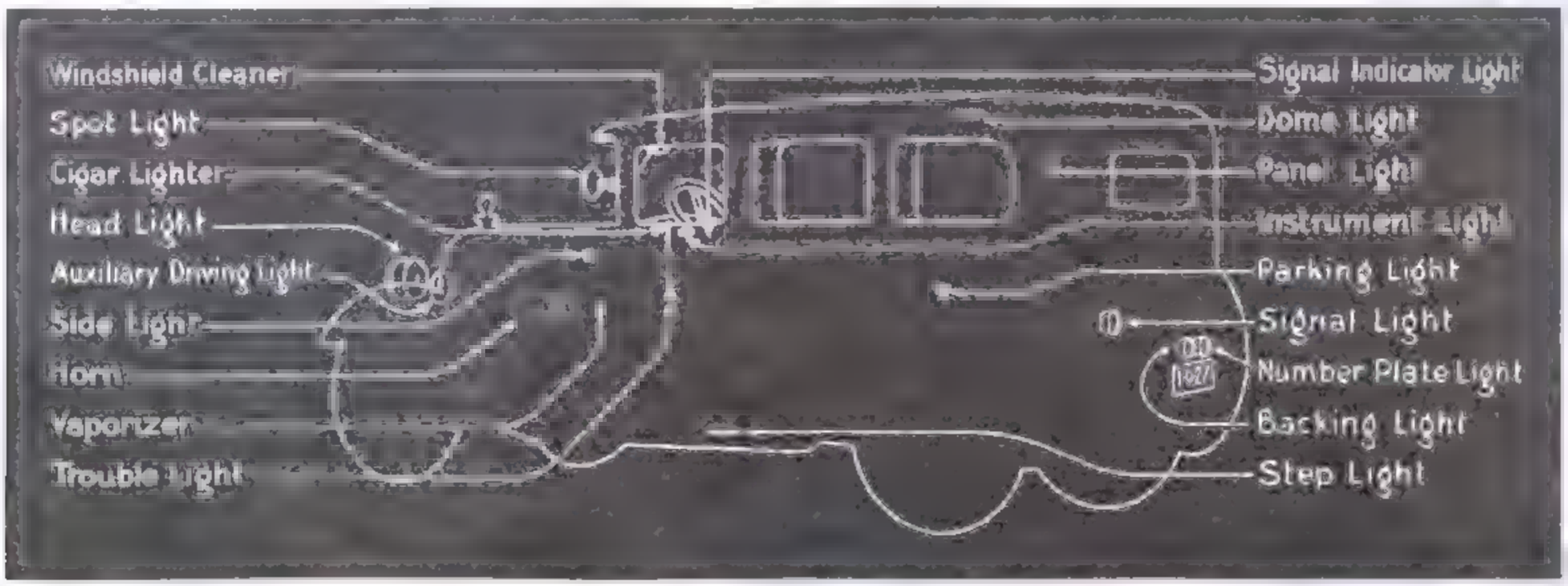
PHOTO BY FRANK M. HOHENBERGER

The Dunes of Lake Michigan

"Look at the JOBS

The Willard

batteries do today"



Car owners used to think a battery was doing a full day's work when it lent a hand at cranking, and supplied current for a few miniature electric lamps.

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Battery men

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802M Save the Surface Campaign

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

18 East 41st Street, New York

A cooperative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

(Continued from Page 125)

"I agree with her," Clive muttered.

Aliste said dryly: "So did I when she backed up her statement. I did not believe her until she showed me some letters written her by the man who had got such a promise from me."

"In my opinion," Clive said, "Marina knew perfectly well what she was about. Then she got you into this gang?"

"Yes, indirectly. That is a long story. At any rate I got frightened as soon as I began to suspect what they were, so when my step-parents wanted me to go back to America I did not object. Marina had advised me to get out of Europe."

"Had you planned then to disappear from the ship?"

"Yes."

"Did Marina know that?"

"Nobody knew about it but Fanch."

"Then he was hanging on and off to pick you up?"

Aliste nodded.

"When Marina warned me of the danger I was in I told Fanch about it. He's not an ordinary fisherman."

"So I've discovered." Clive looked at the big door between the addition in which they were and the older semiruined part of the château. Evidently the strong portal had been at one time the front door, as on the keystone of the arch above it was the partly obliterated sculpture of the De Guerveur arms. "What did Fanch advise?"

"He agreed with me that the best I could do was to disappear in some way that would make it look certain that I was dead. He knew how well I swam, so we hit on this plan for me to slip off the steamer when she passed close to his boat. He'd been a pilot and knew the course the ship would take, but he made me promise not to try it till I'd seen his light, the signal arranged. Even then I might not have had the nerve but for everything driving me to it, seeming to pile up to force me. The Porthieus sponging on me for years, then planning to get me declared incompetent and locked up in some place. But worse than that, I found that there was somebody aboard the ship who meant to kill me."

"How?"

"I'd gone to my stateroom with a headache and was lying down, when a man, who said he was the ship's doctor and been sent by Mrs. Porthieu, came in."

"Was he in uniform?"

"No, but he had on a white linen coat, the hospital-interne sort. He insisted on listening to my heart, not with a stethoscope but with his ear against my chest. I didn't like it and pushed him away and knocked his glasses off. He went out then, and I got suspicious. That decided me to slip off the ship, so I went out on deck to watch for Fanch's light if he should be there. I felt too badly to trust myself to swimming, so I took a rubber hot-water bag and blew it up and put it inside my dress. I was lying on my chair and saw this doctor watching me from up the deck. I felt sure that he was one of this gang who had been detailed to get rid of me—poison me, perhaps—and that decided me, because I reasoned that if he saw me go overboard he would believe that I was done for."

"Didn't you think of his seeing a signal from the fishing boat and suspecting the truth?" Clive asked.

"I had to take a chance on that. The conditions were just right, dark and murky and the sea smooth. So when I saw the light about where Fanch had said, I went to the rail and leaned over as if sick. There was nobody in sight just then, but I felt that this man was watching me from somewhere. When the boat came abreast I slipped over and struck out to get clear of the side the moment I was in the water. Fanch was on the lookout, and picked me up and brought me here."

"Who was with him?" Clive asked.

"One old Breton servant he could trust."

Clive had been listening not only to what Aliste told him but to the sounds on the other side of the heavy door. These were not loud, but from the creaking and scuffling suggested a search of the material stored there for some implement that might serve to force a way into the house. Aliste also had kept eyes and ears alert and now, as there came a soft scraping sound, she struck her hands together and started up with a look of alarm.

"They're hunting for something with which to batter in the door."

Clive had thought of this, and that the door, for all its solidity, might not stand an attack with some sort of heavy beam used as a battering-ram in the hands of three determined men. But the hinges were of heavy wrought iron set into the stone, their bands riveted through the solid oak; and like the outer door, it was furnished with a stout bar that dropped into iron brackets, that primitive and most efficient means of securing a portal when properly constructed so that the bar cannot be shoved up to fall out.

Their safety, Clive perceived, was no more than temporary at the best, and for Aliste, even if this attack were to fail, these assailants frightened or driven off, there could no longer be any safety at all, since now the secret of her being still alive had been discovered.

The question presenting itself was how many people suspected. Marina might or might not, and a moment's reflection told Clive that the three men had no more than followed a clew in tracking him to Belle Isle

It was only within the last half hour that they had known positively of Aliste's being here. Moreover, if, as Aliste had said, their motive of destroying her was not from any personal sort but merely that of hired assassins to gain a large amount of money for her removal, then the chances were against their having taken into confidence more than the number found necessary to accomplish the act. Constant had evidently been working with another man. The art dealer had told Clive of his having brought a connoisseur of paintings with him to pass on the work in which he was interested. Constant wanted to get a more expert opinion than his own as to whether the pictures Pincée and La Poule et ses Canetons were by the same hand as the Leander and the Victime de Sousmarin.

The thought now suggested to Clive gave a different aspect to the situation, placed him suddenly in the position not only of the hunted but, if he were man enough, the hunter. It flashed into his mind that his true position as such a man must be that of aggressor. These three hired assassins were, he felt convinced, the only ones who knew at this moment that Aliste was alive—perhaps the only three to suspect such a possibility. It was not probable that they had reported their suspicions or left any trace of their objective. Being what they were, they would not wish to risk sharing the blood money—a large amount, perhaps—with others.

So now, as Clive absorbed this new idea, he found himself placed in quite a different position. In the one he had voluntarily assumed as that of friend and protector to Aliste, it had been his object merely to discover her, learn her story and offer his aid. This he had managed to accomplish, and in so doing he had, through his folly, laid her enemies on her track and placed her life in dreadful danger, whether or not they managed to escape the present one. Clive perceived that by his interference only the devotion of the dog had saved this lovely and pitiful girl from being murdered not many minutes before.

Briefly the case was this: That Clive by his meddling had precipitated on Aliste a danger previously remote, and having done so his plain duty was to remove it finally.

He was, of course, unable at this moment to understand how an American girl of her position had managed to get herself so mortally involved as to make her destruction imperative to the operations of this organization, whatever it might be. There was no time to go into the details of this. Nor was that, for the moment, necessary. The proof that such a situation did exist had been quite sufficiently demonstrated, so that the explanation for it might wait for some future time.

As Clive now contemplated this girl who had still lived in his heart even when reported a suicide, he became possessed by a savage resolution that completely changed the formidable aspect of these three venomous rats gnawing at the wall of this temporary sanctuary.

The dread of them dropped off him a good deal as a peaceful householder, startled from his sleep by marauders hammering on his door, might shed his fears with his nightshirt to buckle on his steel breastplate and the resolution that went with it. Instead of a dangerous, determined, murderous mob of three, they became to Clive in that moment poisonous vermin that he was bound not to escape but to exterminate. He registered a silent oath that they should not leave those premises alive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AMBITION AND THE LADIES

(Continued from Page 9)

"Arnold, the best way for you to get Miss Lamson to request your services as an entertainer is to write her a letter."

"What will I say to Miss Lamson in the letter, Ruth?"

"Do not worry about that, Arnold," she replied, pulling an envelope from her bead bag. "I have already written the letter. All you have to do is to sign your name down here on the dotted line."

"Ruth," I remarked, after reading what was written, "don't you think this is putting it a little too strong?"

"If you are going on the stage, Arnold, you might as well make up your mind to stop being a shrinking violet. Besides, every actor exaggerates; if he didn't he wouldn't be an actor. When you say here in Line One that you are the champion ventriloquist of the world, that is not excessive, because there is no champion ventriloquist of the world. Hence you have as much right to that title as anybody else. And when you say in Line Ten that you defy anybody else to repeat your celebrated, side-splitting cellar dialogue, that is a remark which does not cost anybody a cent and sounds good.

"Sign your name here, Arnold, and let me mail it this morning, because from now on I shall devote all my spare time to helping you in the truest sense of the word. Why should you spend your life repairing automobile springs, when you might be traveling around the globe making big money and being received socially by people who ask nothing better than to make the acquaintance of a ventriloqual engineer?"

With the matter put that way, I saw no reason for holding back; so, taking Ruth's fountain pen, I signed on the dotted line as requested, and sealed the letter in the envelope.

The next afternoon the door of the shop opened and Miss Lamson and Doctor Kiddene entered. Though more than once I had seen them go by in Miss Lamson's automobile, up to this time I had never seen them from close to. Thus they were both quite a surprise to me. From what I had heard about her goings on, I had supposed Miss Lamson was a young girl, but examination showed she was an easy forty, and probably a good deal older. On the other hand, though fat and wearing glasses, Doctor Kiddene did not seem much more than thirty.

"Well, well," said Miss Lamson, when Sam had introduced me; and she spoke serious and did not give the idea she was the frivolous sort of person that Noodles and others said she was, "this is a most happy coincidence. When we received your letter we were getting up a little entertainment for Friday evening. A number of the young people visiting here are going to take part, and I said to Doctor Kiddene—didn't I, doctor?—'What a pity there's not someone from the Mills to take part too. Then the program would be truly representative.' And I'd hardly got the words out of my mouth when your letter came. I felt the coincidence was simply ravishing."

As I did not make any comment, not knowing exactly what to say, she continued, "It would be such a pleasure to me if you could only let Doctor Kiddene and myself hear one of your side-splitting dialogues now."

"Well," I said, "the only side-splitting dialogue I could render at the present minute is one where no ventriloqual figure is used, but where I pretend the same as if I was talking with somebody down in the cellar."

"Let us hear that, by all means," said Doctor Kiddene.

So I started at once: "Hello, hello, hello, down there!"

And the answer came back: "Hello, hello, hello, up there!"

"It is simply ravishing," said Miss Lamson, when I had finished, "and if I had any doubts before, I am sure I have none left now. You must appear for us Friday evening and be the star of the occasion."

"Yes, yes, by all means," said Doctor Kiddene.

"Doctor, I wonder if you couldn't write a little side-splitting dialogue full of local hits for our ventriloquist to memorize and use in his performance. . . . It would create so much laughter, Mr. Dunlap," she added, speaking to me.

When I stated that I would be glad to attempt the effort, Doctor Kiddene said I would have the lines that afternoon. A short conversation followed as to how I had learned to be a ventriloqual engineer, and then Miss Lamson and Doctor Kiddene went away, leaving me alone once more with Sam.

"Well, Sam," I said, "what do you think about things now?"

"Arnie, I am going to be frank with you. I have no hard feelings against Miss Lamson the same as almost everybody in the Mills has. She has never tried to play any tricks on me. But I would like to ask you one question, Arnie: Where does Ruth come in? Where is she mixed up in this business?"

I told him. He shook his head and gave a sort of sigh, but did not say anything.

"Sam," I remarked, "what is the matter with you anyhow? There is no use being suspicious of women all your life because of one little personal accident. Moreover, I have always read that the best thing for an ambitious young man to do is to tell his ambitions to some good woman and ask her to help him."

"Yes, Arnie, that is what you have read—that is what you have read."

"Well, Sam, then what are the facts in the case?"

"The only fact in the case, Arnie, that amounts to a hill of beans is the fact that you have made your mistake and that now it is too late to do anything about it. I am sorry, Arnie, but you will never get to be a practicing ventriloqual engineer."

"Sam, you have got no right to suspect Ruth of secret intentions in this matter. I think she is devoting her life to helping me achieve my ambition."

(Continued on Page 132)

OTHER TYPES OF LUPTON WINDOWS
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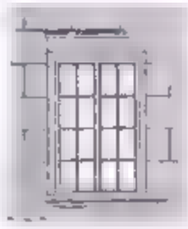

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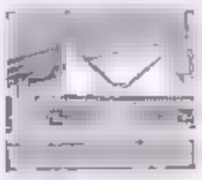

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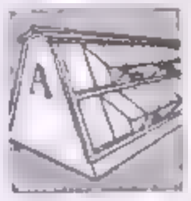

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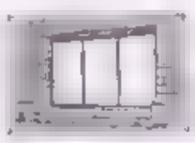

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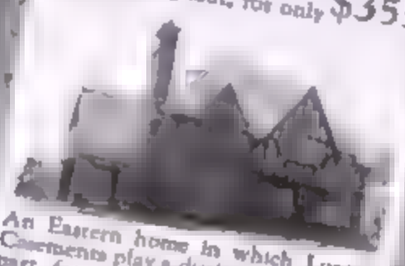

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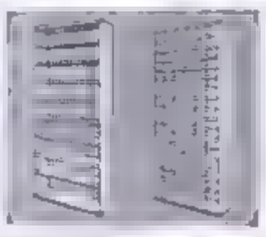

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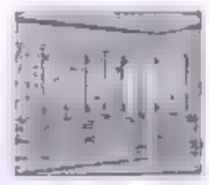

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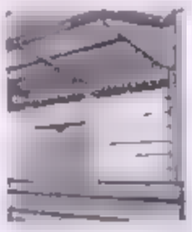

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Prices slightly higher in South & West

Why the
SAUERKRAUT
Packers Adopted
this Emblem

THIS EMBLEM, which is now appearing on many cans and barrels of Sauerkraut, was adopted by the National Kraut Packers' Association as a protection to the American home and the American housewife.

Four years ago, the Association began an educational campaign to acquaint Americans with the health properties of Sauerkraut, its wholesomeness and its attraction from the economy point of view.

The public responded, and today Sauerkraut is a favorite dish in hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, hospitals, sanitariums; on dining cars, and in thousands of homes.

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But the Association has gone a step further in the interest of the great public. In connection with the designated officials of the U. S. Government, they adopted a standard for Sauerkraut to which they had been conforming and will always conform. And the emblem printed above was decided on as their mark—a mark which will always mean SAUERKRAUT OF FIRST QUALITY.

Gradually it is appearing on their cans and barrels, and will soon be the badge of distinction on their entire output. That is their goal—a goal in the interest of the American home, the American child and the American housewife.

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name
Address
P. O. City and State

(Continued from Page 129)

"Yes, Arnie," said Sam, very sad and gentle, "that is what you think—that is what you think."

III

THAT afternoon Doctor Kiddene came around and ordered a large iron hoop, with a piece added so the hoop could be attached to the end of a wooden pole. He stated that it was for use in Friday evening's entertainment.

"But the main reason for which I came over," he added, "was to bring you this little dialogue. My idea is that you begin your cellar dialogue this way, because I consider your cellar dialogue extremely side-splitting. This is the way the lines run:

"You will say, 'Yes, I will go fishing with you, but I want to fit you out first so you can do it right. I will get a pole for you.'

"'Which pole?' he will say, and that will be a signal for a wild burst of hilarity, 'North or South?' And then, while they are still laughing, he will say, 'Get the pole—get the pole.'

"Then you will answer, 'I will get you a line.' And he will answer, 'That's a good line. Get the line—get the line.'

"Then you will say, 'I will get you some sinkers.' His comeback will be: 'Three cheers for the Salvation Army. Get the sinkers—get the sinkers.'

"Then you will scratch your head and ask, 'Is there anything I have forgotten?'

"'Yes, there is one thing you have forgotten.'

"'What have I forgotten?'

"'The hook. Get the hook! Get the hook!'"

"And what will I cross-fire back to that?" I asked, noticing that those were the last words written.

"You will not say anything to that. All you have to do is just to sit there and make the fellow in the cellar keep yelling, 'Get the hook! Get the hook!' It is a great local joke, which everyone in the audience will understand, but which I haven't the time to explain to you just now. Mark my words, you will make a big dent in the evening's entertainment."

I memorized the little dialogue without difficulty, and having presented it before Ruth, was much pleased to find that she thought it very funny indeed. Thus, I would have had nothing to worry about if it had not been for the way Sam kept talking on every possible occasion.

"Arnie, it is too late to help you, but I want to prove that I am trying my best. Say the word and I will put Ruth under lock and key until your show is over."

"What has Ruth done?" I would ask. "Why should you want to put her under lock and key?"

"To give you an even break, Arnie, that is why. She is up to something and I know it. I had a bottle of prewar stuff down cellar that I was saving in case of colds. It is gone and she took it. Why? Ask her yourself, Arnie, and maybe she will give you an answer. Moreover, twice now I have seen her talking in a friendly way with Noodles. Ruth has never liked Noodles, Arnie, and she always says it gives her the willies just to look at him; and here she is talking with him like an old friend. That girl is up to something, Arnie, and if you say the word I will lock her up until Saturday A.M."

And when I would refuse, Sam would shake his head and hit the anvil a couple of licks and remark, "Some learn out of books and some learn by experience. But it comes to the same thing in the end: You learn when it is too late to do you any good. Have a good time, Arnie; it won't last long."

At 7:30 Friday evening Ruth came over to the boarding house in her car to take me to the Lamson summer home. "Arnold," she said, "never have I felt as proud of you as at present."

"Yes," I said, "I think I look pretty good in these clothes." I was referring to my dress suit, borrowed for the occasion from Lennie Gough, who had been a waiter in Chicago until forced to give up that profession because the tables were too close together; and by the use of safety pins I had arranged this suit so that it was practically perfect.

"No, Arnold, I am not referring to your costume, but to your art. In my opinion that cellar dialogue, as revised, is the most side-splitting thing of its kind ever written, and I am sure that if nothing else happens it will go far toward establishing your reputation. In any case, I am proud to have been of service to you in this initial performance. And in the future, Arnold, whenever you have an ambition of any kind whatever, do not hesitate to tell me about it. You will find me by your side, always ready to act in your best interests."

When we reached Miss Lamson's, she did not go in with me, having had, as already related, a run-in with Miss Lamson the summer before. But she pointed out a window at one side.

"When you finish your act, Arnold, you may wish to escape from the throng of your admirers. That window there opens from the parlor where Miss Lamson always locates her stage. You will find it behind the scenes; and just on the other side I will be waiting for you with the car. Be calm, Arnold, no matter what happens, and I guarantee there will be a surprise for everybody, including yourself."

Two minutes later I was inside the house, which I found even sweller and more stylish than I had anticipated, and had been greeted by Miss Lamson and Doctor Kiddene and shown a place where I could stay on the other side of the curtain and near the window which Ruth had pointed out. Here I sat down and began running over my dialogues, though from time to time I would walk over and peek through the curtain at the audience on the other side. It was most impressive, as the summer people, being of a stylish disposition, were all clothed either in dress suits or flashing jewels.

Finally a lady took her place at the piano and Doctor Kiddene began to announce the program. The first event was a Charleston contest by a couple of young ladies, and was very successful. All present applauded, and Miss Lamson, at the back of the room, said, "Simply ravishing." Another lady now sang songs in Italian and similar foreign languages; a gentleman related several very comical stories about Irishmen and Jews; another lady played the violin; and then, while she was giving her encore, Doctor Kiddene whispered to me, "You are next." And at the same minute two university football players with broad shoulders and pleasant smiles left the audience, and stepping behind the scenes close to where I was sitting, picked up a pole from the corner. This pole, which I had not noticed before, was about seven feet long, besides the large iron hoop, made at the shop, which was attached at one end.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"It is for our act," came the reply.

"And what is your act?"

"You will see that for yourself, because it follows right along on yours."

There was something about the way in which this remark was made that I did not like, but I did not have time to think about it much, because at this minute Doctor Kiddene had begun to announce my act.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "since this is Friday it would be contrary to the United States Constitution to consider this program complete without the assistance of local amateurs. We take pleasure, therefore, in presenting to you Mr. Arnold Dunlap, the home-town merrymaker, who will entertain you with his side-splitting ventriloqual specialty entitled: 'Hello, Hello, Hello, Where are You? I'm Here. No, You're Not—You're There.' The Roman Times said of Mr. Dunlap: 'Nux vomica e pluribus unum.' Which, being translated, means 'He brought it on himself.' Amateur Night begins here and now. Mr. Dunlap."

I cannot say I liked this introduction, for which I was totally unprepared and which did not give the true title for my act. But, since it had started everybody laughing, I decided to make the best of it, and walked out on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, after the applause had partly subsided, "I will now endeavor to entertain you with a few refined experiments in the art of ventriloquism, or voice casting. And I will begin by saying that I have nothing whatever concealed in my mouth and employ no confederates of any kind."

There was a moment's silence while a gentleman down in front with a big mustache said in a low voice to the lady beside him, "He does it with his stomach—he does it with his stomach."

"I will begin my share of the evening's entertainment," I went on, "by presenting a refined dialogue between myself and an imaginary character down in the cellar. And I will ask you to watch my mouth carefully during the entire time."

Having reached this point, I made the following remark, "Hello, down there. Hello, hello, hello." This said, I placed my right hand on my knee, and assuming a ventriloqual smile, looked down at the floor the same as if waiting for an answer.

There was a moment's silence and then the answer came back through the hot-air register: "Hello, up there. Hello, hello, hello."

Doctor Kiddene, who had stepped out from one side of the audience, stared at me for a couple of seconds as if his eyes were going to fall out of their sockets. Then he hurried to Miss Lamson, whose head had shot forward and who had a terrible surprised look on her face. In fact, the only person in the audience who didn't look surprised was the gentleman down in front with the big mustache, who merely remarked once more, "He does it with his stomach—he does it with his stomach."

But I was the most surprised of anybody in the whole room, and this was because the response to my greeting had really come from the cellar and I had not said it myself at all, and what was more, I had not the slightest idea as to who had said it.

IV

EVERYBODY was evidently waiting for me to remark something. Therefore, not being able to think of anything else, I repeated my first remark, which was, namely: "Hello, down there. Hello, hello, hello."

As I had no idea of hearing the reply again, which I had now decided was nothing but a simple optical illusion, my surprise can be pictured when the answer came back as before: "Hello, up there. Hello, hello, hello."

But if I was surprised, the people in the audience acted even more so. I do not know what they had been expecting from me, but evidently nothing like that. From all sides came murmurs of admiration. Three young ladies in different rows all said, "Simply ravishing." Various gentlemen present remarked, "He is certainly good." And the only person in the audience who did not seem impressed was the gentleman with the big mustache who kept repeating, "He does it with his stomach—he does it with his stomach."

But in the middle of all these favorable comments I could only realize that my position was a very uncomfortable one, for the simple reason that I did not know where the conversation was going to lead. When talking with my ventriloqual figure or with an imaginary party down in the cellar, I was never worried this way, being always aware of what this other character was going to say next. The principal reason for this was that as a ventriloqual engineer I spoke for him as well as myself. In the present case, however, I had not the slightest idea of what the party or optical illusion down cellar was going to say next; and I would have thought it all a practical joke if it had not been for the expression on the faces of Miss Lamson and Doctor Kiddene, both of whom stood there as if waiting for somebody to come along and pop a hot potato into their mouths. Even the two university football players looked surprised. So finally I thought to myself,

(Continued on Page 134)

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(Continued from Page 132)

"Well, if it is only an optical illusion there is no reason why I should not take advantage of it just the same."

"Hello, hello, hello," I said again, "Is that you?"

You could have knocked me over with a feather when the following reply was returned up the hot-air register: "Sure it is me, Arnie. Who did you think it was?"

However much time I may take to think things out when I have plenty of leisure, I can say for myself that when in an emergency I can almost always think quickly. I had hardly heard this response when I saw immediately that I was not dealing either with an optical illusion or an echo. No, there was a real flesh-and-blood party down in the cellar, and that party was none other than Noodles.

Controlling my emotion, I gave an easy laugh as I remarked in a conversational tone, "Well, well, well, this is a great surprise. What are you doing down there?"

"I was just waiting to talk with you, Arnie. What are you doing up there?"

This start gave me a good deal of mental relief, because I felt that if Noodles would only keep it up in the same spirit in which he had begun, I might be able to lead him into something like my regular cellar dialogue.

"I am entertaining a little evening party. How would you like to help me out?"

"Sure, I will help you out. What do you want me to do?"

"Well," I remarked, beginning to feel sure of myself once more, "I think it would entertain everybody if we went fishing."

"What is the matter with you, Arnie? There are no fish in the river."

Up to this point everything had seemed to be going fine. Coming up the register, as it did, Noodles' voice sounded hollow and different; all present seemed to think I was doing it myself; and from many sides could be heard such remarks as: "Simply ravishing," and: "He does it with his stomach—he does it with his stomach." I can only state I felt much encouraged.

"Well, we can try it anyhow," I said to Noodles. "Didn't you ever see Doctor Kiddene go fishing?"

I had remarked this by way of a local joke, because I had heard that Doctor Kiddene was a fishing enthusiast. To my horror, Noodles came back with the following response:

"Are you crazy, Arnie, or just bughouse? What you say sounds nutty to me. Old Doc Kiddene rows away in his boat every morning, but he never catches anything except a bottle of moonshine that he fishes out of Old Man Merril's shack. Why doesn't he write himself a prescription?"

As a result of this scandalous crack, for which I was not in any way responsible, I expected to be mobbed; but instead of rising in indignation, the audience merely let out a gale of laughter in which everybody joined except Doctor Kiddene, who merely got very red, at least so far as I could tell by his ears. And when the gentleman with the mustache began repeating again, "He does it with his stomach," one of the university football players interrupted, saying, "Yes, but how does he do it? He must have it lined with cast iron. . . . What is the secret, doc? Or do you give some of it away to your friends?" There was a wild burst of laughter, during which Miss Lamson cracked out, "Simply ravishing," but by the way she said it anybody could tell that it was far from what she meant.

"Well, well," I said uneasily, as soon as I got a chance to make myself heard above the gales of laughter which kept recurring, and I suppose most of those present thought I was merely pretending to be embarrassed, though such was far from the case, "well, well. I don't want you to go on saying things like that."

"Like what, Arnie?"

"Like what you just said."

"Why, Arnie, what I just said is nothing to what I could say if I felt like it."

"But you are getting me in wrong."

"Listen, Arnie; if you were in ten times as wrong as you are now you wouldn't be in as wrong as Miss Lamson and Old Doc Kiddene."

There was another roar of laughter. It was the same as if all present were wise to some little scandalous fact that they were proud about knowing and wanted to let on to their neighbors that they knew. Doctor Kiddene was not facing my way, but his neck, though formerly entirely red, had been nothing to the way it now became. Miss Lamson was white. The gentleman with the mustache kept saying, down in front, "He does it with his stomach—he does it with his stomach." The two university football players kept repeating to me in loud whispers, "Go on, ventriloquist—go on, ventriloquist."

I did not want to go on at all. What I wanted to do was to slip out in some quiet way and continue my ambition elsewhere. But there seemed to be no way of accomplishing this result.

"Well, well," I said, trying to change the subject, "Noodles, I have heard you are quite a singer. How would it be if you should entertain us with a little song?"

In saying this I hoped Noodles would sing something popular or otherwise, and thus get his mind away from what he was thinking about and help the audience do the same thing.

"All right, Arnie," he said, and with each word that followed my blood got more and more frozen—"all right, Arnie, I will sing you a little song I made up yesterday morning while looking at Miss Lamson through the window, and if I wanted to I could make up a lot more songs about a lot more of these summer people, and give names and dates into the bargain."

That was the way Noodles started, and with each word that followed, my blood got more and more frozen. And the more frozen it got the more impossible it was for me to move.

And there I sat, my right hand on my knee, and on my face what is known to the profession as the "ventriloquial engineer's listening smile." And though what I wanted most to do was to get that hand off my knee and that smile off my face and myself off the stage, I could not move a muscle nor even scrape a sound out of my throat. I was the same as if paralyzed. And the more I tried to move hand or foot the more set that smile got.

And all the time Noodles kept talking. "This is the way it goes, Arnie:

"So lay down the shovel and the hoe
And hang up the fiddle and the bow;
Miss Lamson has no hair on the top of her head
In the place where the hair ought to grow.

"Yes, that is the sad fact, Arnie. The best thing about her is her wig, and when she is not wearing that, and the sunlight hits the top of her head, you would think it was a dishpan. But she can afford to buy herself a good wig, considering the way her dad—old Ten Per Cent Lamson—used to skin the farmers around here with his mortgages. But is that any reason, Arnie, why she should insult this party with a mustache who is always explaining everything and who is buying the old Traynor place from her for about three times what it is worth? Yes, Arnie, she is always telling Doc Kiddene that this party with the mustache is her educated walrus, and before she gets through with him he will be rising up on his flippers for pieces of raw fish and balancing a football on his nose."

"Oh, I will, will I?" said the man with the mustache, now stopping his remarks about "he does it with his stomach" and, jumping up from his chair and glaring at Miss Lamson, who had started for the stage; then turning to Doctor Kiddene, he shook his fist and said, "If you are a man, take off those glasses or I will knock them off."

At this point I would have given anything at all if I had just been able to rise up and explain the situation, but I could not have moved a muscle even if my life had depended on it. I could only sit there with my right hand on my knee and smiling down at the floor the same as if I considered what was happening the most comical joke in the world.

And Noodles kept right on:

"But all that is none of my business, Arnie, and it is none of my business either if Doc Kiddene wears a corset; and he does, Arnie—he does. But what makes me sore is to see the way Miss Lamson and Doc Kiddene think they are fooling each other. She is always running around with some college boy, and when in that position I have heard her call Doc the man with the stone-age head and the india-rubber-age knees. And when Doc is billing and cooing around with some of these summer flappers, I have heard him call Miss Lamson a runabout, model 1900. And the joke is, Arnie, and this is confidential, they are married together. Yes, it is a fact, Arnie, because I have seen the license with my own eyes. He was a medicine-show doctor and she married him in a moment of nervosity, and now they are both ashamed of it, which is natural, and God help the children if any, Arnie——"

That is not all Noodles said. In the first place, I did not hear the end, and in the second place, I have left out a large quantity of miscellaneous scandalous cracks, many of which I would not write down and many of which I have forgotten, as they were about people whose names I did not know. But Noodles did not leave much of anybody out, and at each fresh scandalous crack somebody in the audience would jump up, and letting out a yelp, start for Miss Lamson or Doctor Kiddene or myself, for I continued to sit there smiling.

It was a bad moment for me, in spite of the fact that the two football players kept fighting people back from the stage, at the same time laughing and saying to me over their shoulders, "Keep a stiff lower lip. Curfew will not ring tonight," and similar encouraging remarks.

Miss Lamson had lost her wig, and it looked like a question of minutes only before Doctor Kiddene would lose his corset and I would lose my life, when I felt a rap on the head and another on the bridge of the nose.

It was that iron hoop attached to the pole. It slipped down to my neck, and the next minute I was being yanked back out of my chair to the window, while a familiar voice said, "How glad I am, Arnold, that the window wasn't fastened. Say good night to your admirers and hop down into the car. How did everything go? Was Miss Lamson well pleased? I arranged to have Noodles waiting down by the furnace, and I gave him several little nips from a bottle of father's so that he would not get stage fright and so that he would be ready to help you out in your cellar dialogue, in case anything went wrong. Now that it is all over, Arnold, you must be tired, so I am going to take you right back to your boarding house, where you can get a good night's rest and thus be fresh tomorrow morning for your stage studies. There is nothing like a good sleep for an ambitious person. And always remember, Arnold, that in me you have a staunch friend ever ready and willing to act in your true interests whenever and wherever your ambition may call you."

And that is my story, and I can only add that I have never left the automobile-spring business, and I am still in same, being now Sam's partner as well as his son-in-law. I do not have much chance to use my ventriloquism these days, except to Sam and when the baby will not sleep nights. I have never, however, fully abandoned my former plans and often take down my literature about becoming a practicing ventriloquial engineer and read it over, for I still have all my old ambition and would like to go on the vaudeville stage and make big money and see the world and meet prominent people. But Ruth says I should always remember that any time I want to do this she will be right on the job ready to help me, and that is just what I am afraid of—that is just what I am afraid of.

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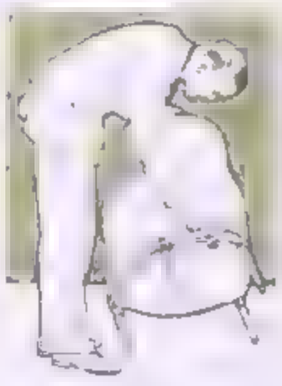

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THE PIG'S EARS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I can't somehow imagine a French cook making good corn bread," Molly said, "though I suppose she can make all sorts of things that American cooks can't."

To this Anita paid not the least attention, and that did not please Molly either. She looked at her sister-in-law more critically and decided that her dress was not in good taste, that it was loud and bizarre. And she thought Anita's haircut was queer, a mere striving to be different. And she furthermore felt that she detected in Anita's manner to them a trifle of condescension and amused tolerance which a city mouse might very well use toward a bevy of country mice. "All the same," she told herself, "she never had a better dinner in her life, and I know it, French cook or no French cook."

But she felt uncertain, which is not a pleasant feeling. Maybe Anita considered baked shad and lemon pie a bourgeois menu. Maybe she believed that Molly didn't know anything more sophisticated. Maybe—maybe—all sorts of worrisome maybes buzzed in Molly's head.

However, she was hostess in her own house, so she was determinedly gracious. She didn't even wince when Anita said that she had spent the two hours since her arrival in rearranging her furnishings. Anita didn't know how Molly had worked and worried with every chair and table, trying to make the rooms look like her own. Still, it made Molly feel queer. None of us but would prefer to have our morals impugned rather than our taste. Heretofore no one had questioned Molly's taste, and she had been pleasantly confident of its superior quality. But now—Anita! It was most unsettling!

"How do you like her?" Molly asked Michael when everyone had gone.

"I liked her fine. She's something quite different from any woman I ever met, and I can see how she'd appeal to old Rufe. She's in love with him, too—see her look at him now and then?"

Molly bit her lips. No use saying anything to Michael and stir up trouble. Besides, there was nothing exact to say. And she really loved Rufus and wanted to live in amity with him and his wife. Only, she didn't want to be made to feel that she was nobody. She'd been first in the family for so long, so much of a leader in town society, she didn't want to be crowded out by Anita. And something told her that Anita was fairly well accustomed to being first herself.

"I don't believe she thought much of my dinner" she kept harking back to that. "She didn't ask for a single recipe. Any bride might be thankful and proud to have someone near like me to show her how to do."

But Anita was not "any bride." Molly's faint suspicion that they were not to be congenial was more than a suspicion to Anita.

"A pretty provincial with ideas dated back fifty years," Anita had silently labeled her, "trying to patronize me and tell me what to do! Poor dear, it would be offensive if it wasn't so funny."

She said nothing to Rufus. Rufus was a dear and a darling, and she was as much and more in love with him than Michael had observed, and Anita didn't want to start off her career as Mrs. Rufus by fighting with his sister-in-law. She would be pleasant to Molly, oh, yes, but she'd show her that she couldn't dominate the Rufus household. Also she'd show her that she was not the only woman in the world who knew something about good food. The quickest way to do that was to invite her to dinner, and invite her to dinner she did—also Michael, the Pennewells and the Wilbur Stevenses. Needless to say, they leaped at the invitation.

Anita spread her long narrow table with a cover of golden poplin, edged with a narrow fringe, huge tassels at each corner. Over this she laid a strip of Italian altar lace, and set upon it at intervals four golden-luster candlesticks with white candles. No flowers, but small colored glass fruits in dishes of gold-flecked Venetian glass, shells airily perched on sea horses' heads, made her decoration. There were salts and peppers of gold luster, and Anita dressed herself in a yellow frock to keep her decorative scheme intact. And she planned the dinner with an eye to its color as well as to its taste.

She watched Molly. Molly's face was a little blank, but she joined politely in the chorus of admiration from Cousin Celie and Rhea Stevens. Inwardly, she was dismayed. It really was beautiful and unique, but she damned it with the unspoken adjective "theatrical" and waited impatiently for the dinner itself. What would that be like? She wouldn't have cared if it had been an utter failure.

But it wasn't. It was superb. First there were slices of Casabas, with lime juice and orgeat and a suspicion of Cayenne to give them piquancy. Cousin Jim Pennewell almost wept with joy as he devoured his portion. Next came the smallest and tenderest of sautéed soft-shell crabs, with little round potato croquettes that had been rolled in crushed peanuts and, for a cooling note, watercress refreshed by herb vinegar and salted oil. Rhea and Cousin Celie gasped

"You must give me the recipe!" they exclaimed in chorus. Anita said she would. "Would you like it, too, Molly?" she asked with every appearance of sweet kindness.

"I'd love it," said Molly bravely.

Now came squares of veal rolled tight round a stuffing of chopped mushrooms and celery and baked and browned in cream, and with them savory halves of tomato *à la Provence*—a specialty of Jeanne's, Anita explained. Dinner rolls, split and toasted and very hot, had gone the rounds with both the fish and the meat courses.

An endive salad, plain but perfect, served from a garlic-rubbed bowl, each crisp white stalk covered with dressing from a correct French "fatiguing," with squares of Gruyère cheese, made a harmonious interlude after the veal.

"And now," said Anita, as the table was cleared for dessert, "I do my stuff!"

A long oval rack with a chafing-dish lamp below was placed before her, and presently upon it a silver platter was set to heat. When it was sizzling she placed upon it great spoonfuls of butter creamed with curaçao and the zest of oranges and lemons. A stack of the thinnest *crêpes* was set by her side and, one by one, she dropped them in the butter, let its aromatic richness cook through them, then folded them dexterously twice over. When all were placed and cooked and folded, she dashed them with Grand Marnier, pulled back the platter so that the fire, leaping up, could catch the liquor and burn it off in a riot of spicy blue flames; then she dropped the cap on the alcohol lamp and looked about her.

"All ready!" she said. "Hand the plates."

The plates were ready too. There were four pancakes for each. The guests ate the inimitable morsels in a hushed and reverent silence, only, as he neared the last of his portion, Cousin Jim spoke forth: "That's what I call seraphic; yes, sir, 'seraphic' is the word."

"And you expressed a great truth," added Wilbur Stevens.

"Now you see," said Anita, "why Rufus married me. Jeanne and I do know how to make French pancakes."

"You surely do!" said Michael. "I never tasted anything so utterly marvelous in my life."

Molly thought she was going to cry. For Michael to say a thing like that, and right before her, when every day of his married life he had sat down to meals that were, maybe they weren't Frenchified and fancy, but they were far more wholesome than this one, and just as good in every way! It was positively disloyal of him. But she wasn't going to let them see how she felt. She said, as nicely as she could, "I think Anita's a wicked woman to feed us things like this when we're all trying to stay slim."

"I wouldn't care if I was as big as Jumbo if I could have such pancakes every day," declared Cousin Celie Pennewell. "I'll have to take some lessons from you, Anita, though I'm a very poor hand in the kitchen myself, and my cook's got two company menus, and whenever I give a dinner party I use one or the other, and for the rest we just rock along with steak and chops and pie most of the time. But I call a dinner like this an inspiration—I certainly do."

"Yes, this is a marvelous dinner," said Rhea Stevens. "I have to stick to the old-fashioned dishes on account of the limitations of my cook too. Something plain cooked properly is preferable to something elaborate all wrong, but if I had a cook like yours"—this to Anita—"I'd fly high, believe me."

"I like the old-fashioned dishes," said Molly firmly. "I like them." She had a quick, challenging idea. "I'm going to invite you all to a real old-fashioned dinner sometime soon. It won't compare with this, of course, but it will be amusing."

She was throwing down the gauntlet to Anita, and Anita knew it. "Oh, Molly, how lovely!" she urged. "And don't say it won't compare with my plain little meal here tonight. It'll be heaps better."

"My, but you two girls are modest," commented Cousin Celie. "But I don't care so long as you invite me to your parties. When will it be, Molly?"

"Next Saturday night," said Molly, "if that suits you all."

It suited everyone. And while the others roamed about Rufus' house and exclaimed over the odd and exciting furnishings and draperies Anita had collected, Molly sat at the piano, pretending to be looking over the music, but really building a menu. Oh, the dishes she would have! Linda should toil as she had never toiled before, and so would she, Molly. She wasn't going to have her supremacy as a dinner giver overturned by a chit with a chafing dish and a French cook—never! Now that she came to think of it, it wasn't patriotic to have a cook of foreign nationality when there were native-born to be had; but here Molly's honesty checked her. She knew very well that the number of cooks of any kind to be had in Dortown was limited, and that the good ones, the experts, could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The evening at Rufus' passed off very well. Anita showed them some of her drawings and sketches, and when she said that she intended to keep on with her work, even though married, the remark precipitated a discussion which lasted until after eleven o'clock. Wilbur Stevens thought that a woman's place was in the home, but Rhea declared that if she knew any way to earn money, she'd certainly do it. Cousin Jim Pennewell said that he wouldn't want his wife to be economically independent, because she was too darned uppish and bossy now; and Cousin Celie retorted that a man of his disposition needed bossing and uppish treatment as the only way to keep him in order. Michael asked for Molly's views, and Molly proclaimed that she liked being a mere parasite and suggested that Rufus tell how he received his wife's decision. Whereupon Rufus, seated beside Anita, took her hand in his and announced that anything she did, any time, anywhere, was all right with him so long as she didn't stop caring about her husband. And, as Michael laughingly pointed out, there was nothing to be added to such a complete surrender.

"But you wouldn't want me to earn my own living, would you, Michael?" Molly asked as they went home.

"I should say not. And I wouldn't want you to cut off your lovely hair, either. But if Rufus is suited, what does it matter? She is a smart, cute little trick, and she knows a lot more about a good meal than I would have given her credit for. D'you suppose Linda could learn to make pancakes like that, Molly?"

"Of course. There's no trick at all to them." She wasn't sure she was telling the truth, but she wasn't going to admit defeat to Michael.

The slight chill between the two sisters-in-law was not lessened by Anita's dinner. Anita felt that she had put Molly in her place, but Molly was really put on her mettle. The coming Saturday night was waited by both of them with considerable suspense. Outwardly, they were friendly enough; but there was none of that homy running in and out of each other's houses that goes with an honest intimacy. Molly drove Anita over to the Italian grocery, showed her her favorite markets, sent her her butter woman, but she did it with just a touch too much of tutelage. Anita thanked her, made a few purchases from the grocer, chose other markets and declined to deal with the butter woman. She even sent Rufus' clothes to a different cleaning-and-pressing establishment than the one patronized by Molly for Michael. Sometimes she forgot to send them. Indeed, her housekeeping was full of shortcomings, none of which escaped Molly's trained vision. Anita was aware of this, but she would not ask Molly for guidance, though she knew that a few words might save her much bother. They were both proud, obstinate and—though they wouldn't have admitted it—bitten by jealousy.

Anita did not like Rufus' enthusiasm about the prospect of Molly's old-fashioned dinner any more than Molly liked Michael's ravings over Anita's pancakes. But, like Molly, she dissembled—only she did say sweetly as they were dressing that she hoped Molly wouldn't have awfully heavy food, it was so hard on the digestion.

"Trust Molly," answered Rufus blithely. "She's as clever as they make 'em." And that was all the satisfaction Anita got for her little indirect slam.

"Of course," said Molly, when they were all at table, "I'm not having everything old-timy. The days of four meat dishes and ten vegetables and eight kinds of sweets are past."

"Jim would like 'em back," said Cousin Celie. "Molly, your table looks beautiful. That's Great-grandmother Randall's china with the moss rose, isn't it? And sure as I live, Great-uncle Peyton Randall's punch bowl with the flowers!".

"Yes, and my great-grandmother's hand-woven damask tablecloth, and the old runners date even further back." Molly glanced at Anita. Where was her Italian junk against heirlooms like these?

The dinner began. There were canapés of herring roe and Spanish anchovy blended with lemon and onion and capers and Cayenne.

"These are modern, I should say," exclaimed Anita, pretending to tease, but quite willing to call attention to Molly's anachronism.

"Yes, they are. I said I wasn't having everything old-timy. But the soup recipe dates back over a hundred years." Anita didn't score that time.

"Not corn soup, with rivvles!" said Cousin Jim. "Molly, I never thought to eat that soup again. Now I can die content."

"You probably will of overeating," said Cousin Celie.

"It's a lovely death."

The soup was of grated fresh sweet corn bathed in a rich milk broth, and full of the tiny rivvles—egg dumplings rubbed into mere crumbs by Linda's skilled hands and cooked to the perfect lightness and tenderness. Even Anita, as she ate, gave Molly ten for this soup.

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The "Perfect Circle" Principle

A is the continuous lubricating groove which holds the oil (shown in red) and distributes it over the cylinder walls in just the right amount for perfect lubrication

B points to the scientifically located slots which drain the surplus oil—and only the surplus—back into the crankcase.

C is the vital film of oil which is left on the cylinder walls.

Pat. March 20, 1910
May 2, 1922

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(Continued from Page 136

And now came a real Virginia home-cured ham, first boiled, then skinned and baked in a thick crust of brown sugar and English walnut meats set round with cloves, basted with grape vinegar until its façade had become a crisp and glistening brown, palest écru to deepest vandyke. Sweet potatoes, the dry, red-skinned kind, mashed with sherry and cream and butter and put back in the shells to rebake, came with the ham, as did also enormous pickled peaches, set deep in jelly made from their own luscious sour-sweet sirup.

"With the salad, we go back to today," said Molly.

"I hate to go back," declared Cousin Jim, but he didn't refuse the hearts of romaine and sliced alligator pear with a French dressing, in which had been stirred a spoonful of fine-chopped fresh mint leaves. Cheese straws crumbling with richness added one more charm to this salad.

"What can you have after this that won't be an anticlimax?" Rhea Stevens demanded.

Molly smiled. It was a happy occasion for her. The talk had been all of the family, the old days, memories and reminiscences in which Anita could take no part. She simply had to sit and eat.

"I'm having the dessert that was served by one of my ancestors to General Washington himself, shortly after the Revolution," said Molly. And as she spoke, it came.

It seemed simple enough—a chilled compote of figs stewed with strips of lemon peel and the merest hint of ginger root; but the creamy sauce was suavity itself—rice and ground almonds slowly cooked to nothing in rich milk and sugar, cooled and flavored with orange flower, vanilla and lemon.

"I'll bet George Washington took two helpings—as I'm going to do," said Wilbur Stevens. "It may not be etiquette, but it's appetite. And I thought I'd eaten every bite I could when I'd finished my second slice of ham."

"We'd all like a second helping," said Rufus. "Maybe a third. That's how greedy I am."

Only Anita refused. "I really couldn't, though it's frightfully tempting." There was a glint in her eye that warned Molly battle was on. Anita wasn't going to let Molly with Linda put it all over herself and Jeanne in the simple matter of old-fashioned foods

"You know," she told them presently, "I've got some old-fashioned recipes too. They aren't so unusual as Molly's, and I haven't any of the family heirlooms; but, just for fun, wouldn't you like to try them sometime soon?"

"If you're proposing to give another dinner party," said Cousin Jim, "I hereby accept with acclaim and avidity. These Randall dinners are rapidly becoming the thing I live for."

"Me too," said Wilbur Stevens. "The older I grow, the more I realize that eating is my favorite indoor sport."

"Say your favorite occupation as well as sport, and don't limit yourself to indoors," advised his wife.

"Rhea, that's cruel—and after a dinner like this!"

Rhea laughed. "Yes, it is. I honestly don't blame you for liking to eat a feast like this."

Oh, it was Molly's evening! They played bridge after dinner, though it went rather slowly; and Cousin Jim, usually a keen player, said he'd almost as soon just bask and think about that soup and that ham. At the end of the evening Anita, looking a bit strained about the lips and a bit defiant about the chin, reminded them that they were to try her own old-fashioned recipes and suggested a date.

In spite of Molly having come out first this time, she didn't feel easy—she didn't like Anita's expression—but she had so many compliments from the others, and she was so reassured by the success of every dish she'd offered, and the enjoyment of them, that she couldn't worry very much. Let Anita worry now, trying to match such a repast!

She supposed that Michael had not noticed anything of the rift between her and Anita, but he said wistfully a day or so before the next party, "Rufus and I wish that you and Anita hit it off better."

She was instantly on the defensive. "Well, I've done everything I can, but she doesn't like me."

Michael's troubled look did not lessen. "That's what Rufus says he feels about you. But you do like her, don't you, dear? I'd feel so rotten if Rufus and I couldn't be as close as we've always been. Next to you, he means more to me than anybody in the world."

This gave a serious twist to the petty rivalry between herself and Anita, and Molly felt a trifle conscience-stricken—only a trifle. "I've done everything I could," she protested again. "Of course, if you want the whole truth, she's so different from me, her ways are so different, her whole scheme of life is so different, that I don't know where I am with her. We don't speak the same language."

"But, Molly, there's one thing you have in common, and that's housekeeping. I should think you'd have the most gorgeous time, swapping recipes and talking cookbooks together, even if you didn't have any other topic of common interest." Molly wanted to tell him that this was the one thing they couldn't talk about possibly; that it was taboo between them. "It just shows," she thought, "how little a husband knows of his wife, if Michael can make a remark like that!"

"Well, dear," she said aloud, dutifully, "I'll try to be nicer with her. I wouldn't have you and Rufus unhappy on my account for anything; you know that. We'll have to get better acquainted, that's all."

She meant it—certainly she meant it, but with the subconscious reservation that it was far more Anita's fault than her own. If Anita hadn't been so superior, so assured, so self-sufficient—but there, no use going over it. At least she made up her mind to be very, very sweet to Anita about her old-fashioned dinner.

But when they were actually seated again at table, and Anita was saying, with the least subacid tinge to her voice, that she had imitated dear Molly in not having everything ancient, her good resolution melted away. She prepared to examine every dish with an X-ray gaze and a hypercritical taste.

She could find no fault with the first course—small ripe tomatoes stuffed with caviar, chilled just to the right degree. They were a perfect preliminary to the soup, which was a smooth, well-peppered bisque of shrimp and oyster, a pink circle of shrimp in the center of every plate; and twisted pie-crust crackers were something new, to Molly, with soup, but here again she had to admit excellence.

Next came a sirloin steak, broiled to dark ecstasy without and pinkish delectableness within. Scarlet strips of hot pimiento decorated the steak as worthily as Legion of Honor ribbons a statesman's coat.

"But there's nothing old-fashioned about this," Molly wanted to say; but Anita divined it and forestalled her.

"Now for a very old and truly American dish," she remarked, as the waitress approached with squares of corn bread, the upper layer of quivering custard, the lower firmer, but both full of the superb flavor of water-ground meal, properly cooked, with cream and butter and eggs generously bestowed.

Followed a heaping dish of French-fried onions, the big mild kind, each ring dipped in flour and milk and fried in deep fat to a crisp dry delight. And as a contrast to all this high flavor, coleslaw was served—coleslaw made with a boiled dressing, and full of celery seed!

"I haven't had a mess of coleslaw for thirty years," said Cousin Jim, helping himself generously. "We used to have it every Sunday at home when I was a boy."

"It's hard to believe a French cook made this corn bread," said Wilbur Stevens, taking another square.

"Oh, French cooks can do anything, if they wish," said Anita. Molly knew she meant this as a covert slam at Linda.

The entrée was new asparagus, steamed and buttered, and served alone, so that no least savor might be lost.

Molly was waiting, tense, for the dessert. To her surprise, it was a simple one—merely a deep apple-sauce pie; but the apple sauce had been made from little green fruit, and the upper crust had been deftly cut out at the last moment, nutmeg-flavored cream mixed with the filling and crust replaced. That crust it was the finest puff paste, Molly knew with the first bite.

"My grandmother used to have this pie when I visited her when I was a child, and she always told us that it was her great-grandmother's recipe," said Anita.

"Well, it's simply heavenly," said Cousin Celie; "the best I ever tasted, bar none."

"It's been a heavenly dinner," said Wilbur Stevens, "from start to finish."

"They've forgotten all about mine," thought Molly with bitterness. "They're just greedy pigs—the last feeding's always the best." But she said aloud, mindful of her promise to Michael, "It's an education to have dinner here. Anita's given me more new ideas than I can count."

"Why, Molly," exclaimed Anita, "I couldn't give you any ideas! It's you who are all the time giving them to me!"

Now that speech could be taken in two ways, and Molly chose to infer that Anita was telling her she considered her officious and nosey.

"If she wasn't Rufus' wife I'd have it out with her this very minute," thought Molly. But she was saved from reply by Cousin Jim Pennewell, who was chasing the last drop of creamy apple sauce round his plate with his fork.

"It's your turn to give a dinner now, Molly," he said. "I've got the habit now of dining at one of the Randalls' each week, and I can't be stopped."

"And it's very bad for you," said Cousin Celie. "You know that funny old lady on the Eastern Shore who said her husband was such an epicac she couldn't caper to him? Well, that's what you two thoughtless young women have done to mine. Don't you give another dinner, Molly, or, if you do, have stale bread and water."

"'A man's worst foes are those of his own household,'" quoted Cousin Jim. "Don't listen to that woman, Molly, I implore you."

"Of course I'll give another dinner, Cousin Jim," said Molly. "I'd love to." She wasn't going to let Anita think that she'd reached the end of her originality. She could plan a hundred dinners, every one different and every one distinctive, if necessary to prove that Anita wasn't the know-all and be-all of dinner giving.

So Molly wrote her menu for the next dinner with extreme care and discrimination. She would have just enough, not too much to eat. Each dish should be a specialty, something that Anita's Jeanne didn't know, and couldn't, she hoped, duplicate. She even went so far as to tell Linda that Mrs. Rufus thought nobody could cook like that Frenchwoman she'd brought from New York. Linda, large and bronze, looked her scorn.

"Whudduz 'em French know erbout good eatin'?" she asked. "My boy Micah, he was dere endurin' ob de war, en he tell me dey eats snails—yes'm, hones', he did—en I sez, Micah, doan yo tell no lies to yore mammy what bore you, en he swear on a heap er Bibles ez high ez his head he uz tellin' de trufe. Stan's to reason, Mis' Molly, folks 'at eats snails ud eat anythin'—hoppy toads, er fishwums, maybe. Jes tell me wut you want, Mis' Molly, en I'll show 'em."

In this militant spirit the preparation for the dinner went forward. And to make things a little gayer, Molly treated herself to a new dress, a white satin trimmed with black ostrich flues, in which she was sure she looked the very last word in fashion. She did not feel quite so sure when Anita appeared in a leaf-green chiffon with a sun ray of green and white stones at one side from which curved out scintillating lines, flickering and wavering entrancingly with every move. However, Molly looked handsome enough, and she knew that her size and style required something quite different from the exotic clothes that suited Anita so well. So why worry? And there was her dinner—an answer in full to any claim Anita might make to being the better caterer.

First came slices of the Italian ham, red and white and thin as a ribbon, a wonderful hors d'œuvre when dashed with the juice from the lemon halves served with them Something new, unusual. Everyone exclaimed but Anita, who ate hers without comment.

"I don't believe she ever tasted it before, though, with lemon," thought Molly cockily.

The soup was half green turtle and half beef consommé—a duet, as it were, of soprano and alto flavors. Toast slivers, and olives stuffed with almonds, and the smallest yellow tomatoes formed a sustaining accompaniment.

Linda had surpassed herself on the meat course—a chicken pie made in the proper way, with chicken broth and chicken fat used in the dough, and hard-boiled egg yolks, circles of salt pork, potato, carrot and onion balls in the gravy. With it came baked green peppers stuffed with Spanish rice, and spiced damsons, richly, darkly purple. Again Anita ate and contributed nothing to the pæans of praise which rose from the others, but Molly did not care. She knew that though Anita said nothing, she was thinking furiously.

And now Molly produced another unusual dish—a hot spinach soufflé turned out in a ring, with sliced fresh mushrooms in a cream sauce to fill the center. She had hesitated over this, for she knew it was too filling after the chicken pie, but Linda persuaded her. "Ain' nary snail in spinach en mushroons," said Linda vauntingly.

For dessert came pear coronation—large ripe pears, peeled and slightly hollowed from the flower end, filled with Neufchâtel made rosy with red Bar-le-duc and covered with thick cream, likewise generously mingled and tinted with the same conserve. Hot crackers fitly accompanied them.

"I take off my hat to you, Molly," said Cousin Celie at this point. "I never was one to care for pears, but I could go on eating these every day in the week."

Aha, Anita's apple-sauce pie was dumped into oblivion now! But Anita's spunk was not. Anita was speaking: "To continue this very delightful series of parties we've been having, I'm going to ask you all to come to our house some evening next week, because I want you to try a dessert that I learned in Vienna, and that Jeanne makes quite nicely, I think. You made me remember it, Cousin Celie, when you said you didn't like pears, for this Viennese dessert is partly of a fruit much less popular than pears."

"Must be prunes," said Wilbur Stevens.

Anita smiled enigmatically. "I shan't spoil the anticipatory thrill by telling."

"That's right, honey," said Rufus. "Personally, I can get no anticipatory thrill out of prunes, though I've eaten prune pie that was tolerable."

"You've eaten prune soufflé in this house many times, and seemed to find it more than tolerable," announced Molly.

"Anita hasn't said her dessert was prunes," suggested Cousin Jim.

"She hasn't said it wasn't," retorted Molly. Inwardly, she hoped it would be prunes and that everyone would hate it.

"In case it is," said Anita, unperturbed by the discussion, "I'll try to provide enough before it so you won't go home hungry if you don't like it."

And there the matter apparently rested, only it gnawed away in Molly's mind like the fox that ate into the Spartan lad's

(Continued on Page 143

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(Continued from Page 141)

vitals. What could Anita do with prunes, outside of pie or soufflé or pudding or fritters, none of which seemed quite consonant with Anita's previous choices in sweets? Before the day of the next party Molly mused this over and over. And when the actual event came round, not even the excitement of wearing her new dress again could banish from her mind the question of the prune.

Anita had made her table richly somber. The length of dark wood was brightened by a strip of primitive embroidery in red and purple and blue. Spanish pottery bowls held red fruits and green leaves. Old red-and-white Bohemian goblets added color. Molly took this all in, unwillingly impressed, and waited for the dinner with impatience.

It came. First a clear tomato soup, strong and hot, in cups of peasant pottery. Salted cashew nuts were passed with it, but no bread or crackers. The second course was a patty of shrimp, lobster and oysters, dexterously mingled and seasoned. A cool sauce of grated cucumber bound by thin green mayonnaise made a fitting harmony with the sea food.

And now appeared roast ducklings, plump and tender, enwreathed in the super-crispness of sprigs of parsley fried in deep fat, at once a garnish and a condiment. Inch-thick rounds of hominy, crusty on top with browned Parmesan and butter, were served with the ducks, and oranges baked in their skins for fruitiness and braised celery for a green vegetable.

"I've heard California people talk about baked oranges, but I never thought I'd eat one," said Cousin Celie. "It's a new fandango with duck."

"And this fried parsley—where did you ever learn that, Anita?" asked Rhea Stevens.

"In Spain—it's fried in olive oil." Anita knew that Molly was listening acutely and pretending not to.

"Now that's what comes of traveling round everywhere and seeing the world," said Cousin Jim. "A new idea every minute."

"If you give me a nice trip, Jim," suggested Cousin Celie, "I'll promise you a lot of fancy meals when I get back."

"I'll take it under my judicial consideration. My gracious sakes, Anita, what is this dessert we're getting?"

The dessert from Vienna! Molly looked as casually as she could at the big bowl of it, helped herself with an eagerness she tried to conceal. It did contain prunes, as Anita had intimated, but what prunes! Prunes of the finest, cooked to a sequacious mellowness and sweetness, combined with great luscious marrons in equal quantity, the whole compote lightened and heightened by bits of candied orange and lemon peel. Long-sustained cooking had joined all into a cunning *mélange* where all were one and one was all.

Cream, reclaimed from insipidity by a dash of bitter almond, raised the compote an octave higher in the culinary scale. With it came black-walnut spice cakes with chocolate icing.

And, as a final, finishing touch, Anita put a drop of attar of rose in each cup of steaming black coffee, turning it from a mere drink into an Oriental splendor.

"Bring on the dancing girls and my hookah!" commanded Cousin Jim. "Where is my brocade turban and my scimitar? I want to recline on cushions and have beautiful slaves fan me."

"You can have the corner of the sofa until the attack is over," promised Cousin Celie. "Anita, I shall hold you responsible for unsettling Jim's mind."

"If it is a mind"—from Wilbur Stevens.

"Rave on—I care not!" said Cousin Jim. "Fate—that means you and that cruel-hearted Wilbur, Celie—fate cannot harm me. I have dined today."

"You make it too hard for the rest of us, Anita," said Rhea Stevens. "I wouldn't mind so much if, now and then, something turned out wrong. But you and Molly have the secret of perfection, and we haven't."

Molly listened with appreciation. Rhea had put her finger accurately on the tender spot. If Anita should slip, if Anita's dinners just once should show an evident defect, how much more kindly would she feel toward her! But that everything was done so well, so flawlessly, was unforgivable. She could feel her antagonism mounting.

"I suppose, Cousin Jim, it's too much to expect that you'll ever come to dinner at our house again, after tonight. If you thought you could possibly bear our humble fare, I might ——" She paused coquettishly.

"Molly, my darling, try me, that's all."

"But don't expect any Turkish enchantment, as tonight."

"Molly's enchantment never has failed me yet," said Cousin Jim blithely.

Yes, she must give another dinner. She couldn't let Anita have the last innings. She saw Michael look at her in a troubled way, but she would not meet his gaze. Surely Michael didn't want Anita to have all the praise, all the *réclame*—and the only way she got it was by recipes she'd learned when she was traveling abroad. It wasn't fair. Molly had never been abroad. If she had been, she knew she'd have many more and much better recipes to show for it than Anita had collected. Nevertheless, she would show them all that limited and provincial in experience she might be, but that Anita couldn't tell her a thing about planning and cooking and serving a pluperfect dinner. There were ever and ever so many trumps she hadn't played yet!

She and Michael were very silent that night as they went home, but Molly was too engaged with her own thoughts to notice. She didn't even notice that the troubled look remained in his eyes, that it was there the next day, and the next, and that silence continued over him like a cloud. She didn't much want to talk to anyone but Linda.

"We won't have any foreign messes," she told Linda. "Perfumed coffee doesn't belong in decent homes, in my opinion."

"It's jes rediclus," agreed Linda. "Ef so be yo' coffee ain' no good, den put whutever you fancies inter it. But good coffee doan need nuffin—no, ma'am. Jes lemme roll up my sleeves en get at dat ole range, en we'll show 'em a dinner as is a dinner, Mis' Molly."

As an artist beginning a new masterpiece sets his palette with fresh colors so did Molly sweep from her mind all recollection of the dinners that had preceded this one and start once more to evoke another magic bill of fare. She would give them some of the old-time dishes, plain but surpassingly savory. This was her own ground, she was sure of herself here. If she tried to imitate Anita's novelties, she would be lost. It was Anita's perfection she must imitate; or rather, she must keep to her own perfection that Anita had so well imitated. Hers had been the first dinner, so if there was any following after, Anita had done it.

Philadelphia pepper pot for the soup—she didn't believe Jeanne could make that—she doubted that the Frenchwoman had ever heard of it. So Philadelphia pepper pot it was, with its glorification of the humble tripe and potato and onion, its rolled dumplings, its mellifluous potherbs. And with it the smallest brown puffiets of pop-overs in the dough of which had been insinuated a generous portion of grated cheese and Cayenne.

When these were passed, Molly had the satisfaction of seeing Anita look at them in frank bewilderment. Evidently they were new to her, and they were new to the others, too; but whereas they said a great deal in their praise, Anita said nothing, which to Molly was the sweetest praise of all. Never had the silent enmity between the two women run higher. Never had they been so hostilely aware of each other.

And Linda's art had never been more evident than in the next course—oysters baked on the half shell, their native juices made more insidious by touches of lemon, chives, ground black pepper, sweet butter. They were so good, Cousin Jim declared, it was a crime to eat them—they were really museum pieces.

And next came Linda's masterpiece, served on the largest platter in the old Randall collection—a suckling pig, roasted, stuffed, with cranberries for eyes and a wreath of celery tips and radish roses round his neck, his little sides cracking with plump deliciousness, his aroma reminiscent of the Charles Lamb fable of his first ancestor.

"Another museum piece," said Wilbur Stevens.

There were apples baked in cider, with raisins and brown-sugar cores, to go with his roasted majesty, and a foam of white potatoes gilded with butter and cream; and most notable of all, black-eye peas cooked in their own liquor to a mush, then drained and baked with wafer slices of lean bacon.

It was when Michael poised the carving knife over the pig that the drama began. At that moment Anita leaned forward and looked intently at the pig's ears, and Molly, following her gaze, saw that somehow, by some horrible, inexcusable lapse, Linda had let them overcook on the edges, scorched to a positive blackness, a shocking flaw on the even nut-brown of the rest of it.

Before she thought to hold her tongue, Molly spoke: "Good heavens, the pig's ears are burnt!"

And Anita remarked, with mockery in her voice, "Yes, aren't they? If you'd asked me, I could have told you a way to prevent it."

A spark in gunpowder! A lighted match in a gas tank!

"As if," flashed back Molly, "I need to ask you anything about cooking! That's funny!"

The two women crossed glances of murderous steel in an electric silence. Molly for a second saw only Anita's face, taunting, big-eyed with hate, exultantly in the open. So, for a second; and then Molly saw the Pennewells and the Stevenses leaning forward to get this wonderful morsel of family gossip, complete and raw; she knew with what unction they would roll it under their tongues to their intimates outside; that did not move her—but she saw something more. She saw Michael and Rufus, shamed and stricken and sorry; she felt their love and loyalty to each other battling against their love and loyalty for their wives, and she knew, with swift and perfect divination, just how small, how petty and how vulgar she had been.

She flung back her head and laughed—laughed aloud. "Anita," she said, still laughing, "look at them! Look at them! Why, the poor dears thought we meant it!"

And then, deliberately, she got up and walked the length of her table and bent down and kissed her sister-in-law affectionately on the lips.

Anita comprehended it all. In swift and abased generosity, she caught Molly's hands, returned her kiss. "Oh, Molly—Molly, you're such a darling!"

They knew that this was not the moment to clear their grudges or seal their amity in words, but the grudges were cleared and the amity sealed. Molly walked back to her seat at the head of the table like a princess—a gay, somewhat rascally princess who has managed a naughty regal joke. The others were laughing now with her.

"You two scamps," chuckled Cousin Celie.

"Go on, Michael, and carve," said Molly, "but don't give Anita one of the ears."

"Oh, do!" begged Anita. "I'd love it!"

Anita and Molly's eyes met again, in smiling, contented understanding. The war was over and a lasting peace declared. They knew it. What fun they would have planning dinners together!

AUTHOR'S NOTE

On the chance that some of my readers may be interested to know what dessert was served with the final dinner, I am adding this note to inform them that it was tangerine ice with baby jelly rolls.

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{ *Lilas de France* }

THE KING SAT IN HIS COUNTINGHOUSE

(Continued from Page 39)

or the star, or any of the specialists who would be asked for an opinion on what I had written and whose condemnation would be fatal. But I got earnest advice on the necessity of demanding a compartment across the continent, instead of a berth, because if I rode in a berth my importance would be belittled. And I was urgently advised to make a separate contract about my expenses, and to go to the biggest and most expensive hotel, that I might display the fact that I was accustomed to such hotels.

"It's a good deal like having to say 'I want you to understand I am a lady,'" I said. For the interesting thing about this experiment was not its costliness or its lack of costliness, but its success. So many people have tried it without much success.

I was reminded of an occasion when an exalted and very tall guest came to our house and I upset our whole ménage to give him another room than the guest room, because the guest-room bathtub was so small. And after all that trouble the tall one never took a bath.

"This seems such a reasonable experiment," I said to the soft-voiced man who was conducting the business arrangements in behalf of the producer. "Why hasn't it succeeded before?"

The soft-voiced one has managed many stars, including one who had a habit of declining to go on the stage when the house was sold out. He has been a casting director and managed not only real stars but would-be ones. He has been a business director and bargained with every kind of egotist that ever existed. Probably no human being is so conversant with that ancient fake—the artistic temperament.

He looked at me humorously, and he said, "The authors always go home."

"What do you do to them?" I asked.

"We try to do our best, but they get angry and find it hard to believe that we are trying to do our best."

I found it hard to believe myself. There must be some way of putting so sane a proceeding on a sensible basis.

"If I fail," I swanked, "there's going to be some other reason than my getting angry. And if I succeed, maybe, there will be some other reason than my not getting angry."

The soft-voiced one knows swunk in every form—straight, on the bias, hidden, and in the open. He looked over my head and sighed as one who has thought the same thing many times.

"If you succeed," he said thoughtfully, "the box office will record it, and you won't have to bother about a reason."

Tempo and High Light

As a measurer of success this box office has the aspect of an ogre with thousands of arms on which are other thousands of hands counting money. The countinghouse of art wherein the king sits counting out his money. Out in the garden sits the star, apparently eating bread and honey. We servants of such art as will employ us—the authors—hang up our clothes in the back yard with an eye forever on the blackbird that may nip off our nose.

I went home from New York with my approved title, my admittedly large theme and my one high scene that had received attention. I had all that had been used in my other pictures, but it was not enough. I had six weeks before I went to Hollywood to hang the clothes which I might fabricate for my title and my theme on the line in the king's garden, provided the blackbird did not nip off my nose as I hung them up.

I was reminded, as I began to form my story, of the reply of a very able editor when I objected to his cutting my serial story to two-thirds its original length.

"I might as well send you sixty thousand words to start with," I had said, "instead of a hundred thousand."

"I must have something to cut."

Why be an editor if there was no editing to be done? Why be a producer if you cannot put your own mark on what you are producing? It looked to me as if I were going to write a lot of things that would be cut out, exactly as they had cut them out from the two other things, if I were not very careful. It is the ambition of most authors to create material that does not have to be cut. In trying to realize this ambition in my picture product I set two gods before me—tempo and high light. I made every effort to understand them as they rule over the motion pictures, to learn their ways and to develop a subconscious technic in handling them.

Every inch of film has to be timed. I have heard many directors complain that the stories they were directing were too slow. I have never heard one of them complain because the stories were too fast. So I began to examine fast time in pictures.

Time in a motion picture is expressed in terms of light. Light does not become a picture until it has stopped. So light units in terms of time must have a background that stops them; something to measure them. The rain beating on the river is the simplest example, because the river is flowing; and the rain beating on a moving thing that is a background can be timed. The best makers of motion pictures either consciously or unconsciously break their light on a background that will divide it into the proper units for the kind of story they are expressing.

A Picture a Day

For example, the woman who is picturing herself as sad should not wear gleaming jewels. She may wear a pearl or two, but nothing that breaks the light into hard gleams. In social life the woman in deep mourning is forbidden jewels, and this is artistically right even if there were no other reason for her not decorating herself at such a time. When the widow puts on pearls her grief has become endurable. She has begun to ornament herself, which she would not trouble about were she still in deep grief. There should be no gleam where there is a bier. We put jewels on the bride and we dress her in gleaming white satin. On the widow we do not even put shiny black, but dull black.

Important as the gleam is in the picture, the shadow is even more important. Almost anybody can manage a gleam, just as almost anybody can put himself in the foreground of any scene. It takes an expert to manage shadow, as it takes an experienced actor to drop into the background and still be the center of the stage. Thrusting yourself forward is adolescent. Being content to stay in the background is the mark of maturity. If a big man and a little woman enter a room together, the little woman would not show if the big man did not stay in the background. He is the shadow.

I could find nobody who could tell me exactly what motion-picture tempo was. It is something you have to feel, like good taste, and therefore it has to be wrung from the pictures themselves. Nobody can teach it to you

I set out to see a picture a day to teach myself this new time in terms of light. Good and bad. I went to all the pictures that came to my city. For the poor pictures teach as well as the good ones. Poor tempo, silly stories, made sillier because of the way they are timed, tawdry situations, badly arranged light—all have a lesson for me. If it were a good picture the first time I saw it, I could not take my mind off the story with enough concentration to examine the details of light and shade. I could not analyze if I was thrilled.

I had to go to The Big Parade three times before I could determine what was so excellent in its tempo. It is too thrilling a story to dissect until you are thoroughly familiar with it. But after a while I began to realize that the firing began singly, with the guns the men were carrying. This was succeeded by the machine guns—put-put-put. And then the big guns—boom-boom-boom. This is not in terms of sound, but of light. The beat is measured by retarded and accelerated light. It is not your beat alone, if you are directing such a picture, but how you manage it. In music this is called counterpoint. In the pictures, if you retard your beat, you do it by making the light mellow. If you advance your beat, you do it by making the light hard. Movement is hastened by brilliance and retarded by shade.

In the firing of the guns in The Big Parade there came first single gleams of light in shaded sunlight; then a multiplication of these gleams, quick and hurrying in the twilight; then big flashes of light out of the deep shade of the night. The counterpoint here rose to a climax.

In The Merry Widow the movement is choppy because dancing does not lend itself to the time unit of a picture. It is a man and a woman moving together, but in the same time; no contrast or counterpoint.

Up to this time, though I had seen many pictures, I had not noticed the commonest arrangement of light and shade in them. It had not even caught my notice that the immediate foreground of a long shot involving distance of various degrees was dark, with the light increasing as it reached the center of the picture. This is usually reversed in a close-up—the foreground is light and the background dark. I had to go to a picture a day for many days before I discovered this commonest of light arrangements. Then I looked at the pictures on my walls at home. They are painted the same way. The portraits have dark backgrounds with the close-up of the face in light. The landscapes have light backgrounds.

In playing any game the moment you increase your skill in it your interest mounts. When you begin going to the pictures on these voyages of discovery, and after a time find yourself improving in your discernment, your interest in the pictures is greatly increased. But I found that a picture a day was all I could stand if I expected the new part of my brain they were developing, to register. On the days I tried two pictures I was bored by the second one, no matter how good it was. The only time this did not happen was the day on which I saw Harold Lloyd's most uproarious comedy in the afternoon and the lugubrious Sea Beast in the evening.

The Two Cures for Boredom

I wanted to get the contrast between the light effects of comedy and tragedy. It had not been so long ago that I would not have even known there was a difference. Comedy is played in brilliant light, speeded up as fast as possible. There was very little shadow in Harold Lloyd's picture, and it moved so fast you had no time to turn aside to discuss it. Tragedy is played in softened light. But even tragedy dare not offer an American audience two hours of shadow. You can bear two hours of brilliant light better than the same time of gloom. The Sea Beast was a distress because it offered no comedy vein for contrast of light and shade, no relief from the encircling gloom. Ultimately any eye can accommodate itself to steady darkness, and so you finally became inured to all this horror and it lost its value.

It was not until I had seen this picture, studying it carefully, that the value to the human brain of the contrast between light and shade came home to me as a cardinal necessity. Without darkness, light could not be measured. Without rhythm there would be no emphasis. Ebb and flow are needed to sharpen our perception. They are everywhere. The systole and diastole of the heart, the tensity and relaxation of the muscles, the dull and the thinking moods of the mind, the stress of emotion and the ennui of reaction registered by the nerves. Beat and pause; without pause there is no beat. Night and day; summer and winter. If a picture made of light does not observe this law, there is something the matter with it that you instantly recognize, even if you do not go further to find out what it is. The tragedy of The Sea Beast would have gained immeasurably had there been a lighter vein by which to measure it.

In the mechanics of production the cutting of the film has also a great deal to do with its time. If you have a scene that lags, you cut across the narrow strip of film that records it and you insert another scene that distracts the onlooker. If the villain is keeping the heroine locked up in a room, you cannot keep on photographing her expression, terror-struck as it may be, without boring your audience. So you skip to the villain's expression, and then, when both of these expressions are exhausted, which they will be in a few minutes, you cut the picture right across and insert another picture of the hero galloping to the lady's rescue. This is cutting to hasten the tempo of a picture. There are two things that can always be counted on to deliver a picture audience from boredom: One is a fire and the other is a hero galloping or motoring, or even running on his own feet, to save a heroine.

Hero-and-Heroine Stuff

But you cannot begin your story with a fine act like this and keep your audience. The rest of your story would be an anticlimax, for one reason; and for another, you could not arouse cherishing feelings about your heroine. One of the first laws in the production of sympathy, which is so needful in catching another's interest, is to have an impoverished heroine, and not an aggrandized one. No heroine should be assertive, for nobody ever got sympathy by asserting himself. The woman who protects everything in sight and asserts her own rights at all times, never gets anybody else to do anything for her. It may be all right for the woman, but it is useless for the heroine of a story. For romance does not come near such a woman.

Many of the best films have begun with romance in a quiet place and on a bright key—a gay adventure, where the hero has a charming time with a beautiful heroine, so that when he encounters her later he is pretty well acquainted with her. The heroine may make a spectacle of herself or she may do unheroic things, as long as you keep the sympathy of the audience with her, and as long as you keep her sufficiently natural so that the audience knows they would do the same thing in her position. The hero must always protect the heroine, never vice versa. When you have them both started, then you can go on to your fine act and your exhibition of heroism.

Gain momentum any way you like—by steam, by electricity, by your own speed—you still have to make allowance for friction. In this friction, hard surfaces make brighter spots. And these are called high light. High light is a hard surface surrounded by soft surfaces. You find your hard surface in the pictures and play the light on it, using the soft for background.

Jewels are hard. Guns are hard. In any situation where there is a gun, it is usually the high light. Glittering things are high lights. In The Grand Duchess and the Waiter, Florence Vidor removes quantities of heavy jewels from her neck and her ears and offers them in payment of her rent. The high light follows the jewels, and the lady's whole appearance is changed by their removal.

As this is true about the inanimate things in a picture, so is it also true about

(Continued on Page 149)

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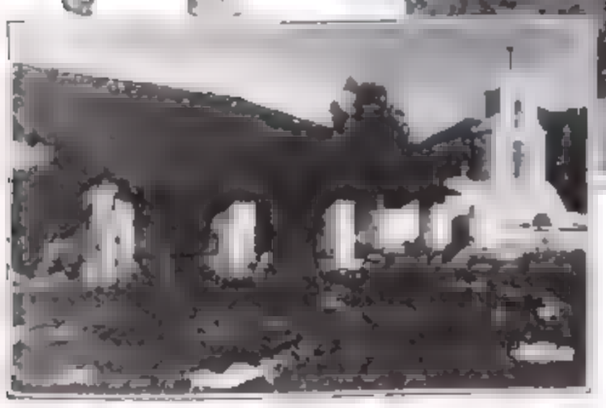

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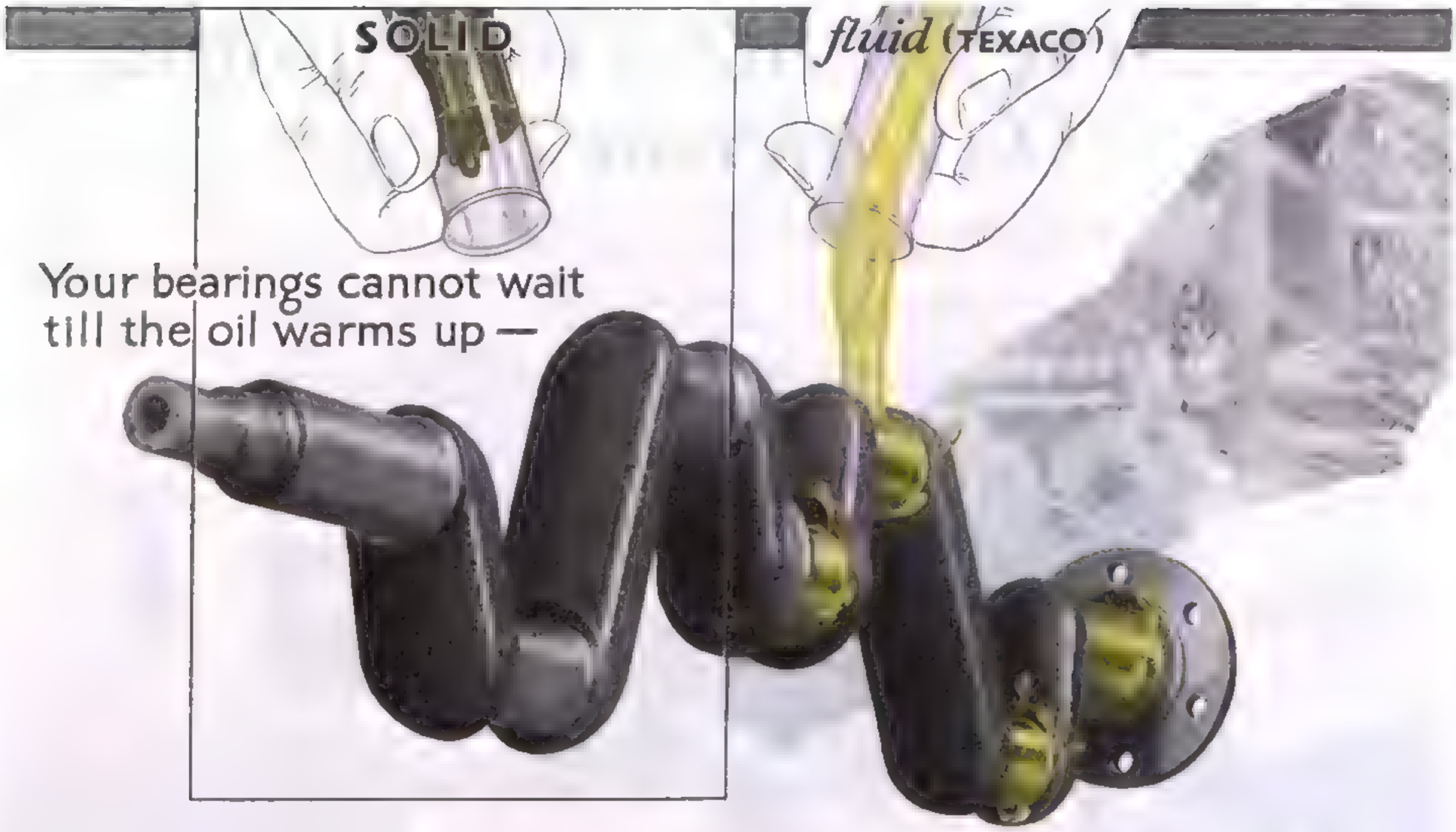

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MASON
BALLOONS
MADE WITH HYLASTIC CORD

(Continued from Page 144)

the animate situations the story develops. A certain core of any situation is always hard. The clever picture makers seek it, just as the good writers do, and when they find it they play light on it.

Grit is the high light of the world. The core of a dramatic situation is its grit. Play the light on it, surround it by softness, and you have a picture. Grit is of two kinds—mental and moral. Many people with mental grit have soft spots in their moral grit that they have laboriously to mend. These mendings all make good stories, for moral grit can be divided into many units, all of them high lights. Nobody can afford to be oblivious of you if you are hard at core. If you have enough grit you do not have to tell the world you have it. Only the soft people are neglected.

One is likely to consider one's own case unique. If you work steadily on any problem it assumes such importance to you that you are often bewildered over its unimportance to other people. I confidently expected, when I reached Hollywood, to be brought instantly before the high decider. I supposed I would be asked to leave my script, and then in a few days, if there were parts of it that needed remaking, I expected to discuss the best way to do this.

But nothing like this happened. I was met at the train by the soft-voiced business manager and pleasantly transported to my hotel, where I was told to suit my own convenience in everything I did. My own convenience was to get to the studio as soon as possible, to deliver what I had produced and to discuss any faults it might have, while the forge of my construction was still hot. But nobody assumed that I would be in a hurry, and everybody was anxious that I should have plenty of time to rest after my five days' journey.

On my arrival at the studio the next day, there was no mention of my story. My position appeared to be purely social. Everybody was delightfully courteous and considerate. I was greeted charmingly by many old friends; I was presented to several new directors. The star of one of the pictures being filmed at the moment was hailed from his scene and we were photographed together for the publicity department. This is always a great compliment. But I knew what the result of this photographing would be—the star would look like a vigorous and healthy man, because of his make-up and his ability to pose before the camera, and I would look not a day more than ninety-three, with a senile grin.

The Man With One Eyebrow

When this was over I asked what was the name of the thing that was being filmed. I repeated the title doubtfully, and then I asked both the director and the star what could be expected of the public, when even a careful inquirer didn't know what it meant. The star promptly said that wasn't his business. His business was to put so much meaning into the story that no one would have to ask what the title meant when he had finished. The director merely grinned and asked me to watch a bit and see if I couldn't tell what the title meant.

So I sat around and watched. Of course I saw only the merest cross-section, and what I could or could not understand about what was going on was no reflection on the writer of the story or the title. It was merely a game. It was a brilliant scene, evidently a café in Paris. As most cafés in Paris are called Maxine's, I was not surprised to find that this one was. The star, in a white broadcloth uniform, sat at a table among many beautiful women in evening gowns, who appeared to be dining. At other tables there were many other pretty ladies and uniformed officers. From time to time they rose and danced when the director blew his whistle. An excellent orchestra played very well for this dancing, but it lasted only a few seconds at a time. The star rose and danced with a lady at his table, and presently he discarded her and had a fight with a man who looked like the head waiter. They fought all the way up the cleared dancing space to steps before a door. They fought up the steps and out the door. Then the director blew his whistle and everybody stopped and all the lights went out.

"I give it up," I said to the director. "I can't tell what a Gigolo means, unless it means a fight."

I gave another look at the star. He wore a small mustache and only one eyebrow. He had many rings on his fingers and he looked as if he might even have bells on his toes.

"Has the title anything to do with jewelry?" I asked.

"The title," said the director, "means a man whom a woman hires to dance with her."

It was not until I had left the set that I remembered the star's solitary eyebrow.

"Why," I muttered to myself, "has he only one eyebrow? Maybe it's a sign in Paris; wherever you see a man with one eyebrow, you know you can hire him to dance with you."

On the next set one of the handsomest men in the picture world was directing a surgeon about to operate, in a kitchen, on a small boy. An agonized mother stood at the head of the kitchen table and a young girl in evening dress held an oil lamp in a trembling hand.

Dull Days in Hollywood

The last time I had seen this director he was playing a leading part in Robin Hood. It seemed to me a pity that all this grace should be wasted in mere directing, until I watched the direction. There were so many things needed for this operation on the small boy, and there were so many people to direct before perfection of detail could be attained, that it needed more than ability to get it all done without raising the voice or hastening the words. It needed grace. But while it was going on I had time to ask questions of the assistant director. And he answered my questions so well that I asked him about that lost eyebrow back on the other set.

"He is supposed to have lost his eyebrow in the war," said the director.

"You don't say," I answered dully. "Is it shown in the picture—his loss of it?"

"I don't think so; but you find it out yourself."

This sounded so simple that I began to wonder if I had not taken a lot of useless trouble in my weeks of intensive study. I went back to the offices to see if there was any chance of talking to the high decider about the results of this study, but I found he was ill.

The soft-voiced man asked pleasantly how long my screen treatment was, and looked very doubtful over its length.

"You had better make a synopsis of a thousand words; that is all he really wants."

"Isn't he interested in any of the fine points impossible to get into a thousand-word synopsis?"

"Not at this stage. He chose one story because of a single sentence."

I felt quite sure that was the way Feet of Clay had been chosen, since hardly more than a single sentence was used. But since I hoped to have better luck with this story, I said I couldn't possibly put it into a thousand-word synopsis. And concerning single sentences so brilliant that they would make a sale all by themselves, I despaired of that.

The soft-voiced one told me regretfully that in that case I would have to wait for the high decider to get well. It would be only a matter of a few days.

It seems odd, but I was at a loss how to dispose of these few days. It was true that I was in Hollywood. But contrary to the usual opinion, there is nothing to do in Hollywood. You can go to teas on Saturday afternoons, made brilliant by beautiful women in the pictures. On Sunday you can go to dinners and dances made equally brilliant by the same people. But this was Monday, and I had not journeyed five thousand miles to go to tea; and one gets through one's job first and dines afterward.

The only thing to do in line with the thing I was working over was to visit the other studios and watch the directors' work. Lois Weber drove me to Universal City. She was completing the direction of The Marriage Clause. It wasn't called by that name; for the moment it was The Show World, after having been The Star Maker. And its brilliant director revealed these various titles to me as we drove out, and then asked me to amuse myself for an hour while she discussed them with five or six men. She pointed out to me that on the hill at the back of the lot were the remnants of the gorgeous Paris Opera House, and if I went far enough I would bump into the Zoo; then she left me.

At my right was a huge building into which many extras were pouring, and I decided to pour in with them. In a case like this you go by the doorman as if you knew where you were going and why. If you stop to ask directions he will hold you up. You can't do this at the entrance to the lot, but once inside you can go almost any place, if you look as if you have a right to go.

I found myself in a huge department store that must have taken days to prepare. There were girls behind the counters; there were bargain tables strewn with shirts and stockings and laces. Floorwalkers went to and fro. I looked for the cameras and found them some distance off on the other side of a half dozen counters. Several busy men directed the activities of a hundred people who were walking through the shop.

The story was evidently centered about a young man in afternoon clothes and spats—a young man with a nice face and eyelashes long enough to plait. The director—who could be distinguished because he was directing and because of his panama hat, which he kept on to protect his eyes from the lights—talked vigorously to this young man and to a young woman holding a baby about a year old.

Not a Day More Than Sixty

Then the whistle was blown, the lights came on, and the assistant director made motions over a flow of people surging toward the bargain counter where the young man and the young woman with the baby stood.

"Camera!" called the director.

The woman deposited her baby in the arms of the long-lashed young man and drifted away. He held the baby gingerly. It howled and he bounced it. The young man with the eyelashes was evidently impersonating a floorwalker. He turned the baby on its stomach on the bargain table and wrote with his pad on its back. The baby yowled, and in the background its mother twirled a toy up and down. The director held up his hand, the lights went out, and the baby's mother took it from the table and comforted it. The long-lashed man rested. I had perched myself on a box, and to me came the assistant director.

"Did I not see you with Miss Weber outside?" he asked.

I gave my name and asked who the director was. This should always be your first question, whether you are interested or not. In this case, I was.

"Mr. Seiter."

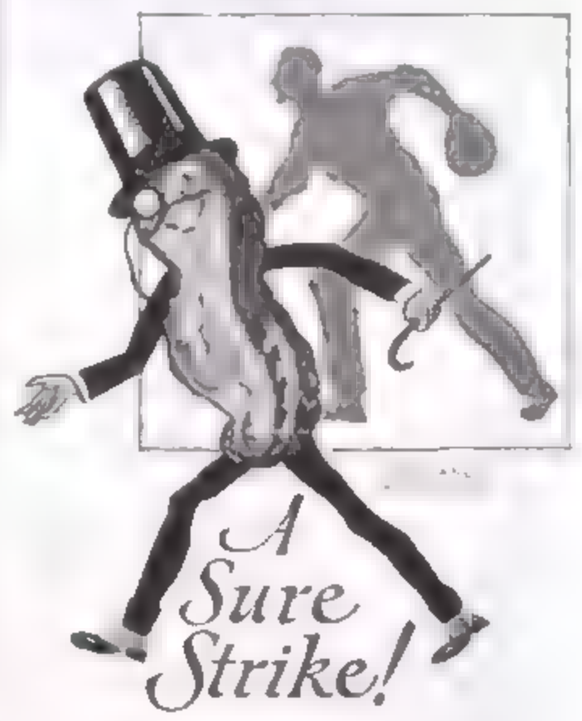
"And who is the young man with the gorgeous eyelashes?"

"Reginald Denny. Won't you come and be photographed with him and with the director? He is playing Take It From Me."

By this time this was so amusing a jest to me that I grinned as I assented. Again I knew exactly how I would look. All the hundred extras stood at attention watching this little scene. The director took me by one hand and Mr. Denny by the other, the lights were turned on as they had been for the preceding acts, the camera clicked. At that moment in came Lois Weber.

"I let you loose," she said, "to go to the Zoo and I find you getting photographed with a director and a star."

"The Nickel Lunch



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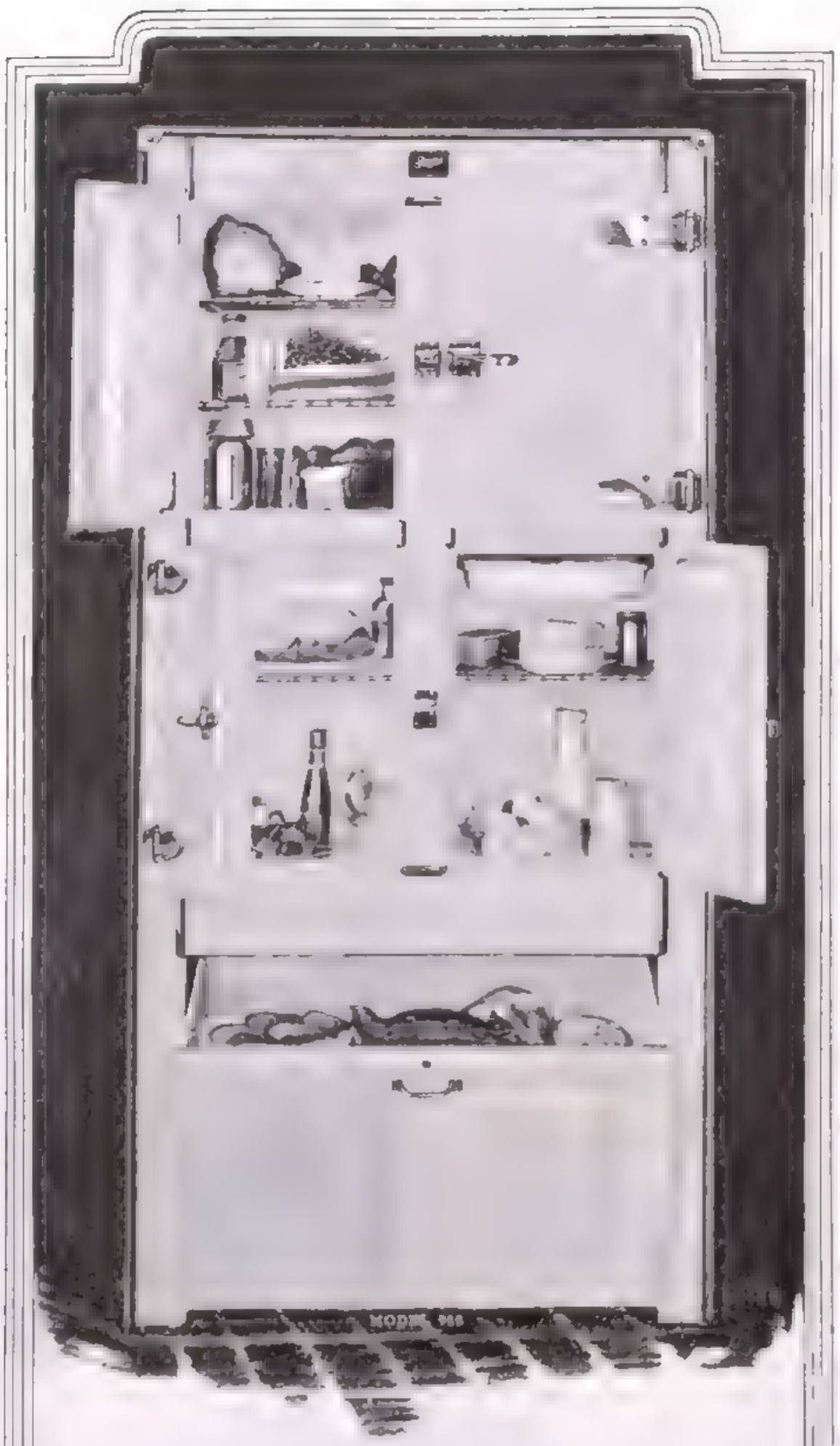

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Standard of the American Home

"Come on in, Miss Weber," quoth the director, "the light is fine."

Mr. Denny moved over and the camera clicked again. This time I was fortunate, for I had on a hat, and so I did not look a day more than sixty. When they gave me the proofs, I could see why Hollywood was full of girls who thought they were good-looking enough to film and yet had to get jobs as chambermaids.

This little courtesy of photographing you with the star being over, the director asked me what I was doing for the high decider, since the newspapers had announced that I was in Hollywood on his account.

Quite obviously I was not doing anything for the high decider on that day, and as by this time I had no idea what I was doing, I was wholly at a loss.

"Well," I said finally, "they are building a huge pool at this other studio—the deepest pool ever built—and I believe I have been brought out to study deep-pool photography."

"I hope," said the director, "you will not go beyond your depth."

But I did. Each day that passed, leaving me to dispose of it in any way I chose save the way I had intended, got me deeper and deeper. After a few days the soft-voiced one asked me if I would like to tell my story to him.

"I would not like to at all," I said, exasperated. "I came to present it to the high decider."

He accepted this amiably, and said, "He is improving."

"Is there anything in your studio that anybody would like me to do while I wait?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," he answered, so I went out and took a walk over the Hollywood mountains. They were handsome mountains and the views were all that could be asked of views, but I never had felt so idle in my life.

"I shall have to go to another studio," I said, "and see what is going on."

I picked out Metro-Goldwyn because I knew nothing whatever about them, not even the names of their officers. Lois Weber lent me her car to drive to Culver City and arranged for somebody's secretary to meet me at the gate.

It was noon and the secretary told me she had made an appointment with the publicity department at two, and suggested we go to luncheon at the company restaurant, where I would see all the players. But the first things I saw were two private dining rooms; one long, and filled with about twenty men; the other small, with empty seats for four. I thought of all the accounts of marvelous luncheons given to authors in the studios, and it seemed up to me to get some attention, even if I had to ask for it. So I asked who the men were in the large private dining room.

Stalking a Luncheon

It appeared they were directors. They eyed the little secretary and me as we stood at the door, but they didn't ask us in. I advanced on the small and empty dining room. A waitress was putting flowers on the table.

"Who lunches here?" I asked the waitress.

"Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Stromberg and Mr. Rapf."

"Who are they?" I asked innocently.

They were the West Coast heads of the Metro-Goldwyn Company.

"And for whom is this fourth place?" I asked.

The waitress was Irish. She cocked an eye on me. "Maybe it's for you," she said. "Is it?"

"Hold it until I find out," I said. Then to the little secretary: "Why don't we lunch with the bosses?"

She looked horrified. "I couldn't," she said simply.

"Do you mind seeing if I can," I said, for idleness was becoming a drug on my market, and the prospect of interviewing the utterly unknown heads of an unknown company seemed a little less idle than what I had been doing. "Sometimes it can be done this way; it may amuse you to try it with me."

We walked back to the directors' dining room, and I stopped a merry-eyed man coming from what must have been a satisfactory luncheon, and asked him if he could tell me where were the offices of either Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Stromberg or Mr. Rapf.

"They are all in the same place," he said; and then with a twinkle; "May I take you there?"

About this time the little secretary dropped out. Perhaps she was hungry and couldn't wait, perhaps she did not trust my methods. But I walked beside the erect young man and made the obvious next move. I asked him whom he was directing and what.

He said he wasn't directing anything except a director or two. He still twinkled, so I gave him a more detailed look.

"You are in the Army," said I.

"Right."

"You are here for war stuff."

"Right," he said. And he led me to the door of Mr. Thalberg's outer office, where sat a very competent secretary who promptly told me Mr. Thalberg was in conference. I inquired for the other two names. They also were in conference.

"They must all be conferring together," I said. "What a pity I cannot confer with them, because I want to write about them."

"What do you write?" asked the secretary.

"I write what I feel, but right now I don't seem to feel anything but hunger."

A Title With Possibilities

The secretary, in spite of the conference these men were in, disappeared with my name and address. And presently she returned with a courteous invitation from the Three Musketeers to assuage my hunger with them, if I didn't mind waiting for the conclusion of their conference. The secretary led me through the door and admitted me into Mr. Thalberg's office, where I promptly took off my hat and rested my fatigued head on a cushioned chair. After a bit, I picked up the biggest fattest book I ever saw, which was lying on the desk beside me, and found it was the briefest synopses of every novel I had ever heard of. I studied these models of brevity, and I came to the conclusion that an author could not make a good synopsis of his own work because it was a kind of suicide.

Up a back stairway that ascended from the main street came a very young man with brilliant dark eyes and bright coloring. I thought he must be one of the stars, so I put on my hat, and after a moment I asked him who he was.

"I am Victor Thalberg," he said. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

He looked as if he might have only recently left college. He looked healthy and sane and intelligent, and he was the first man in Hollywood who had been sorry to keep me waiting. Mr. Stromberg and Mr. Rapf were older and did not appear to mind being waited for. We four proceeded to the lunch room, where the Irish waitress glimmered at me as she pulled out the chair at the fourth place.

There was little about the future of American pictures we did not cover during our excellent luncheon, and in the middle of this affair of chance one of the men picked up a three-word phrase of mine and said that it would make a good title for a picture. Instantly the two other men pricked up their ears. I pricked up my mind, as much of it as would prick.

"Sometime, somewhere, every woman in the world has asked that question," I said. "It would be interesting if all of them went to a picture by that name in search of an answer."

"There are," said Mr. Thalberg, "fifty million women in the United States alone. It would be interesting if one-fifth of them went to see such a picture."

Continued on Page 153

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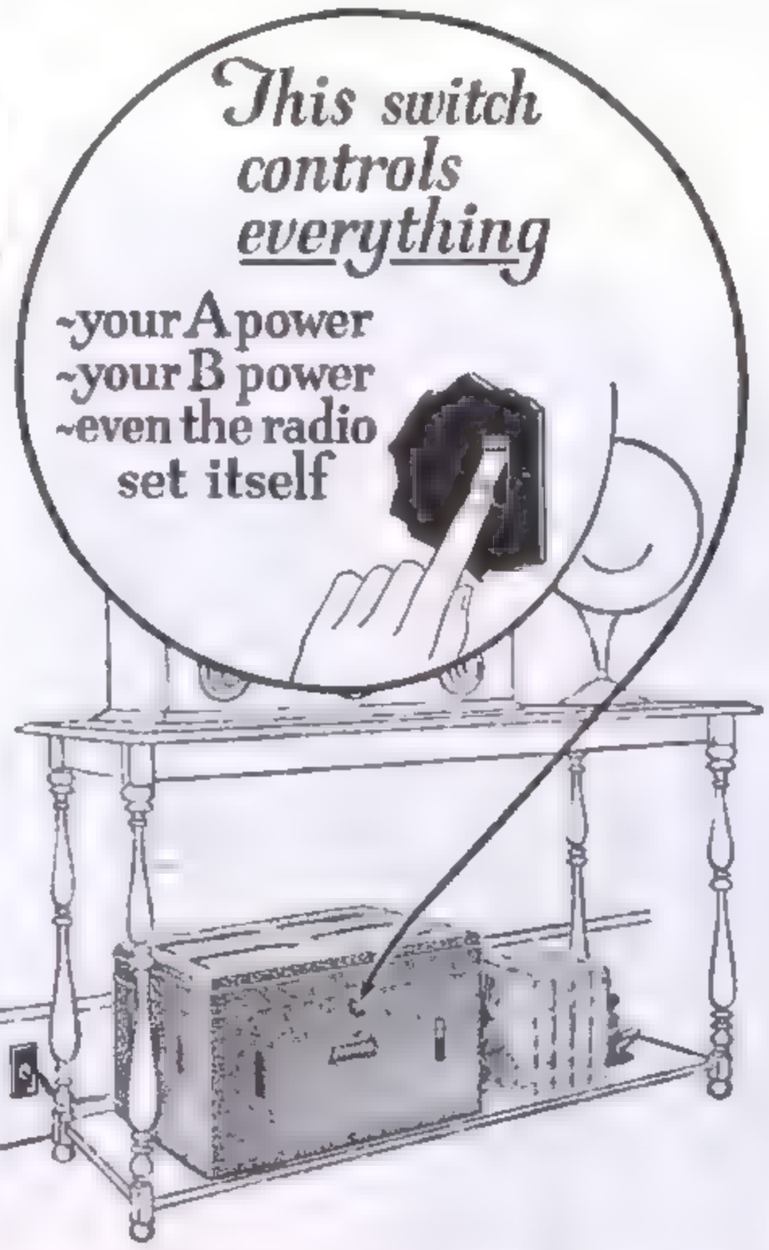

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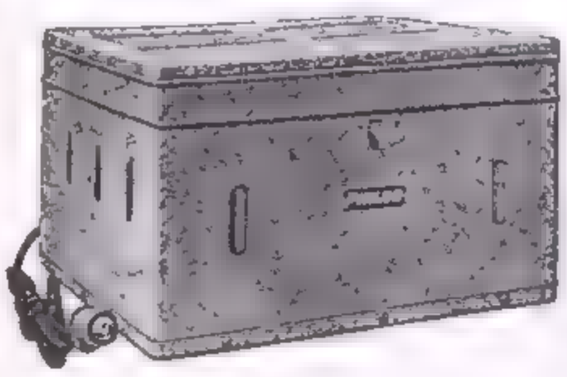

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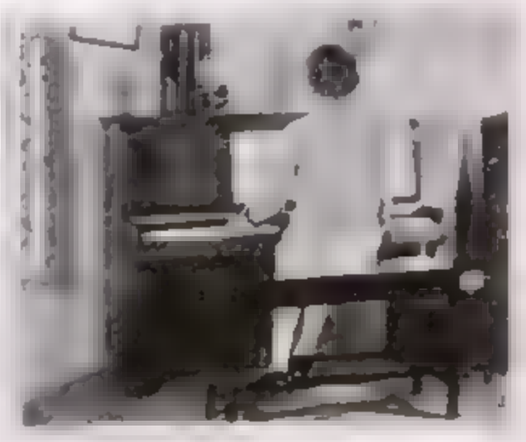

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GULBRANSEN *Pianos*

(Continued from Page 150)

Nothing more was said about it until we had left the lunch room, and then Mr. Rapf said, "I have an idea about that title you just originated. I should like to discuss it with you."

"Now?"

"No, not now, but whenever you have time."

Though apparently I had nothing but time, I agreed to call Mr. Rapf's secretary as soon as I had more time. This is always a mistake. If any picture potentate wants to discuss anything with you, do it at the moment he suggests his want to you. Do it on the spot, even if you hold up traffic, for it's ten to one that you will never see him again, no matter how anxious he appears at the moment.

By this time the high decider was well enough to be in his office, and I advanced on it. He said he did not want to hear or read my story until I had told it to his production manager. He was the man who decided whether a story could be filmed, and his O. K. had to be put on it.

"Then it will be your production manager," I said dolorously, "who will tell it to you as he thinks it is and not as I think it is."

"You'll have to do it this way. But don't make a mistake about this man's brains; he is one of the best men in the business."

"But I don't know him; I never saw him; and I didn't write this story for him."

"What difference does that make if he has to O. K. it?"

I went out from that office and ran into the star with the one eyebrow. "Listen," said I, "I have to tell my story to the production manager, when I think I ought to tell it to the high decider himself. Will you tell me something about this production manager?"

The astute young man, who makes twice as much as the President of the United States because of his special brand of astuteness, answered, "You do not tell your story the same way to both men. The production manager is interested solely in the materials he has to provide to photograph your facts. He is not interested in what you want to get over by the use of these facts. He has to have the bridge built if the heroine jumps off it. He is interested in what would happen if she did not jump off, because then he would not have to build the bridge. His mind works like this: Has she got to jump off? Well, let her go. But maybe she does not have to jump off. Well, then somebody has to hold her back; save money that way; no bridge. The high decider understands persuasion and subtlety. You can tell him that the way the hero feels would keep the heroine from jumping off the bridge and he will understand it. But the production manager can see only somebody holding her from jumping off."

"Then I have to tell the bare facts and not any fancies."

"No; the lurid facts. It is different and not so easy."

Giving the Authors a Good Time

My appointment with the production manager was four days ahead. I resignedly invaded still another studio in order to fill this gap, and I interviewed this manager on the subject of authors. He had arranged dozens of dinners which the authors would afterward describe in the magazines as if they had been intimately befriended and befriending. He had met writers at the train and transported them, under the eye of publicity men, to gilded suites and luxurious bungalows and big hotels. And he had put the writers back into the compartments of the train provided by his company, and gone back to his work without them.

"Tell me," I said, "what happens to the authors you bring out here who crave to lift the motion pictures to their own level?"

"We give them a chance at lifting. But it's a pretty heavy job, and they all go home angry and tell the rest of the world that we are not in good taste."

"Well, you aren't, are you?"

"You sound as if it didn't make any difference whether we were or weren't."

"In either case, you always find a good many people to deny whichever side you take, so I don't see what difference it makes. But there must be a reason for this anger that everybody speaks of. What happens?"

"I suppose there either is a reason, or there is no reason at all for getting angry. We get angry here every few minutes. But the difference between us and the authors is that they can go home when they get angry—and most of them do—but we have to stick to our jobs. Now I ask you as an author, has nothing occurred since you arrived to make you angry?"

"Only one thing," I answered promptly. "I can't see why we people who come so far should be kept waiting on something that can be decided in a few minutes."

He grinned. "Well, there you are! Aggravate that a little more, keep an author waiting until his nerves are a little taut and until some of his egotism is gone—since it is ignominious to be kept waiting—and then turn him down, and you have a fine reason for his being angry."

I considered this especially as it might happen to me. Then I said, "What's the use of wasting good material that way, when you might use the nerves and the egotism of the authors in your own behalf? Why don't you get ready for them before they come, since you know they are sensitive to being kept waiting? To dispatch your affairs with them with speed is a plain business asset."

"Whatever made you think motion pictures was a plain business? Nothing can be decided in a few minutes in pictures. You just think so because you sold Feet of Clay over the telephone and The Unguarded Hour while you dressed for dinner. But these were exceptional conditions. And I'll bet before these offers were made you they were discussed by dozens of people over quite a stretch of time."

Beating the Game

"But that is an admirable way to do it—to get it fixed up before you approach the author. He should work for you without any nervous jerks. What's the use of upsetting him? You destroy his intensity of purpose, and that should be valuable to you."

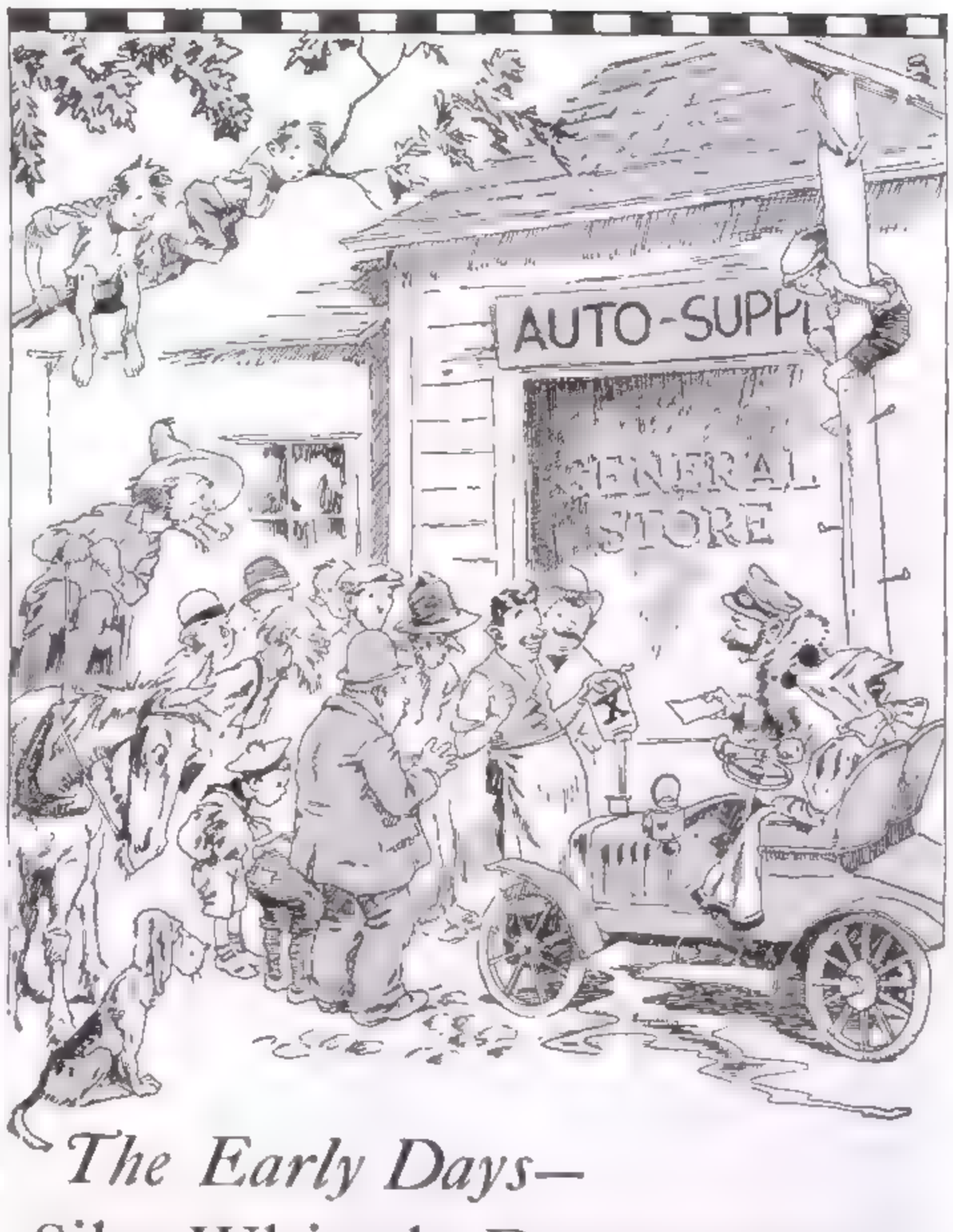
"We do it that way when it is an offer to buy. But an offer from the author to sell cannot be handled that way. For example, why are you here? You are here to help in a series of decisions to be made about your work that will make it more salable. You are the seller. You are surprised that everything in a studio is not dropped at once and your affairs attended to, because you have come a long journey and are only going to stay a little while. Nobody tells you that hundreds of decisions a day are being made that are far more important than those connected with you, and that they won't decide about you until they have to. If they did tell you this, and if they added that you hadn't measured up to their expectations and that you wanted a big price for what they might get done in their own studios for very much less, ten to one you'd be angry. Yet these are often the facts about authors."

He named a dozen well-known writers who had left Hollywood in a huff, and narrated the circumstances of their going.

"They always feel they are being savagely criticized; they always argue, and they are invariably a disappointment to us. Yet we go on hoping and we go on bringing them out here, because most of them want to come and most of them make us marvelous promises. Usually we fill in their time, while they wait, with a series of dinners and parties that they go back and write about."

"Has anybody beaten this game, taken advantage of your making them wait, and enjoyed it instead of getting angry?"

"There was one man," he mused, "who was brought from Europe to do some detail



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work on a big story. He was internationally famous both for his eccentricity and his ability. A paid courier had to arrange for his passage, make his brief stay in New York agreeable, and provide an elaborate trip across the continent, with valet service, secretarial service and publicity. A house had to be hired for him in Hollywood and he was paid a large sum each week to stay in the house. He had the sense to make more trouble than any human being could ever be thought to make. He kept others waiting; no one kept him waiting."

"And you say he beat this game. Well, that kind of thing suits me perfectly. If I get the time, my next visit to Hollywood is going to be just like that."

"It takes a good deal of time," he said reflectively. "You don't have much left to deliver the goods."

"Maybe I won't want to, after I have had that kind of a time."

The next day being Saturday, I presented myself in the outer office of the secretary of the production manager at one o'clock.

"You haven't a very good time to tell your story," the secretary said. "Nobody has had any chance to lunch yet."

"And it being Saturday afternoon, I suppose they all want the afternoon off."

At this moment the production manager hurried into the office and came to an abrupt pause before me.

"I say," he said, with his mournful, inclusive eyes taking me in very thoroughly, "could you tell me that story while I eat my lunch?"

"I haven't had my own luncheon," I suggested, thinking about the European who made so much trouble.

"Then let us lunch together while you tell the story."

"I cannot tell a story and lunch both."

"Too bad!" he sighed. "At least let us lunch."

He was slim and worn, as if he had burned his fires fanning other people's ashes into flame. He spoke with a slightly husky voice and many expletives, which were of a variety and a vividness I have heard equaled only by Army men under fire.

It Can't be Done

I called him Hosanna because of his amazing vocabulary

"Listen," said Hosanna, as we started back to his office after luncheon. "Couldn't you tell me that story Monday just as well?"

"Yes, better, if you are in a hurry to get to your golf."

So I waited two more days, and then on the way into Hosanna's office I seized the business manager, for there were only three more days left in the month I had bargained to stay there—the month in which I was to make alterations on my story—and if I did not get it told on that Monday, there would be mighty little time left for alterations. And this being a business matter, I thought he ought to sit in on it. He agreed to come along and listen to my story.

As we entered Hosanna's office I heard him tell his secretary that he would be engaged only a half hour, and I wondered how I could crowd that story, which had now become a nightmare, into a half hour. Incidentally, it was three hours before we finished, but during every moment of that time I had the feeling that I ought to finish it in a half hour. The next time anybody proposes to take more of my time than I want to give, I am going to announce, as they enter my presence, that I shall be at leisure in ten minutes.

You tell a story in the present tense. You describe your characters as they appear; whether they are blond or brunet, honest or dishonest, and what their use is in the story. Then you begin with your first scene and go as far as your listener will let you. It is foolish to suppose that you have a harder job than your listener. It is as hard to listen for an hour, visualizing as you listen, as it is to tell the story.

I had no sooner fairly started on my story than Hosanna sprang from his chair with a shake of his head, and said, "But you can't film that."

A School for Producers

I explained how you could. He listened with his eyes closed and sat down again with no comment on my explanation. In a few minutes the same thing happened again. Not having an explanation handy this time, I just waited.

"Continue," he said; and for the next half hour he merely said, "No, no," at every turn of my story. I reached what I regarded as a very dramatic scene, and again he said it could not be filmed. High heaven must have smiled over the spectacle of an amateur like me explaining to one of the best production managers in America how a thing could be filmed. It was not until this had happened several more times that it occurred to me that perhaps this was a brand-new method of running an author through his paces. Since there was literally not a thing that I did not have to fight for, it was evidently the quality of my fighting that was being tested. The moment this occurred to me I became harassed over what I ought to do with it. I was sure there was something that could be done, if I only knew what. I stopped to give myself a moment to think, and asked for a drink of water.

During the pause, while I sipped my water, I caught a direct look between Hosanna and the business manager, and the faintest lift of an eyebrow. Smaller things than this have convinced the inexperienced that they are playing a game rather stupidly. I resumed my story.

I was interrupted this way: "Well, you haven't made the old lady interesting. She's just a mother willing to marry her daughter to anybody, and I don't care a blankety-blankety what happens to her. I hope something will happen to the old dame."

I forgot all about my real purpose, which had been one of contrast with another old lady who was interesting. All I wanted to do was immediately to make the old dame he wasn't interested in into something he could not escape from.

So I took a minute or two to say, "Well, you could do this to her."

By this time I felt like Scheherazade timing her story to the Sultan so that she would not get her head chopped off at sunrise. My task began to seem interminable, and if I was to get through with it I hadn't any breath left for arguing.

"You'll have to change that there," said Hosanna.

And at this moment I balked from sheer lack of breath. "I cannot change it," I said flatly. "There is not anything else to do there, but what I have done."

There was a moment's pause. The briefest look again passed between the two men.

"Oh, very well," said Hosanna amiably. And I wondered furiously why I had not thought to do that two hours ago.

Retarded by no further interruptions, the recital came to a conclusion. Hosanna said nothing either in approval or disapproval, save a word or two of thanks for my trouble. A dozen other people who had been kept waiting during this story conference were called to his attention, and I left the office with the business manager.

"He didn't seem to like my story," I said, as we moved away from the office.

"On the contrary," said the business manager, "he would never have listened to it that long if he had not thought he could use it." But there was no working with the star or the scenario writer, no assurance that the story would not meet with the same treatment my other stories had.

Artistry, like an omelet, must be used when it is hot off the stove. The artist's intensity of purpose is one of the valuable parts of his artistry; it is its chance of success, as it is the chance of all things that are not mechanical. Whatever promotes intensity of purpose increases the value of the thing the purpose produces. Whatever vitiates purpose helps destroy its success.

What Money Cannot Buy

Those producing pictures can buy expert direction of all the intricacies that they must make pictures of, of all the mechanics such as surgery, or the conduct of war, or drama, or business; but they cannot buy intensity of purpose. It is good luck if they come upon it, and they need it as a starving man needs food. It is a mere matter of time and discernment for the perfection of the details whose present carelessness offends the discriminating audience. But it takes a great deal more than time to create pictures and to produce them with that intensity of purpose which, added to careful attention to detail, will make them powerful. In most studios now no director has to undertake a story he is not enthusiastic about. This enthusiasm involves appreciation of artistry, and good directing involves careful use of it.

It is not enough to be born intelligent to manage life; you have to learn how to direct your intelligence. It is not enough to have power. Any wrecked automobile in the ditch proves that. Directed power means using not only your own knowledge and experience but that of others who know different things than you know.

It would be a great pity if so great a medium of influence as the motion pictures are should dissipate power by misdirection. It is the hope of all of us who have made even the smallest effort with this medium of the future that it will align itself with reality as well as with artistry, and instead of being a haphazard force, make itself into a power for righteousness.

OLD JOHN WHEALRITE, OLD ENNYWAYTOGETALICK AND OLD WM. ROBINSON

(Continued from Page 37)

big blocks of grannit to hold up the bilding whitch they was building and afterwards also. they always put the biggest block on one corner. they got a stone mason, generaly old Gim Brown or old William Weeks.

i asted him why they dident get a gravestone man like Gnatt Welch or old man Greely or old man Davis or old Cris Staples to do it and father he sed that onct they got a gravestone man to wirk on the corner stone of the town hall and when they got reddy to lay the stone they found that he had cut a weaping willow and a lamb and a cherubim and a angel with spred wings and a poim whitch sed

here lies our little Willie boy
he neether cries nor hollers
he lived jest 9 and 30 days
and cost us $50 dollers.

so they had to get a new stone and postpoan the sirvices, and they sed they wood never hire a gravestone man again. they were going to persecute the gravestone man for deformation of carackter but evrybody laffed so much about it that they dident dass to do it.

well old Gim Brown or old William Weeks taiks a chizel and sets straddel of the stone and begins to pound the chizzel with the hammer to maik a oblong hoal in the stone, and fellers whitch like to wach

(Continued on Page 156)

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(Continued from Page 154)

other peeple wirk and not wirk themselfs gather round and sit on the stone. bimeby a sharp peace of stone flies out and gives one of the fellers a crack in the snout or a bang in the ey and he swares old Gim or Bill done it a perpose and old Gim or Bill keeps on whissling and pounding and by and by another feller gets one. so bimeby they know enuf not to get two near. well after about 2 days old Gim or Bill has maid a hoal big enuf to hold a box. then they put in a bill for about $1 doller and $.85 cents to the trustees of the seminory and they pertest it is outragus and hold 2 meatings to see if they will pay it. bimeby they pay it under pertest. i asted father what that ment and he sed it dident mean ennything.

then the trustees get Gersham Melcher or old Dave Quimby or old Bill Morrill the wach maiker to maik them a box of silver, or old man Getchell the hardware man, to maik them one of zink, or tin with a cover and a padlock and a gold key.

then when the day comes to lay the corner stone it generaly ranes all day and they have to put it off 2 weaks. then they get reddy a 2nd time and find that sumbody has lost the box and they have to put if off a weak moar. bimeby evrything is reddy and they have a big persession and the band and men riding on horses with red sashes and white gloves and calvery boots and wundering why they was cussed fools enuf to do sutch things without practising for 3 months and walking for the nex 10 days with their legs wide apart and a xpression of grate aggony on their faces.

well when the persession comes to the place where the corner stone is to be laid the minister offers prair and then sumbody holds up the box and opens it with the gold key and put in it a copy of the Exeter News Letter with a account of the perceedings and the names of the perceeders and what they had did for the bilding and tin tipes of all of the trustees and of the 3 selickman and sum silver and copper and gold money but not mutch of the last becaus sumbody wood pry the stones apart to get it befoar morning.

then sumbody maiks a speach and the feller whitch has the box locks it and puts it in the hoal and puts the key in after it and then he taiks a trowil and old Mike Cassidy sashays up with a hod of mortar and he spreds the mortar all over the rock and then they swing another big rock over it while the band plays apropriate music.

i asted him what apropriate music was and he sed well sumtimes they wood play they buried Barthollymew out in the field in a butiful hoal in the ground. and sumtimes they play he'll not be forgotten a hundred years hense and sumtimes they play rest trubled hart within this captive bosom swelling.

and then they have a big dinner and moar speaches and plenty of rum and molases and sumtimes a danse in the town hall to end up with. and sumtimes they wood hire Levi Toles, Ed Toles fathers wagon, the Fliing Trapeze or Charles Toles Wessacumcon and go down to the beach to Steb Dumars hotel for supper and come back at 4 oh clock in the morning singing war songs like when Johnny comes marching home, and shoo fli, and when this cruil war is over, and who will cair for mother now, and we shall meet but we shall miss him, and there will be one vacant chair.

father sed that was most always the apropriatest song of all becaus there was most always 5 or 6 vacant chairs in the beach wagons becaus sum of the men was asleap in the bottom of the beach wagons. father sed the truest wirds that old Gnatt Gilman ever sed was that new rum was legal tender in old Hampton. i asted father what he ment by that and he sed he hoaped i never wood find out. i bet i will sum time.

father sed things has improved verry mutch sence he was a boy. he sed that when he was a boy and a young feller evry grosery store kep rum and molases. there was a hogshead of rum and a hogshead of molases in the back part of evry store and there was a fasset scrued in the front of eech hogshead and there was sum tin mesures and glasses and a tin cup and evry time ennybody wanted a drink he cood go in, tirn the fasset of the hogshead, then fill his glass from the mesure and put in enuf molases and drink it and leave $.03 cents in the cup and it wood be all rite.

most of the grosery store keepers done this way becaus they cood say they never sold rum like the hotel keepers and saloons becaus sum of them was deecons of the chirch and sum of them taugt in sunday schools. father says he has set in revival meatings and hird sum of these grosery man get up and pray for them that persued the mammals of unrichusness and the flesh pots of Egipp. father sed they ment the saloons keepers whitch sold better rum than they did xcept old Rufe Cutler whitch sold the saim kind of rum to drink that he sold to the painters to remoove paint and greece stanes from overhalls and to folks to remoove warts and moles with long hairs on them.

father sed that one time a man maid a auful mistaik. there was a carosene barril nex to the molases barril and he filled his glass with carosene and put in a little molases in it and drank it in a gulpp. then he maid a feerful face and hollered agg ogg and shuddered so that his teeth neerly rattled out. then the man asted the storekeeper if that was West India rum or skunk oil and he sed he got it from Jamaca and it was all rite and then the man sed well then sumthing must be rong with the molases it taisted like goosegreece and the storekeeper he sed it was the best Porto ricky molases. well then the man he sed he wood be cussed if he wood pay $.03 cents for a drink that taisted like fish oil and the storekeeper took the mesure and taisted and sed by godfrey you have been drinking carosene oil. send for the doctor.

so they sent for doctor Swett and when he come he gave the man sumthing and told them to taik him out and hold his head over the wharf and he wood be better in a short time and father sed he was a lots better in less time than that but evrybody elce was wirse.

i asted father what wood have happened if sumbody had lit a mach near that man and father sed eether he wood have xploded jest like a fire cracker or he wood have belched forth fire smoak ashes and lava like a volcano or wood have sputtered stars like a rockit or a roman candle. i wunder if he wood have. i asted father if the man paid the $.08 cents and he sed he dident and he maid the storekeeper pay the doctor $.50 cents becaus he sed the storekeeper sent for him and he dident. so it was a bad day for the storekeeper. he sed the fellers whitch took the man down to the wharf had augt to have charged $1. doller apeace.

father sed the wages of sin is deth but in this case it hit the rong feller.

well what this has got to do with laying a corner stone i do not know but sumhow i got telling it befoar i gnew it. ennyway it shows that the wirld is getting better and i dont know menny grosery men in Exeter whitch sell rum now. i know sum but i do not care to divulg their naimes. but wile there are moar saloons in Exeter than there were when father was a boy their aint neerly as menny places whitch sell rum as there was then. so that proves it doesent it.

did you ever know that Exeter maid the ferst lager beer in New Hampshire. well it did. sum Exeter men bilt a breviary to maik beer in a brick bilding down on South Street. they bilt the bigest hogshead ennybody ever saw. it was 15 feet high and 36 feet around. well they maid a lot of beer but father says the company faled up becaus the beer gave evrybody the bellyake. so they stoped maiking enny moar beer and peeple went back to their rum and molases, which most of them hadent stoped drinking, and so that was the end of the breviary. but the hogshead is still there and sumtimes we fellers clime up the ladder and holler into it and liasen to the ecco. if you holler beer it ansers beer louder than you holler.

well to go back to the Robinsons femail seminory, did you know that a few years ago when my aunt Sarah was a girl there was a Exeter femail academy. i supposed a academy was always for boys and men and fellers and a seminory was for girls and wimmin. but it isent so always. this femail academy had scolers from all over the country, all girls. my aunt Sarah went to that academy. father sed they taugt them french and music and gittar playing, whitch father sed wasent music verry often, and how to wright poitry about auful good girls whitch dide of a broken hart and whitch had never did ennything rong. and how to paint weaping willows and toomstones at the top of the poims. and how to maik embrodery and hemm stiching. father he sed it was verry sucessful for menny years and they had to have their graduating xercises on Jady Hill becaus their hoopskirts was so big that there wasent enny room in the town hall for the peeple after the graduating class had marched in.

well when the civil war begin the goverment took all their hoopskirts for tents for the soljers and the girls woodent graduate without being in stile and so they gave up the school and the poitry and the weaping willows and the toomstones. that is what father sed.

probably that is why old Bill—i ment William Robinson gave the money to bild the seminory. father sed he wated until hoop skirts went out of stile becaus he gnew that he wood have to give 2 or 3 milion dollars to bild a seminory big enuf.

there i have wrote all this today becaus it raned all day and there wasent enny chirch and nothing to do and vacation. i mite have wrote about the last day of school but i dont want to think of school agen all summer.

Munday, June 22, 186—the band is having 2 practise nites evry weak getting reddy for the 4th and the cellibration of the seminory. they have got sum bran new peaces. call me thine own and theres moonlite on the lake and 2 new andantys and walces. i dont know the naim of one but the other is the hippodrome andanty and walce. i asted Bruce Briggam who rote it and he sed sum dam dutchman naimed Ringleben or sumthing like that. i wood almost be willing to be a dutchman if i cood write so good a peace as that is. then they have the Red Stocking march whitch is a ripper. the seminory girls are going to be in the percession in evergreen carts drew by oxen and sum by horses. Beanys father is going to be a marshal and ride with a big red sash and his big calvery boots and Johnny Gibson and George Perkins and Dan Runlett and old Ben Merrill is going to be cheef marshal.

all the Hodgdons from Kensington are going to play in the band. only think, if Frank Hirvey hadent sold my alto horn whitch he lent me but had augt to have gave me and wood have if he had been enny sort of a man, i mite have been playing in the band. gosh woodent Pewt and Beany have been mad. well it will be a grate time. i hoap it wont rane. i split a lot of wood today. i wish there was a law agenst splitting wood.

Tuesday, June 23, 186—Beanys father rides evry day and so does old Johnny Gibson and all the rest of the marshals. if they dident practise they coodent set down for a weak unless they set down on the backs of their necks. today i went in swimming 5 times. tonite my hands was all rinkly like they was parboiled and i fell asleap while i set on the high school steps lissening to the band play. i gess that is the first time in my life i ever done that. i gess i must have swam over a mile.

only 10 days moar before we have what the Exeter News Letter calls a tripple cellibration on a scail of unparelel magnificense. most of the stores and banks and houses are going to decorate with flags and ribbons and things. me and Pewt and Beany can hardly wate.

Editor's Note—This is the twentieth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

BIRD'S RUGS

THE MAGIC RUGS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

MAGIC—because they take the drudgery out of housework—they are cleaned with a few whisks of a damp mop.

MAGIC—because their enamel-like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC—because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC—because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors in room sizes from $9 to $18.

If every woman knew what every present owner knows, every house would have a Bird's Neponset Rug.

If any salesman says "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back.

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

A RUG FOR EVERY ROOM

BIRD & SON, inc.

Established 1795

EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS

BIRD'S ROOFS

A ROOF FOR EVERY BUILDING

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Neponset Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blende, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

Farm buildings, warehouses and industrial plants are roofed with "Good Old Paroid."

There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for:

WATERPROOF ROOFS—made with time-defying asphalt.

SAFE ROOFS—they do not catch fire from falling sparks.

HANDSOME ROOFS—surfaced with colorful crushed slate.

DEPENDABLE ROOFS—131 years of manufacturing experience are back of them.

There is a Bird Dealer near you who will help you select a suitable roof, or our advice is at your service.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

THE OLD LIVERY STABLE

(Continued from Page 21)

contrived to start a general scuffle and then slid into a seat to hold it against savage protests when his ulterior motive was discovered.

They drowsily discussed Pop Geers, Bud Doble and Red Wilkes. They ranted about current prices of commodities which were consistently exorbitant, what with eggs selling at seven and eight cents a dozen and meat enough for dinner costing twenty-five cents, with the butcher throwing in a kidney for the cat. They talked about someone's record stand of corn; what chance Jim Kerr's pacer had in the Short Ship races, and a sign over the St. Joe River bridge at Elkhart warning of a five-dollar fine for driving over a walk. But they were unanimous in their opinion that any horse that could go up the Hog Back hill in The Knobs out west of town without stopping to rest was a mighty good roader.

If the unfortunate village half-wit—and there was at least one—chuckled in, they sicked one of the pack of flea-bitten dogs on him, or sent him over to the hardware store for a left-handed monkey wrench or a four-foot yardstick. Chews of tobacco were borrowed. No one budged or made way for the proprietor when he rushed in, trying to get over a show of importance, and made some cryptic, indecipherable notes in a yellow-leafed day book hanging by a string from a nail. All records of the business were tallied in this book. Depreciation, overhead and audits were then unheard of. System was yet unborn. Profits constituted the cash taken in daily and any good boot obtained in a trade of heave-racked crow baits. That horse swapping was profitable is illustrated in a once-popular story that every loafer has laughed at in his day.

Dead With His Shoes Off

Two inveterate traders met. "I'll trade you horses sight-unseen," suggested one.

"I'll go you," agreed the other. They shook hands to bind the bargain.

"Well," laughed the first trader, "I guess I got the best of you that time, all right. My horse is dead."

His supposed victim was unperturbed. Chuckling, he said, "Oh, well, so is mine. And I took the shoes off."

As soon as warm weather came on, the loafers moved their chairs out in front. When a game of "quaits" was in progress the loafers made up a critical gallery, applauding only ringers and hubbers. From this point they had an excellent view of all parades, evincing a proper excitement from the moment the advance officials shouted: "Hold your horses! The elephants are coming!" If they were proficient whittlers, the chairs offered many advantages. They spent long hours recollecting fires or the drowning of the Swovelin boy up at Old Quakes swimming hole. And they vividly recalled the time Stan Brigham saved Doc Scidmore's life when he stopped Doc's horse after it got scared at a threshing-machine engine.

Largely because of these hangers-on, and the fact that it was the Mecca of the swaggering sporting fraternity, the livery stable had an unsavory reputation. Substantial lay leaders avoided it and ministers often passed it, along with the pool room, cigar store and the depot waiting room, as a village hell hole. Expert spitting at cracks in the sidewalk was done, and every respectable woman who had to go by on her way uptown to pay the grocery bill picked up her skirts and swept past disdainfully. The town pug had no salutary influence. He wore a striped turtle-neck sweater and was always smoking cigarettes and trying to get someone to put up his dukes so he could illustrate a new blow. He'd fight at the drop of the hat and served as referee for many warm scraps staged back in the driveway. High-collared sports with derby hats hung around. Cockfighters tried out their birds on the ground floor downstairs, to get a line on them before a main that attracted gamblers from all parts. Touts who followed the races made the place their headquarters. And the mow above, with its wealth of hay, was a true haven for every village tippler, who realized, after the saloons were closed, that it would be very imprudent for him to try for a landing at his own domicile.

Little attention was ever paid to No Smoking signs and this disregard more than once was responsible for a disastrous fire. Almost every town had its livery-stable fire that was talked about for years afterward. It never started in the daytime, for all livery-stable fires broke out at night. Heroic hostlers rushed into the flames and brought out horses by holding blankets over their heads. Some horses would burn, as the structure, uninsured, was seldom saved. If the charred body of a swipe was discovered the next day in the smoking ruins it was buried in the Potter's Field. And the incident of his passing, without friends or relatives to provide a decent burial, was pointed out as a significant indication of what the future might hold for anyone who would hang around a livery stable.

But what a glamour there was about a livery stable for a small boy! How alluring it was to him as he dallied on his way home from school! Regardless of reliable information that he would be tanned within an inch of his life if he were caught there, he was fascinated so deeply that he dared any such direful consequences.

He could get horseshoe nails there, if he failed at the blacksmith shop, to make into a ring that he figured would come in very handy if he should ever get into a fight with the thief who stole his collection of turtle eggs. He hung on the lies of the loafers as they winkingly told of strange far-away places where they had never been. A delicious thrill came when he was asked to skip on an errand over to the feed store or down to the harness shop that was guarded by a wooden dapple-gray horse with fiery-red nostrils and a mane and tail of genuine hair. After a rain he found plenty of horse hairs there to try the snake-making experiment in the mud puddles. And in the winter it was a fine point of vantage, because speedy cutters could be flipped there before the driver had a chance to whip up and flash down the main street.

A Business Cycle

Of even more importance, however, was the fact that the livery stable was a fruitful place to look for tobacco tags, some of which were worth money. And it was almost never missed on Saturday. Then there was the regular trip around back of the stores in search of cigar boxes, a copper-bottomed teakettle that could be sold for junk, and other valuables, such as moles' feet, on which the city clerk paid a bounty of ten cents. After paying, the clerk threw the feet into his wastebasket which was later dumped on the ash pile. There they could be retrieved with a little digging, and rebountied until they were worn so badly they didn't look natural any more. The conclusion of this excursion was at the livery, for scattered around it were many carelessly flung bottles which sold at the standard scale of one cent for half pints, two cents for pints, and five cents for patent tops. Just a few of these bottles and a fund could be collected sufficient to warrant a long stand in Lollypop Lane's tiny store, trying to decide between chocolate cigars, strap licorice and jawbreakers with caraway seeds in the middle candy that greatly refreshed him when he went down to the cattle yards and watched 'em load a car of pigs for Buffalo.

The weed-ridden yard at the side or in the rear of the stable was picturesque in a desolate sort of way. Skeletons of buggies with broken running gear were stored there, the tops well dismantled by youths who used the ribs for shinny sticks. Tires, rusted with age, were leaned against the fence, which was always covered with flapping remnants of circus posters. Discarded gasoline cans and a shattered kerosene can predominated in a pile of miscellaneous rubbish. In the far corner stood a ramshackly, padlocked shed where torches for political processions were kept—processions in which memorable yells were defiantly hurled, such as:

Vote for Bryan,
He's the man.
If I can't vote,
My daddy can.

Only on Sundays did the yard come in for sustained usage. If no trains were running, the bus and dray were backed in there out of the way. And once in a while, if a horse fell and broke its leg and had to be shot, a teamster, invariably nicknamed Bony, drove in there with a stone boat. He carted the dead animal away, covering it over with a piece of ragged canvas, its hoofs dragging limply behind in the sand—a dismal, melancholy sight, never to be forgotten.

A Victim of Love

Ironically enough, considering the flagrancy of the reputation besmirching the livery stable, it was linked at times with a fine bond to the church—when the proprietor supplied equipment for a sleigh ride out into the country. That, too, was an institution. Bobs were employed, the boxes filled with straw and heaped with smelly blankets. Through the crisp starlit night the driver would urge his team, the boys jumping out to push on a hill and leaping back in to scurry under the blankets or mischievously drop some snow down a girl's neck. Sometimes, in a deep drift covering fences and obscuring the track, there was a rollicking tip-over. Everyone was dumped out then, snow got in their leggings and the girl who was the victim of the mischievous boy's prank probably washed his face.

Coming to the destination—a farmer's home—they took off their wraps and stood around a roaring wood stove surmounted by a gallant brass cavalier, his cape tossed back over his shoulder and his sword drawn for a great emergency. Kissing games were suggested, with giggles, but were not introduced immediately. Those games had to eventuate naturally, so they would seem unimportant to the older folks. So, ruddy-cheeked and full of life, they whirled around and sang:

"Hitched my horse to a hick'ry stump;
He pulled like sin, but he couldn't pull it out!
Hey Jim-a-long, Jim-a-long-a-Josie,
Hey Jim-a-long, Jim-a-long-a-Jo!"

Or with jerks of the girls' arms altogether too rough in the general hilarity, they shouted:

"Happy is the miller that lives by the mill;
The mill turns round of its own free will.
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack;
The wheel turns round and he cries out:
Grab!"

Nice games they were, stirring up an appetite for the refreshments—cider, Northern Spy apples and cake. Then they edged into the parlor to look at the albums on the marble-topped table and hear the sea roar in the conch shell. Soon a game of Post Office was under way—a frigid spare bedroom serving as the post office. Just as they'd be getting nicely started, with a fairly versatile postmaster coming in for outspoken criticisms of his conduct when he stayed inside too long getting the orders, the order for the homeward journey was announced.

The loading was done swiftly, and under the blankets they were snug and warm, though they blew their breath frostily upward to show how cold it was. The runners creaked, the driver swore softly under his breath and thrashed his arms, the horses steamed. Back in town there were no lights showing except one that struggled bravely through the frosted windows of an all-night restaurant. Everyone was dumped out at the library, half frozen, cramped, their teeth rattling. And a real test of love came to the young man who lived just a block away, but whose girl's house was in the opposite end of town and who, according to the argument that welled up within him, clamoring for expression, could just as well walk home with someone going that way.

In the office of every livery stable there was a cot. The blankets on it were never changed, and never aired, for that matter. This was where the night man slept who had to get up at all hours to unhitch and bed down horses and put the rigs away. To facilitate his work he wore congress shoes, with hub goring in the sides, and he took off nothing else when he turned in. He was on duty early in the evening and was a man of some authority in the absence of the proprietor. He considered it his obligation to caution young drivers about their steeds and give some instructions on how to handle them. As a background for his instructions he had a favorite story, calculated to engender fear and consequent good judgment. In this he introduced the famous battle with Roman candles between two factions on either side of Main Street one Third of July, many years before. In this battle Dutch Rohrer had his eye shot out, and a young fellow—a squirt, he was—drove through lickety-split in a hired rig trying to act smart. The horse ran away and the young fellow was killed. This was just a sample of what might happen if a body wasn't careful and took too many chances, he cautioned. His sincerity, as he told the story, never varied. It was ever deep and calculated to be effective, even if the example was cut off by impatient customers before it was half finished.

A Ghost From the Past

Some of the livery stables about the country have steadily resisted the relentless encroachments of the grease-spotted mechanic whose idea of a Thoroughbred is a vehicle that hits on all cylinders. A few have stood staunchly defying the onward march of the legions of filling-station attendants whose eyes never dim at recollections of the cool, moss-swaying depths of a public watering trough. But yellowing newspapers of an ancient date now obstruct a view through the cobwebbed windows of the silent office. A rusting padlock holds the sliding doors securely. The loafers, unless they have been interred in the Fifth Ward—as the cemetery is called in every town of four civic divisions—have taken up chairs in the combination restaurant and pool room around on Main Street where a saloon used to be. The Smart Aleck chugs past in his flivver, driving with one hand. The body of the bus has been purchased by a farmer, and his children and chickens use it for a playhouse under the apple trees. The wooden sign—a horse's head with crossed whips—no longer creaks in the wind. The carry-all has vanished, no one knows where. And the prancing steeds with their gay fly nets and ringed martingales have gone to the yard from whence none save Bony and his stone boat return.

The livery stable and the glamorous part it played is done. But as long as the building remains intact, though dilapidation and decay cool the interest in the For Sale sign, its distinctive atmosphere will linger. Faintly, perhaps, when the snows of winter drift up unhindered by broom and shovel. But full, rich and unmistakable under the warming suns of summer, not unpleasantly remindful of those days that are gone forever.

Cut down your Kitchen hours

Use this Quick-Cooking *Focused* Heat

New Model Florence

with built-in oven and other striking improvements

THE new model Florence Oil Range pictured below is an outstanding achievement in the history of oil ranges. Note the [illegible] built-in oven. This type of oil range is the one most highly endorsed by domestic science experts. This feature on a range priced so low is unusual. Oven and mantel are made in one unit and are permanently attached to the range, thus insuring better oven cookery and improving the lines and proportions. Examine also the new all-grid top, making the Florence one of the most spacious ranges ever sold. A third notable feature is the single giant burner under the oven. This replaces two standard burners. It consumes less fuel and gives ideal heat control. This model comes only in the four burner size. The Standard Model Florence with removable oven comes in 2- 3- and 4-burner sizes

HERE is an oil range that will bring you out of the kitchen sooner. It is the quick-cooking, wickless Florence, the range with Focused Heat. This is the kind of heat that goes straight from burner to cooking utensil. No waste heat. All the heat concentrates on the spot where it will do the most good.

Note in the pictures how close the burners are to the cooking—only 2½ inches below. But that's not all. Florence burners force air inside the flame, giving a quick and most intense, clean heat. They focus the heat on the bottom of the cooking vessel. Utensil and flame meet at the hottest point.

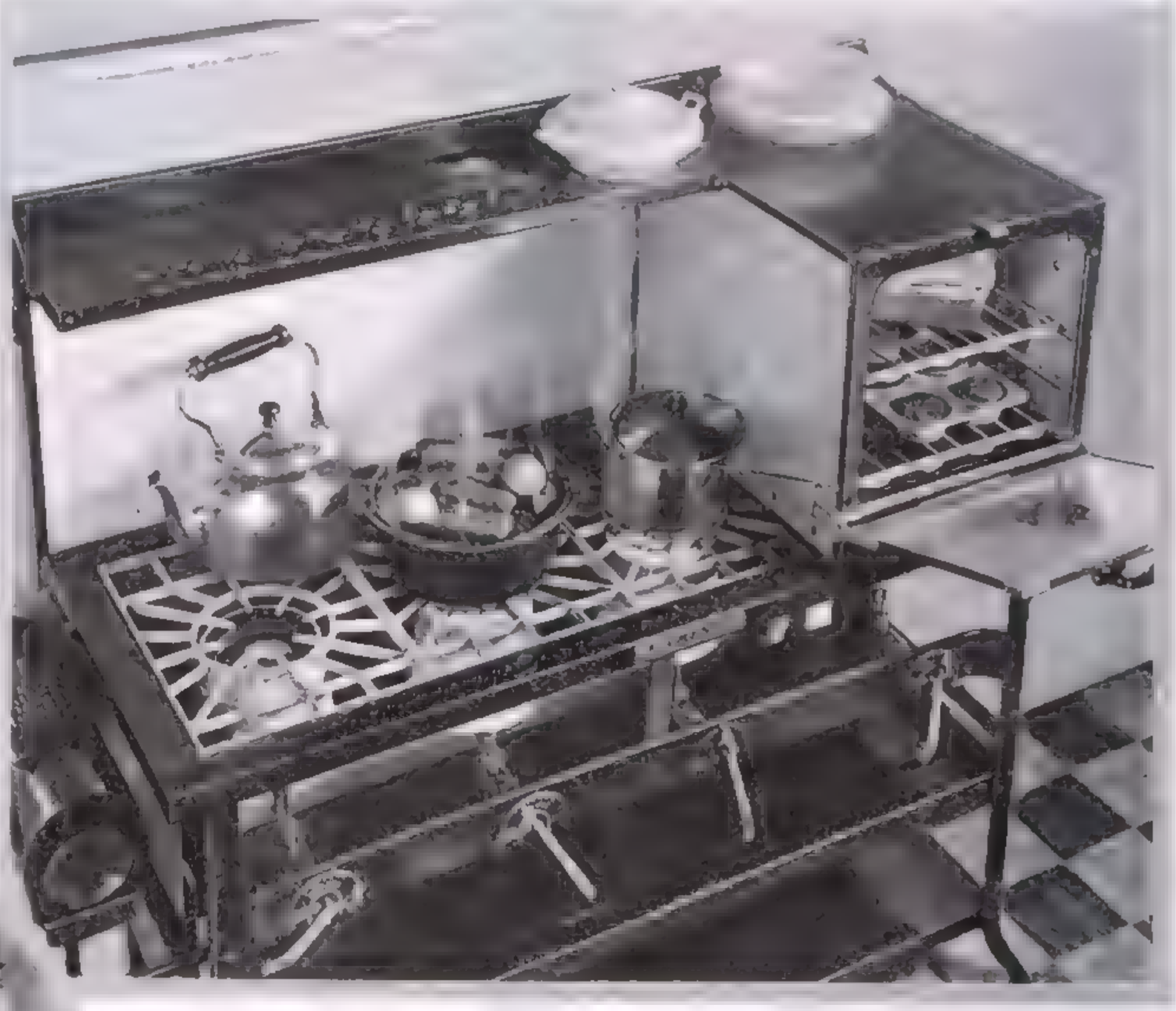
The flame is intensely hot, like the blistering glow of molten metal. It is produced by burners that are the last word in scientific design. They combine the vapor from kerosene with air, producing a gas which delivers more heat into the cooking in a given time from a gallon of kerosene than any other high power oil range. Quick-cooking heat, yet very economical.

Built-in oven—giant burner

Study carefully the new built-in oven construction and see how closely the Florence resembles the most up-to-date type of gas range. The oven and mantel are made in one piece and are permanently attached to the range. No danger of the oven being mislaid. No danger of it getting out of the proper position for the most efficient baking. This built-in oven design is the kind most highly recommended by domestic science experts. No other oil range with all these quality features offers you this sturdy, permanent-oven construction at such a low price.

FOCUSED HEAT – Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is focused on the cooking vessel. [illegible]

Another important innovation is the *single* giant burner under the oven. This replaces the two standard burners on former models. Experiments prove that the single burner gives ideal heat control. It also uses less kerosene. Other notable features of this oven are the famous baker's arch and the patented heat spreader.



New grid top gives more room. Note especially the new, improved all-grid top on this range. No up-to-date gas range has a better one. Deep . . . long . . . level . . . sturdy. Plenty of room for dishes that are simmering or keeping warm. Plenty of room besides for dishes that are cooking over the burners. No danger of spilling or tipping when moving dishes about.

Truly the Florence is a beautiful range. Gray and black glossy enamel surfaces. So easy to keep clean. Economical to run. No wicks. Just strike a match and light the asbestos kindlers.

See the range with focused heat today. Sold all over the United States by the better hardware, furniture and department stores. If you do not know where you can see the Florence, write us and we will supply the name and address of the nearest dealer.

New Florence Water Heater with automatic control Assures constant hot water

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

[illegible] Offices

New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City

Also makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Universal Heaters

[illegible]

FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
BRICK
KRAFT CHEESE
PIMENTO
KRAFT CHEESE
NIPPY
KRAFT CHEESE
LIMBURGER
KRAFT CHEESE
SWISS
KRAFT CHEESE
Nippy
KRAFT CHEESE
Fromage de Camembert
KRAFT CHEESE
CREAM
Rich — Smooth — Wholesome
KRAFT CHEESE
GRATED
Kay
A variety for every taste
The way to really enjoy good cheese is to know several varieties. There are many kinds of cheese, each with a different flavor, and a change now and then is sure to add zest even to the old favorites. Besides, different kinds of cheese are served for different occasions, and one should be acquainted with their proper use.
Just as cheese differs in kind, it differs in quality; but you will find all the popular varieties under the Kraft label. So regardless of what your favorite cheese may be, you can find its quality assured by the Kraft label. And the flavor will be true to kind—otherwise it wouldn't have the Kraft label on it.
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, General Offices, CHICAGO
KRAFT CHEESE
This trade mark will be found on every package of genuine Kraft Cheese, regardless of kind, size, shape or style of package.
KRAFT CHEESE
Limburger
KRAFT CHEESE

THE PUREST PASSION

Continued from Page 7)

a wife may forgive her husband his poverty, but a mother cannot. Ought not, ought she?

IV

WHEN Katie rang the bell the next evening—she had thrown a shawl over her head to go out in the night air—first a sly-faced young snippet all la-di-daed up in a frilled white cap and apron opened the door and sauced Katie. Then a lady—the prettiest Katie ever had seen, but highty-tighty—came out in the hall and said, really she didn't know! The doctor had just come in and was frightfully tired. He had so many patients of his own! And who was Katie's family physician?

"We're strangers in town, ma'am," replied Katie, keeping her temper. "Just moved in next door to ye—neighbors!"

"Oh, indeed!" said the lady, as if that didn't suit her either. Then the doctor himself came out—hearing the talk—and a fine big man he was, too—and said:

"Certainly. I'll come at once."

V

JULIANA sat up in bed, her flushed face still babyishly round, her body absurdly small and thin in its cotton nightdress, covered by a man's blue-flannel pajama coat.

"It's my daddy's," she explained in a hoarse whisper. "That's why it's too big. Katie got it out of his bureau. She didn't think he'd mind."

And she fixed her blue, vision-filled eyes on the doctor. He was not terrifying, though he was so tremendous; and his tremendous hands were ever so much lighter than Katie's, quicker than any hands Juliana had ever known, and more kind. So she let him thump her chest and her back, where the shoulder blades sprouted like small milk-white wings; and she let him thrust a horrid little stick right down her throat and never even said "Ugh!" at the nasty burning.

She just sat quietly watching him, trusting him with her eyes.

When Katie had gone to the drug store the doctor sat down by Juliana's bed and talked to her, not in the silly way grown people usually talk, but very sensibly.

"Well, what time does your daddy usually come home?"

"Oh! He doesn't. I mean, hardly ever. He's away on his trip. He travels."

"I see. And Katie takes care of you?"

"Yes, sir. Now."

"Now?"

"I was at school before."

"Boarding school?"

"Well—it was Mrs. Trudgett's. She didn't call it boarding school."

"And what did Mrs. Trudgett call it?"

"She said it was a home school. She took care of children who hadn't any—I mean she took care of me—after mamma ——"

"I see."

"Mrs. Trudgett said it was just exactly like your own home."

"Was it?"

"Well ——"

"Well?"

"Well, I think I'd rather have my own home though. I mean—even if it had been."

"So you like this better?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, sir. It's fun to have a whole big house. Katie says we don't need all this room though. But daddy couldn't find anything else in a hurry. And this is his headquarters; and he had all of mamma's furniture, anyway, in storage."

"I see. . . . And do you like Katie better than Mrs. Trudgett?"

"Yes, sir. Katie doesn't mean half she says! An' she likes you if you're sick. She made me a choc'lit puddin' for my supper but I couldn't eat it. That's what scared Katie! She's been taking care of me herself, all day. She put a mustard plaster on me. Ugh! Have you ever had one? All so cold and slippery at first, an' then all tight like fire! But when I couldn't eat my choc'lit puddin' Katie thought she'd better go for you."

"I see."

"You're the first doctor I've had since I had pneumonia. An' I thought I didn't like doctors. But you're different."

"When did you have pneumonia?"

"Last winter, at Mrs. Trudgett's. An' daddy had to come all the way from Des Moines, Iowa that's where he was on his trip—when they telegraft him. Do you know how to spell Des Moines? Not a bit like you say it. It's awf'ly funny. Well, an' so the doctor told daddy I hadn't had enough to eat, and he took me away from Mrs. Trudgett's. But it wasn't the school doctor."

"Oh! It wasn't the school doctor?"

"No, sir. It was the other one they called in for concertation."

"I see. You must have been very ill."

"I haven't been at all since then, though! I'm awf'ly strong!" Juliana defended herself. "An' I wouldn't have got this cold if I hadn't stayed out in the rain too long yesterday."

"And why did you stay out in the rain too long yesterday?"

Juliana blushed and hesitated. "Oh! I was—just looking at something."

"Must have been pretty."

"Yes. Oh! Yes, sir. It was."

She hesitated again, made up her mind to confidence. "Have you ever been to church?"

"Have I ever —— Bless my soul! Of course I've been to church!"

"Oh, I mean Katie's church. She took me once."

"Well?"

"They had candles lighted," Juliana told him, "and something that smelled awfully nice, and lots of flowers and pictures. But the one I liked best ——"

"Well?"

"—— was a lady. And there was a little gold moon behind her head and a baby in her arms."

"You know who that was, don't you, Juliana?"

"Yes, sir. Katie told me."

"And so you were looking at her again yesterday?"

"No. At someone—just like her."

VI

"I DON'T expect you'll see Sylvanus at all this evening!" declared Charlotte Pardee to her sister Alex. "He always stays hours and hours with patients who won't pay!"

"But how do you know this one won't?" asked Alex.

"Because she not only had a shawl over her head but she was impertinent! And they are never that if they mean to pay—they're afraid the doctor might add it onto their bill. But anyway, Alex, if Sylvanus does come in while you're here, I really must ask you not even to mention that children's clinic to him! He's got far too many free patients now."

"All right," Alex replied. "I'll leave poor old Syl alone if you'll come over once a week and sing for my children."

If that wasn't like Alex's impudence! Charlotte just stared at her. They were seated, one at each end, on the old S-shaped sofa which had belonged to their mother. Charlotte, being married, had of course got the furniture. Never in all the world were two sisters more unlike! Charlotte often wondered at it.

Not that Alex wasn't handsome. Tall and thin and brown, with her brown hair cut like a boy's. Always dressed in tailored things—brown tweeds and silk shirts and brown felt hats. Extremely well tailored, and Alex was as well groomed as Charlotte herself. Still ——

"My dear Alex! Are you trying to look just as much as possible like a man?"

"My dear Charlotte! Just as little as possible like a cat!"

There! That was Alex—impertinent. She had a wide, impudent grin, splendid teeth, magnificent assurance. She scarcely seemed conscious of being an old maid.

"If everyone took as good care of their own children as I do," remarked Charlotte, sewing very rapidly, "there wouldn't be any need for settlement houses!"

"A very interesting, new, sociological theory," said Alex.

"Oh! Don't try to be clever!" retorted Charlotte, with an elder-sisterly manner. "It's all very well to go in for philanthropy and that sort of thing, when you have no responsibilities "

"I earn my own living."

"Yes, dear," said Charlotte, clinching her argument with a certain triumph; "but you have no children!"

"You'd be the first to object if I had."

"Oh, well! If you want to be silly!"

Charlotte took a few decided stitches. Then she paused, looked at her work with her head on one side, and asked plaintively:

"Alex! Don't you think it's perfectly horrid of Helen never to send for Sylvanus?"

"Why?"

"Why? Well! After all, she is our cousin!"

"Our mother's cousin."

"Our second, then. And my children and hers are—what would it be? Third or fourth? Anyway, they are cousins! I think Helen is a perfectly horrid little snob, if you want my opinion!"

Alex was most unsympathetically silent.

"And her children," Charlotte went on in a slightly quivering voice, as she stabbed the white cloth with her needle—"her children are not in the least attractive! She did bring them over once, you know. I suppose she thought she had to! But really and truly, you'd never look at them if you didn't know who they were!"

Still Alex had no balm to offer. She had always been most terribly self-centered.

"I thought Roger, her youngest, had a sly face," said Charlotte. "Positively sly! I wouldn't trust him. As a matter of fact, I wonder if you can trust any children who are left so much to servants?"

"Then why do you want your children to know them?"

"My dear Alex! You surely must realize Helen's position in this town!"

"What of it? If you don't like her? And can't trust her children?"

"Please be sensible! My children have got to live in this town. Grow up in it. Marry in it, too, I suppose."

"I shouldn't worry about that—with Angela only eleven."

"If you don't worry at eleven you'll have to worry at twenty."

Alex merely shrugged her shoulders; and that always irritated Charlotte.

"Not that I expect you to agree with me, of course, dear!" she cried, with a little laugh. "Of course you are perfectly satisfied!"

Alex looked at her. "You know why I didn't marry."

"Oh, poor Alex! I forgot. I'm sorry. But that was so long ago, dear! The war—how long ago was it?"

"You know why I didn't marry Rob two years before that. Don't imagine, Charlotte, I've never understood, just because I've been silent."

"I really don't know what on earth you are talking about!"

"Who kept me from marrying Rob?"

"Why, mother, I suppose. If anyone kept you."

"Yes—mother. She was always willing to sacrifice anyone and everyone to you."

"My dear! Don't be melodramatic."

"No, it's too late now. But if I'd married I don't know what would have become of mother. Poor Rob! When I think of him, offering to take her, too ——"

"Well! So would Sylvanus, only ——"

(Continued on Page 163)

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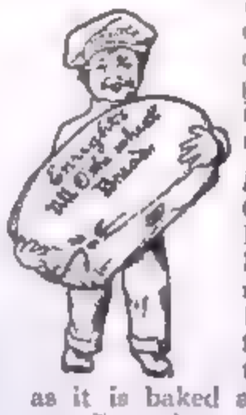

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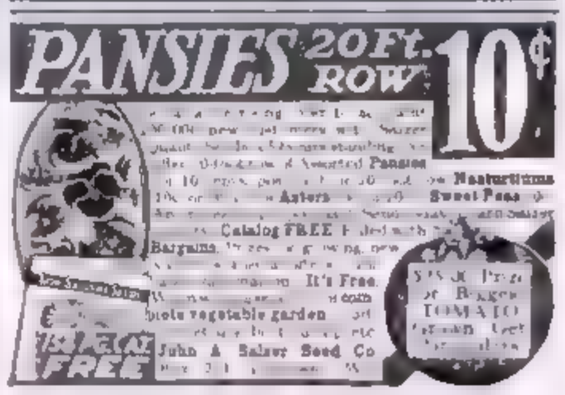

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(Continued from Page 161)

"Only you wouldn't let him."

"How could I? We were poor too. And Angela coming right away, and then Beatrix right after ——"

"And of course you must have everything! Everything at once! Your husband, your home, and children! Children!"

"I didn't expect you to understand," said Charlotte. "It's only natural you couldn't."

"What couldn't I understand?"

"Mother love," said Charlotte.

VII

DOCTOR PARDEE came in just in time to hear his sister-in-law laugh; and he did not like the sound. Poor old Alex, getting cynical and sour. He was sorry, because he was fond of her, though she was so different from Charlotte. Soft, feminine Charlotte! Lovely Charlotte!

He accompanied Alex to the front door, offered, as usual, to walk home with her; and she, as usual, refused. So he went back gladly to his wife, Rossetti's words to his wife chiming in his brain:

"O lovely and beloved, O my love!"

But what was the matter? What was it that happened, like a lightning flash, between them? For all at once they were having a quarrel! One of those matrimonial storms which sweep up as suddenly and violently out of nothing as a hurricane out of the tropics. Charlotte actually seemed furious at him; and, even more inexplicably, at Juliana. For he had certainly expected Charlotte to be touched by the story of that lonely little girl. But:

"How can you be sure she's a nice child, when you've only seen her once?"

"And how can you be sure she isn't, when you haven't seen her at all?"

Everything he said, though, only made matters worse. For some obscure reason Charlotte chose to be offended because he had found a faint resemblance, in Juliana, to Joan of Arc. And when Charlotte declared that she didn't want her children to know any child in this dreadful neighborhood, and he retorted that they already knew Juliana and had played with her for two weeks, by what possible twisting of logic could Charlotte argue that that proved Juliana was sly?

"Doesn't it prove, instead, that our children are somewhat secretive?" he asked mildly.

"And what does it prove," she cried, "when you take sides with a stranger against your own children?"

That was the way it went on—simply hopeless! He had never known Charlotte so unreasonable, so unlike herself. For naturally she was the most tender-hearted of all women. Her passion for children was well known. He wondered if Alex had said something to upset Charlotte before he came in. Yes, that must be it! And he had blunderingly chosen the wrong moment to present the story of Juliana. It was his own fault after all. So he said:

"Well, dear, let's just let the subject drop for the present."

But she wouldn't let it drop. No! No! He must be made to see that what he had done was impossible. Simply impossible!

Then Doctor Pardee, usually the most amiable and tractable of men, especially where his wife was concerned, became quite stubborn. For, like many large, good-natured men, he had a solid streak of stubbornness hidden deep down in him, and his wife's unreasonable anger brought it all out. "But I've promised," was all he would say.

She knew how sacredly he held his word. Once given, a promise could never be retracted; especially not to a child.

"But you had no right! You had no right to promise!"

She was like a wild thing fighting—even in the stress of his own anger he admired her—for of course she thought she was fighting for her young. And how pretty she was! Prettier angry than cool—an infuriated kitten pretending to be a tigress. He almost chuckled in the midst of their quarrel. Perhaps no man could be entirely angry with a woman so lovely and blazing. So he dropped arguments and tried to coax her, tried to put his arm around her unyielding waist. But no! No!

"I simply won't have it, I tell you, Sylvanus! My children ——"

"Your children?" he asked, smiling. "But they're mine, too, aren't they, Charlotte? At least I've always been led to believe so."

At this her face did not break up into wifely mischief, as it ought. The dimple at her mouth was a fountain that had ceased to play. For him! Quite sharply, though not for the first time, the thought smote Doctor Pardee: How long since Charlotte had smiled—really smiled and dimpled—for him? Sacred and stern her face was, except when it dimpled to lullabies. Stern, practical, necessary words came out of his wife's pretty mouth for him. Necessary words, necessary smiles, necessary kisses—practical kisses of greeting or at parting.

How long since Charlotte had belonged to him? For now she belonged to the children. But had she ever been his? His only? He tried to remember. And a monstrous suspicion, long hovering on the fringes of consciousness, long pressed back as too monstrously humiliating to see the light, now once more insisted, now thrust itself forcibly and painfully into Sylvanus Pardee's mind. He knew, of course, that he was a necessary economic factor in Charlotte's scheme of life. Had he been only the necessary biologic factor too?

But such thoughts were shameful, unworthy! If Charlotte's heart could hold but one passion, surely that was the purest known to mankind. She was a saint, and his own heart should be only a shrine in which to worship her.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said. "I guess I shouldn't have done it without your consent. But I did promise. So ——"

VIII

MILLIE was sent over with the invitation. For if Mrs. Pardee was forced to obey she would do it magnificently—so that Sylvanus should be sorry afterward.

In Katie's kitchen, Katie and Millie glared at each other.

"Come tomorrow, to tay, is it?" Katie repeated the message in her most heavily sarcastic tone. "Very kind an' condescendin' of yer madam, I'm sure. All right! She'll be there. Thank yer lady. An' I'll thank you, me girl, not to be turnin' up yer nose at the child neither, the way you did me, whin I come over."

"My good woman ——" Millie began, with a very clever imitation of Mrs. Pardee. But:

"Good woman it is!" blared Katie, setting her fists on her hips. "But not yours! Don't be givin' me none of yer sauce. Nor the little one neither!" said Katie. "Lave her alone, if ye know what's best for you."

"Leave her alone, indeed!" cried Millie, tossing her head. "I wouldn't touch her with tongs, I wouldn't! I couldn't never bear—common children!"

Very wisely, she fled as she spoke, but the sound of Katie's insults pursued her; and, for a long time after, Millie's cheeks and eyes were dangerously bright.

Juliana felt the reflection of this scene in Millie's manner, the next day, when she opened the door. Millie, playing parlor maid now, and overwhelmingly correct in the part. Indeed, her frigidity might have terrified an older caller. Without a word she plucked off Juliana's coat, touching it gingerly, though it was quite clean, hanging it up merely with the tips of her fingers, then gazed with acute criticism at Juliana's best dress—pink silk ruffles. Real silk, fine enough for any party, Katie said; and Juliana had loved its soft rosy fullness; the feeling of dancing, with spread skirts, like a rose.

But now, with Millie staring like that, it seemed all wrong, and Juliana felt herself ridiculous and awkward, with her thin arms and her long white-cotton stockings sticking out from the bunched fluffiness. In a quick flash of memory she saw the Pardees' straight, scant, white frocks and bare knees. Her feet seemed heavy, larger than usual, in the new patent-leather pumps Katie had bought for her—so shiny and stiff and slippery on the soles. The overwhelming joy she had felt ever since yesterday was replaced by a cold sickish sensation in the stomach. Yes, she was thoroughly frightened, even before Millie threw open the living-room door. When that charming room appeared as a dazzling square of light, with an even more dazzling figure approaching, Juliana could only stand motionless on the threshold, her heart, with its hammer strokes, alone breaking the silence.

"How do you do, Juliana?"

"Oh! I'm pleased to meet you." Katie's coaching.

A pause. The room was not large, but it seemed, to Juliana, enormous—an enormous expanse of icelike floor to cross. But Mrs. Pardee was holding out her hand. Juliana would have walked through fire. She approached the hand, stepping cautiously, but slipping a little. Was that a giggle she heard? As she touched Mrs. Pardee's silken hand she became conscious of her own chapped wrists. Millie had made her feel small, but Mrs. Pardee made her feel large—large and clumsy. Something else seemed to be expected of her in the pause that hung about them. Hadn't Mrs. Pardee asked her a question? "How are you?" or something? Not at all what Katie had said Mrs. Pardee would say, so perhaps Katie's reply wasn't right either. Why, of course! You must always answer a question. So, with desperate courage:

"Oh! I'm very well, thank you!" Juliana cried, and her voice shot up to unexpected loudness.

Yes, now there was a distant giggle! The Pardee children, in white—two shining blond heads and one brown—were grouped about the tea table. Mrs. Pardee and Juliana moved toward them. But her former comrades, admirers even, were not of the slightest help to Juliana now. Angie was doing a marvelous imitation of Mrs. Pardee, looking down her nose, as a well-bred person should, when another, not so well-bred, makes mistakes; letting her whole face suffer in silence, calmly and bravely, as you do when you welcome an unwelcome guest. Boopie, as usual, was thinking only of himself—eying the little cakes on the table, pouting out his soft lips to cry soon if he didn't get one. While Trix, her favorite; even dear Trix—yes, it was Trix who had giggled! But she didn't mean to be hateful—she just couldn't help giggling. Now she was thrusting out a little brown hand, while a quick smile flashed through her brown eyes.

"Oh! Hello, Jewlyana! I'm awf'ly glad you could come!"

Just for a second Juliana felt warm, grasping the warm brown hand, and safe and at home. But this comfortable sensation was quickly dispelled by tea. Tea—nervous ceremony even to more experienced guests than Juliana—where you sit, in your nicest frock, with spilly, breakable, buttery things spread all over your lap and clutched in all ten fingers, while still more squashy and slippery things are thrust upon you. No one but a juggler could possibly enjoy it! And this was Juliana's first tea.

She realized her dangers, though, and was careful—even cautious. She sat up rigidly, clutched the cup and saucer until her finger nails turned white, fastened her eyes on Mrs. Pardee for guidance, scarcely breathed, and spoke not at all. The Pardee children were amazed to find Juliana quite suddenly a bore. They talked among themselves and ate with nonchalant daring. Mrs. Pardee made polite conversation. Her small mouth was of honey—honey wrapped up in a geranium petal. Her voice cooed like a dove's. She was even lovelier close than seen through the window, infinitely more exquisite, carved, with infinite patience, by a cunning hand. The religious

(Continued on Page 165)

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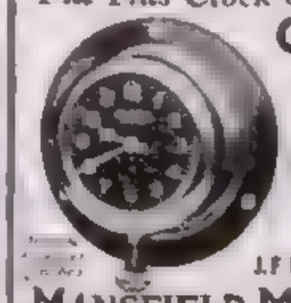

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Radiant colors! Delightful finishes! Novel effects! These papers, of wide price range, provide a Decorative background for your advertising.

Simplicity and Strathmore Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

(Continued from Page 163)

quality of great beauty moved Juliana almost to tears. She answered Mrs. Pardee worshipfully, though not very entertainingly: "Yes, ma'am!" and "No, ma'am!" She did not like tea, but she allowed Mrs. Pardee to refill her cup. Then she was offered a new kind of cake, and took it warily in one hand, still gripping her cup in the other. It was a most innocent-appearing, tiny cake, covered with chocolate. But when Juliana bit into it—not a large bite, either—it popped unfairly, and an astonishing amount of cream spread over her cheeks.

Uttering a vague cry, she dived for her handkerchief. The cup, which had been trembling in its saucer, overturned; and, though wildly she rescued it, she felt a burning flood wash over her knees.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Pardee, with agonized eyes on the hooked rug. But when she saw it undamaged, added more calmly:

"I'm afraid, dear, you've spoiled your frock."

"Doesn't—matter!" Juliana gasped, twisting her face into the semblance of a smile.

"But, mommie," cried Trix, "look! It went all over her! Oh, Jewlyana! Doesn't it hurt?"

"Have you burned yourself, dear?" asked Mrs. Pardee in a tone of polite annoyance.

"Oh! No! No, ma'am. I'm all right."

"Not with that serviette, Trix, please," said Mrs. Pardee in a small, intensely quiet voice. "Wait until Millie can bring a towel." She rang. "Tea stains linen," she explained kindly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I'm sorry," apologized Juliana.

The look Millie gave her! "There!" it said. "I knew you'd do everything all wrong!"

"Sit closer to the fire and dry your frock, dear," sweetly commanded Mrs. Pardee.

And Juliana obeyed, though the fire added torture to her already tortured legs.

When she got home Katie put butter on them, though not without many unnecessary exclamations.

"Didn't she do nuthin' at all for you?" cried Katie. And her comments on Mrs. Pardee became so sacrilegious that Juliana, who had endured everything calmly, now felt her face twisting into tears; and before she could stop herself—a great big girl, too—she was crying noisily.

"You leave her alone!" she gasped. "Don't you ever dare talk about her!"

When she lay in bed that night she could hear Mrs. Pardee singing.

"I was there!" whispered Juliana. "Right there with them."

And now she could pretend to be there still—pretend that she lay in the nursery, too—pretend that for her, too, was the song.

"She called me dear three times," said Juliana.

"Well, I did as you wished, Sylvanus," Mrs. Pardee told her husband. "And made the poor child most uncomfortable! There really isn't much use," said Mrs. Pardee, sewing daintily, "in trying to be nice to people who haven't—well, one's own standards and manners, and so forth. It just makes them unhappy to be taken out of their own class. Now, honestly, don't you think so?"

"I think I'd rather make distinctions between individuals than classes," replied Doctor Pardee. "Didn't you find Juliana a nice child?"

"Why! How can I tell, only seeing her once? However, since the children had begun playing with her, I told them they might go on—for an hour or so in the afternoons, at any rate, while Millie and I are too busy—besides, they must go out for fresh air, and I suppose they could scarcely avoid Juliana! Oh, dear! This dreadful street! I do wish we could afford to pay more rent. So if Juliana behaves herself—but I warn you, Sylvanus, I intend to watch her very carefully. Very carefully, indeed. I shall not just take a strange child on trust, the way you do!"

"Quite right, my dear. If you can't trust your intuition as much as I trust mine."

Rather a deadly insult—to a woman! So Mrs. Pardee said what she had been longing to say all evening, and had refrained from because it seemed a little like hitting below the belt, after she had already proved Sylvanus in the wrong. But, of course, if he was going to be sarcastic ——

"I really could not discover the famous resemblance to Joan of Arc," said Mrs. Pardee in a dainty voice, bending lovingly over her needlework. She took a few little, neat, quick, almost surgical, stitches. "To me," she said, "Juliana looked very much more like a badly made lamp shade."

IX

EVERY now and then it seems that there really might be something in that reward-of-virtue saying. For not long after Charlotte Pardee had been so nice to Juliana, Cousin Helen began to be nice to Charlotte. It was just as if she had suddenly realized her obvious duty to Charlotte's children—her own little cousins. She began to send for them—sometimes in one of the motors and sometimes, even more smartly, in the governess cart with Shetland ponies. Roger was laid up with a broken arm and had to be amused; and he complained that all the children he knew were so selfish! They refused to play the games Roger wanted, and in the way he wanted them played, even when he was ill; while his cousins proved, after one trial, to be completely satisfactory.

Roger was Cousin Helen's favorite; she made no old-fashioned pretense of loving all her children equally. Roger was the acknowledged king of the household. His elder sisters, Diana and Frances and Claire, were simply ladies-in-waiting. So Diana, and Frances, and Claire, and Angela, and Beatrix, and Boopie played the games Roger chose—with Roger, of course, always the emperor, the general, Robin Hood, Chu-Chin-Chow, Captain Cook and Napoleon—every afternoon, in Cousin Helen's beautiful day nursery.

"They've got a day and a night nursery!" the little Pardees told Juliana. For they generously told her all about the new wonders, whenever they could possibly spare a moment to her.

"Our cousins know how to ride! They go to riding school and learn how to jump!"

"And Roger's not afraid to jump, or anything! He says so."

"And he's not afraid of anybody either!"

"Cousin Arthur told him not to go down to the stables any more and talk to the stableboys, but he says he will, too, just as soon as he gets well again! He's not even afraid of Cousin Arthur!"

"Diana and Claire and Frances speak French! They've got a French governess. Her name's Mademoiselle. And they aren't allowed to speak English at meals."

"Cousin Helen's dresses all come from Paris."

"And she's got a whole closet with nothing in it but hats."

"They're not as pretty as mamma's, though," added Trix loyally.

Angela frowned. "No-o. But they're awf'ly 'spensive."

"Cousin Helen has crossed the ocean ten times!"

"And Cousin Arthur has gone round the world!"

"And Diana has been to London!"

"And Frances and Claire to New York!"

"And Roger has a christening cup from a countess!"

"And Cousin Helen's got diamon's an' nemerals in the bank!"

"And Cousin Arthur owns the bank!"

Juliana listened with the proper awe-struck attention. But when there came a lull and she suggested one of their old games, Angela was apt to put on an important air. "Oh! I'm afraid we can't. Cousin Helen is sending for us."

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Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

"And we've got to try on some dresses before that," Trix hastened to explain. "I'm sorry, Jewlyana. I'd lots rather play with you! But mamma has to make us so many new clothes, now we're going up to Cousin Helen's. I tell you what, though! If we come back before supper, maybe mamma would let you ——"

"Trix!" broke in Angela sharply. "How many times has mamma got to tell you not to invite Jul—people!"

Then one day Trix was sent home in the most frightful disgrace. She had slapped Cousin Roger. And though she was still flushed and tear-stained, and apt to break out again into breath-taking, hiccuping sobs, she was not in the least repentant

"I—don't like him!" she wailed rebelliously. "He's a nasty boy. An' I don't like Diana an' Frances an' Claire so awf'ly much either. An' Cousin Helen hates me. An' I—hate Cousin Helen!"

Charlotte Pardee was simply aghast. She simply couldn't think what to do with such a little savage How was it possible that she had given birth to this monster?

"You are a wicked, ungrateful child!" she cried, when she got her breath. "Not to love your cousins! A perfectly horrid child! I do believe you're going to be exactly like Aunt Alex!"

"Well, if you think Aunt Alex —— She's your sister'"

It was better to ignore the impertinence and keep to the main issue. "You will go and apologize to Roger tomorrow. And to Cousin Helen. And to Mademoiselle. And—to everyone! You are simply—I am so ashamed of you!"

"But, mamma! You don't know what Roger ——"

"That doesn't matter!"

"But, mamma, listen! Boopie ——"

"For shame, Trix! Trying to drag poor little innocent Rupert into it! You will go tomorrow and apologize. And I only hope you will be forgiven."

So Trix went the next day and apologized, and was forgiven. But the invitations ceased, even for the innocent Angela and Rupert. Roger was well again now, and could ride, and there were his tennis lessons and the dancing class and, naturally, he was tired of girls and babies. Besides, "Good heavens!" as Helen said to her husband. "Charlotte surely could not expect the thing to keep up forever."

"I don't care!" said Trix. "I'm glad we don't have to go up there any more. Jewlyana's lots more fun!"

But Angela, who was more like her mother, looked thoughtful. As for poor Mrs. Pardee, she thought and thought and thought, and wondered how

"I shouldn't worry about it," advised Doctor Pardee. "Maybe it's better for our children not to see so much luxury. It might have made them discontented."

"Sylvanus Pardee! Do you want—your children—to be contented?"

"Why, of course I do! It's the best thing I could wish for them—to be contented with their lot."

"Then you simply don't know what contentment means!" she said scornfully. "In my opinion it's only another name for mental laziness! It's simply nothing at all but a lack of ambition!"

After that she found the way. Sylvanus' perverseness could sometimes inspire her. She would go to Helen herself—not write, no! It was all too easy to answer a note with polite excuses. She would go to Helen herself and look straight into her eyes and put things in such a way that Helen couldn't refuse. "Just to show you're not offended, Helen dear; just to prove you're not still angry with my poor little naughty Trix—who simply adores you, Helen!" She rehearsed the phrases. No, Helen couldn't refuse—not decently.

Helen couldn't, and didn't. She said Charlotte was too perfectly absurd—she'd forgotten the whole absurd affair perfect ages ago! It was just that she'd been so busy. Good heavens! No other woman was ever quite so frightfully busy—her committees, the charity ball, the dentist, Arthur—heaps of tiresome things. And the children had had their riding and tennis and dancing and music, and now the girls were beginning Italian —— But of course they would come—delighted.

■

BOOPIE grew quite conceited about having been born. It must have been awfully important, with everyone so excited about his sixth party. Trix and Angie had never had anything like it. The whole house was turned upside down. Mamma ran in and out every room, called Millie, and pushed furniture. She was quite pale. Angie looked down her nose and was solemn. Trix forgot about her quarrel with Roger and jumped and danced. Even Aunt Alex came over to help, though she laughed and said, "Royal visitors!" Only papa didn't understand about parties. Everything he said made the little sparks fly in mamma's eyes and her lips come down tight. The dimple wouldn't play hide and seek any more. At night she was so tired she could hardly sing.

Sometimes Boopie wished there wasn't going to be any party. Everyone pushed him about like the furniture, never liking the place he was in. But then mamma would tell him how wonderful it was all going to be! Mamma said the cousins would have a much better time right here in this little house than they'd ever had in their big one probably. Mamma said Cousin Helen would see, too—something about taste. Did she mean the cake? Mamma was going to make the beautiful big birthday cake herself, so it would be much better than any cake money could buy! Mamma was sewing new curtains for the nursery—with ruffles—and new curtains for the living room—parrots and apples. She sewed, and sewed, and sewed. Costumes too! She was making costumes for everyone, to put on at the party. But that was a secret; Boopie mustn't tell. A surprise for the cousins!

Papa said: "Don't work so hard, dear. Don't wear yourself out!"

Oh! How angry that made mamma. Nothing ever made her angrier. And of course it was silly, for everyone was working hard. Millie, Angela, Trix, Aunt Alex, Juliana—Juliana worked hardest of all. She was allowed to come in the house every day now and help. She had turned out to be so clever. Paste never stuck to her fingers or spilled on the floor when she made paper caps and butterflies and flowers. Oh, yes! There were going to be favors. And Juliana could make things almost as well as mamma. She pasted and cut and painted, and put things away, and found mamma's thimble, and got mamma's scissors, and ran down the street for mamma, and just round the corner, and held the step-ladder, and took hold of ends of tables, and climbed upstairs for mamma, and climbed downstairs, and said "Let me do it!" until her cheeks got red and her eyes looked glassy; and when she went home at dark she could just whisper. But she always whispered: "Oh, no! I'm not tired a bit!"

There were going to be games—pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, and guess-how-many-beans, and charades, and spider web. Juliana made the spider web, tangling all through the banisters and up into the nursery, with prizes at the ends of the strings. Papa caught his foot in it in the dark, and said a naughty word, and mamma was glad when he went away to the medical convention. That was the day before the party, and mamma turned Millie out of the kitchen and shut the door—there was going to be a whole supper; not just refreshments mamma had asked Cousin Helen's permission—creamed chicken in pâté shells, and green peas, and finger rolls, besides the ice cream and cake. Mamma was going to cook it all herself. She said:

"Rupert Pardee! If you try to peek into this kitchen once! Just once! All afternoon! There won't be any birthday!"

Boopie wanted to cry. "But it's my party! And I ought to lick the spoon."

(Continued on Page 169)

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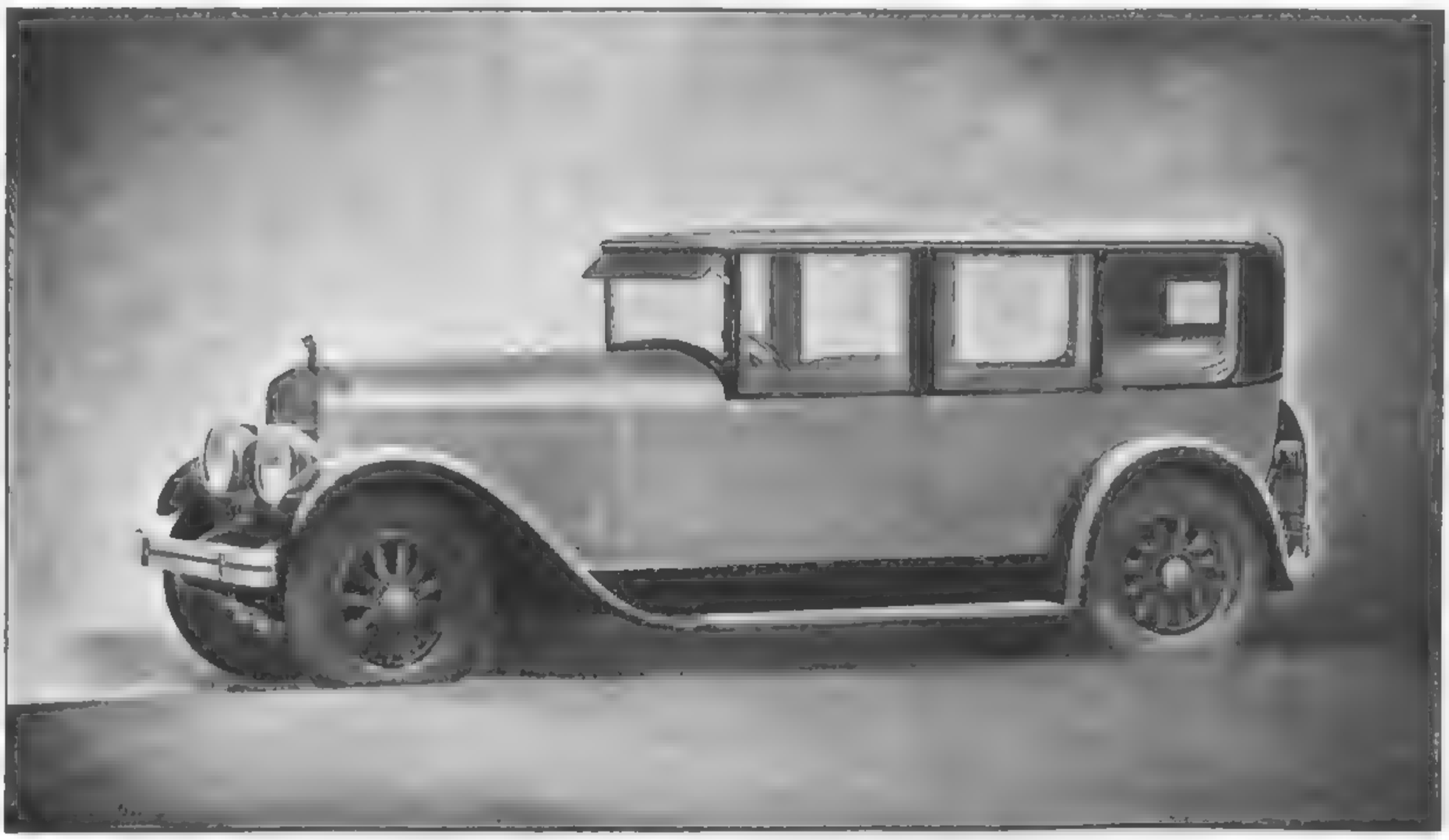

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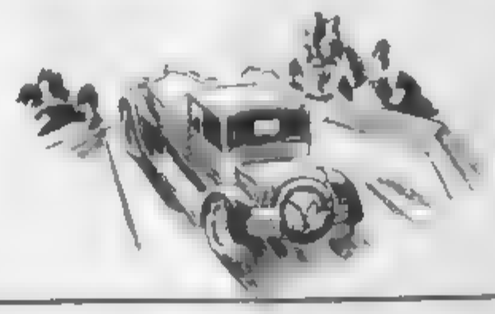

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The 25th Anniversary Franklin

(Continued from Page 166)

"Sh! Don't worry mamma!" Angie pushed him, like furniture, out the front door.

Juliana came running over from her house. Her eyes looked exactly as if it were going to be her party.

"Oh, Trix! Guess what!" Her voice had hardly any breath in it. "Daddy sent me the money!"

Trix had been talking to mamma, and her eyes were still red. Trix was often naughty. Boopie had heard her stamp her foot at mamma. She wouldn't look at Juliana.

"The money for my new dress, Trix!" Juliana said, louder. "Katie wrote to him."

Trix put her chin down on her neck, and wouldn't answer.

"For the party, Trix!" She thought Trix didn't understand. "My new dress for the party. Katie's gone out to buy it now. A white one. Like yours and Angie's."

"Well, why don't we play something?" said Angie. And she pushed them all, like furniture.

XI

AT NOON the next day a deep solemn hush lay over the Pardee house. Everything was ready, waiting. Only the flowers dared breathe. Juliana was told: "No, thank you; there's nothing else you can do, dear."

"But come up to my room a minute, dear," said Mrs. Pardee. "There's something I want to show you before you go."

On the white bed was a shimmer of silk, billows of bright color.

"I wanted to show you the costumes, dear."

A curious coldness ran down Juliana's spine. "But I thought," she stammered, "they were going to be a surprise!"

"Yes, of course. But I wanted you to see."

She held them out, one by one. This is for Trix, and this for Angie, here's Boopie's and Roger's and Diana's and Frances' and Claire's. Juliana had admired them, one by one, but now she waited with a look of expectancy. Mrs. Pardee folded the costumes and laid them back tenderly on the bed. But, of course! She was still saving Juliana's as a surprise. There was a pause. Mrs. Pardee was waiting politely for Juliana to go.

"I think that's everything," she murmured; "or was there something else you wanted to see?"

Juliana felt her own face look stupid. It was just as if she were turning to wood.

"You have been a great help to me, dear!" said Mrs. Pardee, and—kissed Juliana! She kissed Juliana. She had never done that before. It was more than Juliana had ever dared hope. She wanted to throw her arms around Mrs. Pardee, but Mrs. Pardee didn't like to be touched. So she said:

"I'd do anything for you."

They went downstairs, carefully past the spider web. In the hall Mrs. Pardee hesitated, frowning a little. She looked questioningly at Juliana. Then she opened the dining-room door.

"The table's all set!" she said gayly. "We're having our lunch in the nursery today. Look, dear! I didn't want you to miss this! Isn't it too perfectly lovely?"

It was! All shining white and gleaming silver—silver candlesticks and white candles and white flowers; silver caps and silver bells and white butterflies; and in the center would stand the white-and-silver cake, with candles too. But something in the symmetry of its arrangement troubled Juliana. She approached that beautiful glimmering table almost on tiptoe. As she tiptoed fearfully around it her eyes, as if unwillingly, read each place card. Angie and Claire and Diana and Trix, Mademoiselle and Frances and Boopie and Roger.

At last she had found the courage to turn round. Mrs. Pardee was still standing in the open doorway. Juliana tried to raise her head, but could not. She wanted, now, only to get home without speaking.

"I'll save you a piece of the birthday cake, dear," Mrs. Pardee promised.

Juliana knew that she ought to answer politely, but her lips would not open; and it seemed to her possible to die from the shame of tears.

"It's only a little family party, you see, dear," Mrs. Pardee explained. "Of course if it had been just our own family—but Cousin Helen is so particular! You do understand, don't you, dear? I couldn't take the liberty of introducing a strange little girl to Cousin Helen's little girls without her consent, could I?"

Oh! It was Cousin Helen's fault! Not Mrs. Pardee's. And Juliana must be polite. She must answer. It was not Mrs. Pardee's fault! It was not! A sudden rush of courage warmed her blood. She held up her head now. She met Mrs. Pardee's eyes, which, strangely, looked afraid.

"It's been fun helping, anyway," said Juliana.

Oh! That was what she meant to say. But something happened to her voice when it got to "fun." To her horror her hands made a gesture without her consent. They were covering her face; and she was running—running out of the house, through the gate—where? She couldn't go home—let Katie see—down the street, round the corner—flying in shame and terror before her own storm.

XII

AT THREE o'clock Katie helped Juliana dress. The party was not until half-past four, but Katie was going out in the country to see her sister and wanted an early start.

"An' I guess you won't be needin' me neither, to get you no supper, this night!" said Katie, who knew all about the arrangements for the party, having had them described to her in great detail every day for the past week.

"If ye're afraid to come back into the dark house, though," Katie offered, "I could come home early?"

"Oh, no! I'm not afraid of the dark."

Katie mustn't know. She wouldn't understand. She would talk about Mrs. Pardee. Say mean, horrible things that Juliana didn't want to hear. For it was not Mrs. Pardee's fault. It was not! It was not! Juliana knew about Cousin Helen. She had heard enough from all the Pardees to convince her of Cousin Helen's importance. It was impossible even to think of doing anything that might offend Cousin Helen. She was like the witch in a fairy tale who has everyone in her dreadful magic power. Mrs. Pardee was the beautiful princess under a spell. She couldn't move. It was the witch's fault!

"You've been a great help to me, dear!" Mrs. Pardee had said, and kissed Juliana. She kissed Juliana! You don't kiss someone you don't like. That kiss proved she wanted Juliana at the party. But Cousin Helen ——

"What's got into you, Jewlyanar?" cried Katie crossly. "You ain't even looked at yerself in the glass. Don't tell me that dress ain't right yet, after all the trouble you give me!"

Juliana knew she had given trouble. There had been scenes with Katie over the selection of the new dress. It was white, it was straight, it had neither ruffles, nor lace, nor colored ribbons—all points of dispute with Katie. She looked in the mirror.

"It's all right, Katie."

"Anything else you want?"

"No, Katie."

"And how about thank ye, too, Katie?"

"Thank you, too, Katie."

She had gone. How glad she was Katie had gone. The door's closing echoed through the house. It was awfully still. Juliana went to the front window upstairs and looked down into the empty sunny street. Katie's skirts were just whisking round the corner. In the next block a hurdy-gurdy began to play. How funny; some days that sound was so jolly, but today it was sad. It made the stillness and emptiness more. She pressed her fingers against her eyelids. There was no use crying. Besides, if her face got all red and swollen she couldn't ——

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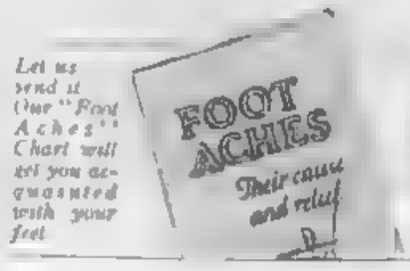

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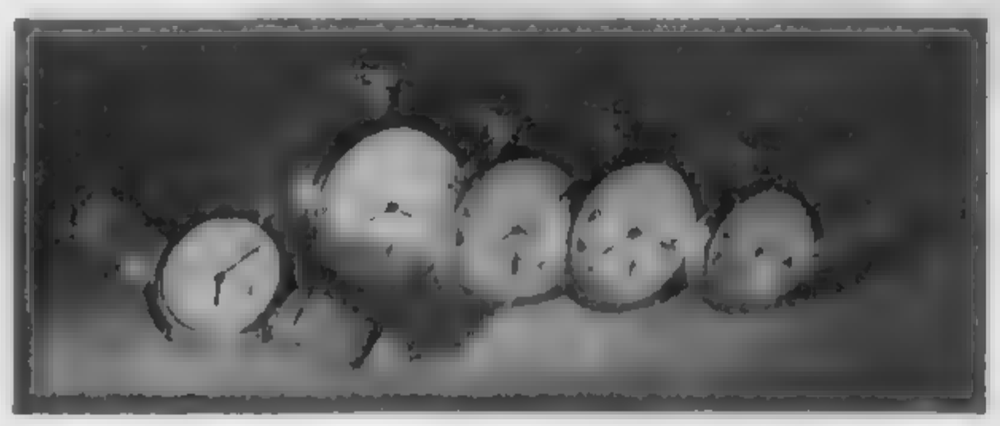

And the hope—the tiny hope, pale but persistent as a new grass blade—began pushing its way up again through a cranny in her despair.

Now that she was dressed, all ready in her new frock that looked very much like Angie's or Trix's, the hope revived, grew stronger.

"I couldn't introduce a strange little girl to Cousin Helen's little girls—without her consent"

But perhaps when Cousin Helen came to the party Mrs. Pardee would ask her consent! Or Miss Alex, who liked Juliana; surely Miss Alex would say: "Why! Where's our young neighbor?" That was the way she talked—as if she were always joking, even when she was most kind. And then Mrs. Pardee would say: "She's a strange little girl, Cousin Helen, but she's a nice little girl. I kissed her myself this morning! And with your consent ——"

Well, if that should happen—and it was sure to happen—Juliana was ready. And all she had to do now was to wait.

XIII

PERHAPS if Juliana had been a boy she would not have waited. A boy might have gone out and smashed street lamps and tortured stray cats to relieve his feelings. But Juliana belonged to the sex which mistakes its desires for premonitions. And she knew—she knew! Mrs. Pardee would send for her.

And, strangely enough, it happened that Mrs. Pardee did send for her. At dusk, just as Juliana was giving up hope, having seen Cousin Helen's motor drive away, Millie came to get Juliana, and hustled her into her coat, and wouldn't wait for Juliana to brush her hair again or wash her hands once more. She had been washing and brushing at short nervous intervals all afternoon, dashing back to the window again, not to miss anything that might happen in the street—seeing the arrival of the guests at half-past four and of the ice cream at six; sitting on the edge of a chair in order not to rumple her dress, not daring to take it off in case the summons should come suddenly; fancying, from time to time, that she heard the bell ring ——

Oh! Long, long afterward Juliana would still remember in exact detail those long hours of waiting. Yes, even after she became a woman she would still remember that unhappy afternoon of her childhood. But never at all clearly what came next. Emotions—certain words that will stick in the memory like poisoned arrows—but never at all clearly what it was that happened in Mrs. Pardee's house that day at twilight.

Millie's silence gave her no warning. For silence and sourness were Millie's habit toward Juliana. Mrs. Pardee had sent for her—that was enough—no matter how late—her faith was rewarded!

It was not until she was right inside the house that an intuition of evil overtook her. Then the door of the living room was flung open and she saw Mrs. Pardee's face; and suddenly wanted to scream in terror; and to run.

Run! But she was frozen, and her gaze was frozen to that face. Ugly. Hideous. Mrs. Pardee's face—hideous! Distorted out of all beauty by an inexplicable emotion. Screaming inexplicable things at Juliana. Miss Alex remonstrating in vain. Juliana, in vain, begging for an explanation.

"You know! You know what you've done! Horrible child! You—horrible child!"

"Charlotte! You're not fit ——"

"She's not fit ——"

"But if you want the truth ——"

"I know the truth!"

"Without hearing—do you call that fair? To believe ——"

"I believe my own children! Boopie ——"

Boopie could be heard sobbing upstairs. Cousin Helen had taken her children away. It was all over! The beautiful party—in the midst of the beautiful supper—they will never come back. Never!

"Charlotte! Charlotte! Do try to have a little self-control. Nothing on earth can matter so much ——"

"My children's whole future ruined! And you say it doesn't matter! And defend this loathsome little ——"

"Miss Alex! Tell me. Please—you tell me, Miss Alex!"

"Boopie said things that were dreadful. Ugly words ——"

"You taught him!" screamed Mrs. Pardee.

"I didn't! Oh, I didn't!"

"There's no use denying ——"

"But I don't know what you mean. What words—I didn't teach Boopie any words. I don't know what words you mean are ugly!"

"As if I'd soil my lips repeating—but you know! Of course you know. You taught him! My innocent baby!"

"Did Boopie say—Boopie didn't say it was me!"

"Yes, he did!"

"That's not quite true, Charlotte. He said first it was Roger."

"As if that didn't make things a thousand times worse! As if Helen would ever forgive us that! And it was only because he was frightened—poor baby. Everyone pouncing at him. He was simply too frightened to speak! He simply pointed at the first person he saw—and that happened to be Roger!"

"And Roger, of course, denied it."

"Of course he did! It's not possible that Helen's children—there's no one else it could have been except ——"

"Trix didn't say I did it! Trix didn't say ——"

"What has Trix got to do with it? Boopie said it was you, after I'd talked to him. Of course it was you! My children don't know anyone else common enough to have ever heard such words! And now I hope Doctor Pardee will understand why I can't allow children like you to come into my house! Not ever again! Never! Do you hear? Don't ever come near any of us again! Filthy little thing—you!"

There were no tears left in the world. There was nothing inside Juliana but a block of ice. Slowly, slowly she was freezing to death; but she felt no pain. She was no longer afraid of Mrs. Pardee. Neither the tremulous fear of love she had long known nor the new terror of ugliness. After a moment she got out of the house.

Her own house was dark. She was glad. She ran soundlessly up the stairs and lay down on her bed. She felt a sort of relief, as if a long struggle was over. But her head was ringing dizzily and her chest was squeezed by a hand that would not let her breathe.

Then all at once she became afraid of something. Not the darkness, not Mrs. Pardee—no! She would never again be afraid of Mrs. Pardee. She was afraid of the sobs that were rising in her own breast, tearing her in two, like hands. She clutched the pillow for comfort and drew up her knees in the age-long gesture of suffering. She endured the birth pangs of hate.

"I hate her—hate her!" Juliana whispered. "I hate Mrs. Pardee."

Frightened by her blasphemy and shaken by her crying, as in a great wind, helplessly buffeted, she still whispered, over and over, though ever more breathless and caught by her sobs:

"I hate—hate—hate her! I hate Mrs. Pardee"

Her head, her throat, her back ached bitterly. Her cheeks were stinging and blistered with tears, her mouth was swollen and fevered, her eyes closed shut with weeping; and still it would not cease. It would never cease. The sorrow of a child seems endless, because there is no thought of the future. Life, for a child, is in the present, the moment—and this moment was intolerable. Worse than all was the alternate fever and chill of shame, shame for the thing she had not done, for the words which she did not know, but which were shameful. And though she knew the

(Continued on Page 173)

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NORRIS *Variety Box*

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

(Continued from Page 170)

charge against her was unjust, and was angered by the injustice; still—still, she was soiled by those shameful words, even in her own estimation. They were like mud that had been flung on her and that could not be washed away. "Filthy little thing—you!" Mrs. Pardee had called her, and she felt unclean.

She heard the door open. Someone came into the room. Juliana did not turn. What did it matter now if Katie knew? A cold compress was put on her forehead. Then a firm cool hand was laid on her hot hand, and she heard a calm voice saying something, over and over. At first the meaning of the words could not penetrate her loneliness. But presently the rhythm of that repeated phrase soothed her, and she began to listen.

"I don't believe it, Juliana. I know it isn't true. I don't believe it."

Suddenly Juliana clutched the hand that held hers.

"I'd like to tell you a story, Juliana, if you can stop crying." So, when Juliana could stop crying, Alex told her own story.

XIV

"YOU see," she ended, "I found out I wasn't the only unhappy person in the world. And pretty soon I was glad I hadn't died that time I thought I wanted to. So, now, instead of being married and having just a few children, I've got dozens. And I bore all my friends talking about them just as if I were a real mother. I bore them even worse with my begging, Juliana. Did you know I was a beggar? I hold out my hand and cry to everyone: 'Give me your money, or your time, or your talents, for my children!' So what are you going to give me, Juliana?"

"Me? Me, Miss Alex? I haven't got anything!"

"Yes, you have. A wonderful talent."

"Oh! What is it?"

"Listen, Juliana. There are some of my children who don't know how to play."

"Don't—know—how—to play?" Juliana breathed.

"They've had such hard sad lives—horrible lives—things so cruel I can't even tell you—that now they've forgotten, or perhaps they never knew. And that's your talent, Juliana: To play and pretend and make gay magic. Won't you make a little magic for my children?"

"I'd do anything for you," said Juliana.

Just then there came a sound—a familiar sound—through the wall, from the house next door. Hearing it, Juliana started and trembled. But then she clasped Alex's hand all the closer, and fixed her eyes on her new friend's in a resolute promise of courage.

Mrs. Pardee was singing. Singing her babies to sleep in their nest, and her voice was sweeter, more birdlike than ever; trilling, like a bird, more blithely than ever, after the storm. But tonight she had changed her song:

"And He called lit-tul cheel-dren
As lambs to His fold!
'Let the lit-tul ones come un-to Me!'
And He ca-alled lit-tul cheel-dren
As lambs to Hee-es fold!
'Let the lit-tul ones come
Un-to Me!'"

STEW'S COMPANY

(Continued from Page 23)

something was. The members of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., were sick to death of European food. They possessed an unrecognized and suppressed desire for barbecue and Brunswick stew!

"An' by golly," mused Florian, "they is gwine fall in love with the pusson what gives it to 'em!"

Here was his scintillant opportunity; here the chance to make a gesture and perform an act which would restore him in a single magnificent bound to greater popularity than he had ever before enjoyed. It would reëstablish him and discomfit Exotic Hines at the same time. He drew a mental picture of the company assembled in the hotel dining room and of the waiters entering with huge bowls of steaming Brunswick stew and great sides of barbecued pork. The howls of delight, the screams of pleasure, the ravenous falling to and then the enthusiastic demand for the concocter of the idea, and his own triumphal entry and modest speech:

"Folks, you has done me dirt, but I returns good fo' evil. I has furnished this Bumminham dinner an' you is my gues's."

Then, indeed, would they fall on his neck. Then would his generosity and thoughtfulness cause the pendulum to swing far back in his own direction. Food! Birmingham food! Colored folks' food! There was the key to the situation.

Mr. Slappey thought back over the past five months. They had sailed from New York on an Italian ship. They had sojourned in Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan. They had lived in Nice and Marseilles and Algiers. He knew how the others felt, for he himself was surfeited with pâté de fois gras and turbot and *cervelet* sausage and eggs *matelote* and eggs *parmèntiere*. He had grown to hate *compotes* and fancy puddings and cheeses with queer names and queerer tastes. He had learned to despise cream sauces. There was always a cream sauce of some sort—on the fish, on the meat, on the salad.

But most of all he loathed *poulet!* Florian and his friends had learned a bitter lesson since landing in Europe. They had learned that chicken is not necessarily chicken. In Birmingham the word "chicken" on a menu meant a young and tender fowl, fried in butter; a delicacy of rare succulence and crispy appeal. In Europe chicken was a large and venerable animal, invariably baked, and usually disguised under a sauce. Tender enough, perhaps, but pallid and tasteless.

Midnight had eaten chicken, chicken, chicken until it had come to revolt at the very thought. *Poulet!* "Ah-h-h, m'sieu, but today we have shicken!"

Midnight liked Europe. Midnight was accustomed to Europe. But Birmingham negroes were not, and never would be, satisfied with French food as a never-ending diet. They craved the frank honesty and appetizing odors of Birmingham dishes. They wanted Brunswick stew and they wanted barbecue!

The chef had gone when Florian reached the hotel. He sailed through the lobby without heeding a pointed remark dropped by Exotic Hines. Mr. Hines was riding high—surf-boarding on the wave which had capsized Mr. Slappey. Florian moved to the desk and addressed the clerk:

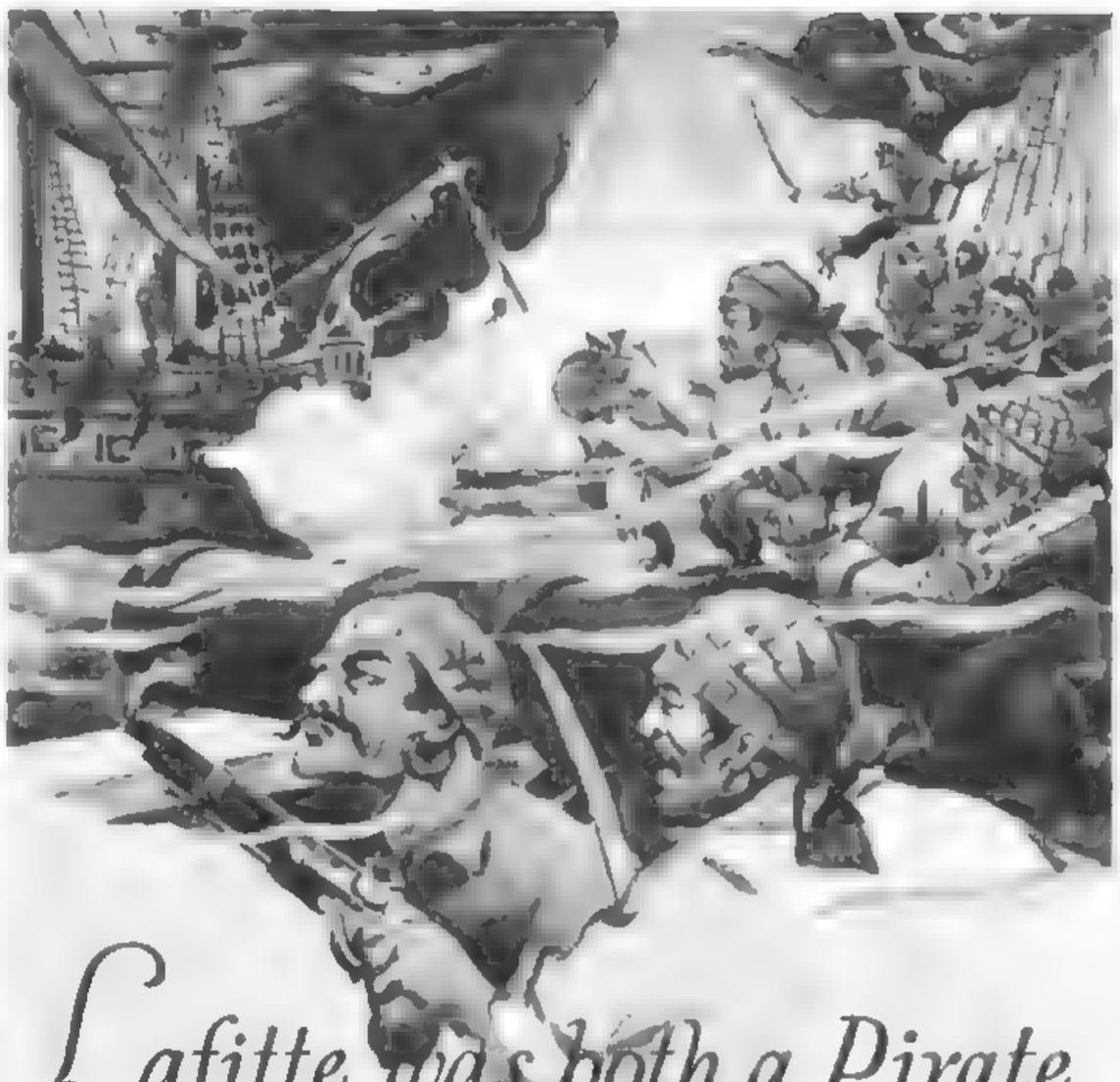
"*Ou est le maitre d'hôtel?*" he inquired painstakingly.

He was informed that the maitre was in his room on the second floor. Mr. Slappey struggled again with his French:

"*Il compres Anglais, n'est pas?*"

The clerk grabbed his meaning out of thin air, with the peculiar genius of the Frenchman in contact with American tourists, and assured him that the maitre spoke English mos' gr-rand! Whereupon Mr. Slappey hied himself to the room of the most important person in the hotel and commenced to unfold a scheme.

The maitre understood. Furthermore, he even exhibited enthusiasm. Here was his opportunity to add two typically American dishes to his repertoire. Florian made it quite clear that the maitre might some day open a place of his own and specialize in Southern barbecue and Brunswick stew. The maitre waved his hands and vowed that Mr. Slappey was a gorgeous person. Then he obtained paper and pen and proceeded



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to translate into French the recipes which Florian explained with meticulous care.

"Fust of all," said Florian, "is the Brunswick stew, which is the fondest thing us all is of. Fo' a small portion, you buys the follering: One pound of good, tender brisket of beef; three young chickens—not no roosters, neither—an' one pint of Lima beans. Then you uses one pint of soup stock or maybe even water, an' also you takes four ears of corn an' cut the grain offen the cob. Then you gits three Irish potatoes, which you slices; two tomatoes, each cut into four pieces, an' one small onion, good an' strong. Add to that a teaspoonful of salt an' the same of paprika an' just a touch of Cayenne pepper. You dumps all them into a big pot an' cook together until ev'ything is well done. Then you takes away the bones of the chickens an' the beef an' you serves it hot." He paused, entranced by the picture. "*Comprez, m'sieu?*"

"Ah-h-h! *Oui!* An' the other? The—how you call—bobbacue?"

"That?" Florian half closed his eyes. "That, Mistuh Maitre, is the mos' elegantest thing what ever was inwented. It is wonderful. Us can make it out of pork, veal or beef, of which we uses either the ribs or the hams. The fust thing to do is to make a smolderin' fire out of oak wood or somethin' like it. Then us places the meat on a rack over that an' keeps turnin' it aroun'." He eyed the maitre closely. "*Savvy vous?*"

"*Oui-oui, m'sieu.*"

"Well, anyway, us uses a smolderin' fire or either a charcoal fire, but the impawtant point is that the fire mustn't blaze up. You got to let it smolder. Foller me?"

"*Oui.*"

"Next thing we does is to make a sauce. Now I craves to esplain that there is barbecue an' barbecue, but the impawtantest thing about it is the sauce what you puts on it. You makes this out of three cans of tomatoes, five lemon juices, a pound of butter an' some salt an' Cayenne pepper. Then you make a small mop with a lump of gauze at the end, an' all the time the meat is barbecuin' you keep bastin' it with this mop—dippin' the gauze in the sauce an' dripping it over the meat so it soaks in. 'Tain't easy, maitre. It takes fum five to six hours, an' you got to keep bastin' all the time. But when it's finished! Golla! Cain't you just see yo'se'f gittin' a reputation as the swellest barbecuer in France? Cain't you just?"

The maitre bowed low and expressed his gratitude. Trouble, he averred, was nothing to so sincere an artist as himself. The following morning he personally intended to shop for the proper materials and Mr. Slappey could superintend the preliminaries.

"But don't say nothin' to nobody," warned Florian. "What us does is this: You gits all ready fo' dinner an' ev'ybody is sittin' aroun' lookin' fo' *poulet*, an' then the waiters walks in with barbecue an' Brunswick stew. A big applause goes up an' they deman's to know who does 'em this wonderful trick, an' you an' me come in an' bow. How 'bout it?"

The maitre's sense of the dramatic responded to Florian's picture and he promised secrecy. And that night Mr. Slappey slept well and dreamed fondly of his restoration to the good graces of the company.

The following morning Exotic Hines approached President Latimer on the matter of salary. Latimer was gruff.

"Seems like you is holdin' us up, Exotic."

"Seems like ain't is. Ise the champeen cullud cam'raman of the whole world an' Ise entitled ——"

"You ain't entitled to nothin'. But anyway, Cæsar Clump an' I discusses this matter private tonight. Right now we feels kind of partial to you, an' if nothin' happens to change our minds we maybe grants yo' request."

"Hot dawg! An' when will I know?"

"Cæsar an' me is gwine eat dinner tonight in a private room where us can talk without disturbment. We lets you know right after."

Exotic departed in high glee. He took his hat, moved from the hotel and immediately outside encountered a strange picture. Down the narrow street came Florian Slappey and the maitre d'hôtel. Both were loaded with bundles, and they were smiling broadly as they discussed some matter of evident importance. They passed Exotic without seeing him, but Mr. Hines' suspicions had been aroused.

He knew that Florian should not be smiling. Mr. Slappey was due to be unutterably miserable. Yet here he was gallivanting around with the maitre, buying supplies. Instinct informed Mr. Hines that this was something which demanded investigation. Above all things he did not want Florian restored to power until after his own salary demands should have been satisfied, and he knew too well Florian's habitual expression on the eve of putting one of his schemes into operation.

Exotic returned to the hotel. He discovered that Florian and the maitre had gone into the kitchen, whereupon Mr. Hines instituted a reconnaissance by stealth. He moved into the kitchen and came thence to the slightly open door of the pantry. The voices of Florian Slappey and the culinary emperor came clearly to his ears.

Exotic listened for only a few seconds until the full significance of the situation dawned upon him with horrifying force. He clutched the door jamb and shook his head sadly.

Exotic Hines understood! In a flash it came to him that Florian Slappey had hit with unerring accuracy upon the cause of the company's restlessness. They were homesick for Birmingham food. One gustatory excursion into the realm of Brunswick and barbecue, and the specter would be laid forevermore.

Exotic tiptoed away. There was more to this than appeared on the surface. Tonight Orifice Latimer and Cæsar Clump were to discuss his salary demands. They were on the verge of granting his request largely because they were peeved at Mr. Slappey He reflected unhappily upon the inevitable reaction when there was placed before them the luscious meal Florian was preparing—to be followed by the theatric announcement that it was the gift of Mr. Slappey. Once again they would bow down before his genius and accept his counsel.

Exotic Hines started his brain to functioning. There seemed nothing he could do, yet he knew that something must be done. He sought the sanctuary of his room and stared out broodingly over Paris.

Florian was an expert barbecue man. Exotic recalled the barren period in Florian's career when the dapper little fashion plate had been driven to accept a position in Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor. During the term of his assistant cookship the viands dispensed by Bud had been of rare savor.

"He knows," reflected Exotic miserably, "just how to fix that meat, an' perzackly how hot the sauce ought to be, an' ——"

Mr. Hines stopped speaking. But he continued to think. His jaw sagged, his head twitched violently under the impact of an idea. Then a happy, determined look settled upon his countenance and he started downstairs.

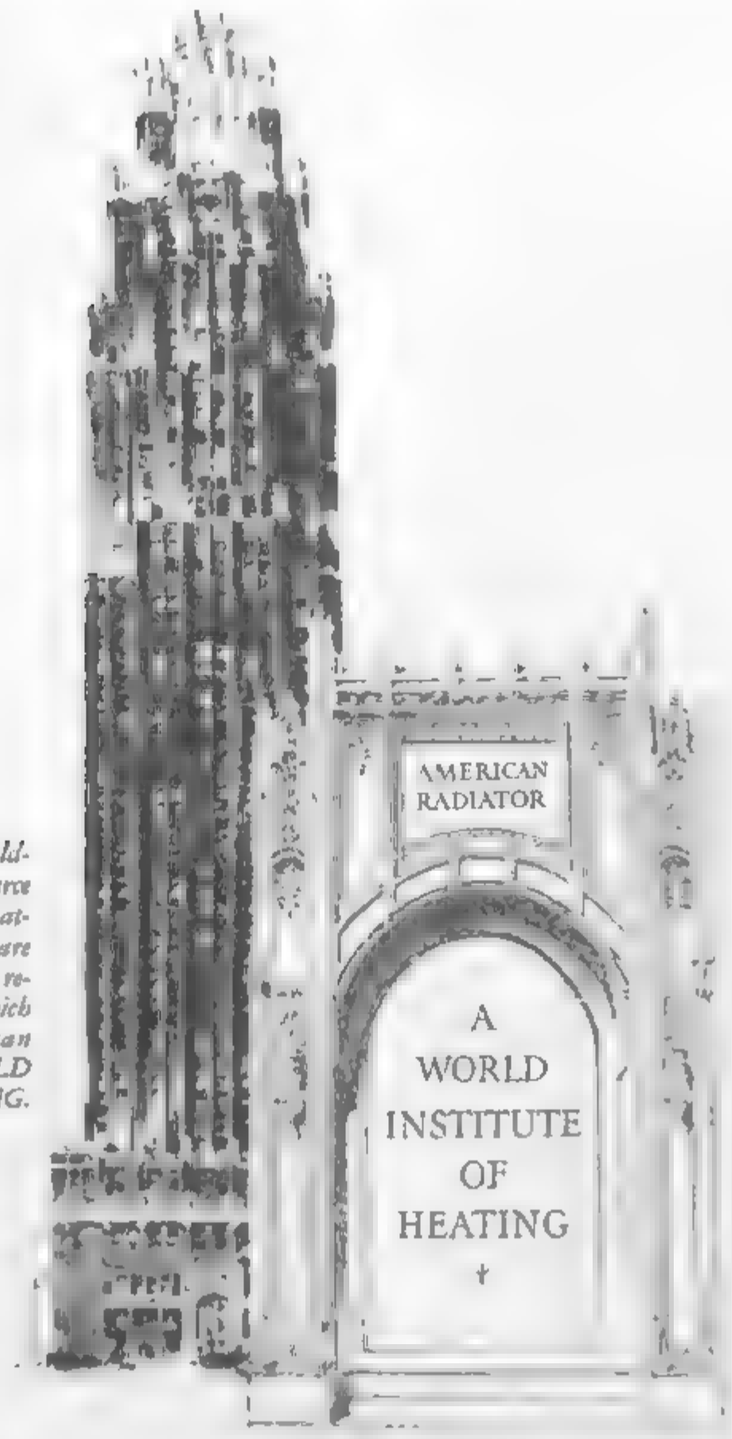
"Sweet bloomin' dandelions!" said he to himself. "I reckon Ise got to assist Brother Slappey in his cookin'."

Mr. Hines moved toward the Place de l'Opéra with amazing speed, considering the sidewalk congestion. He continued thence to the Rue Scribe, where there was a large English drug store. To the clerk who came forward he stated his needs. The clerk was puzzled, but Exotic insisted.

"Yas-suh, just them two things. A box of powdered alum an' some capsicum. Real hot capsicum."

He left the store a few minutes later, his treasures held tightly in the right hand. His return to the hotel was negotiated more slowly. Each detail of the exquisite plan to

(Continued on Page 177)



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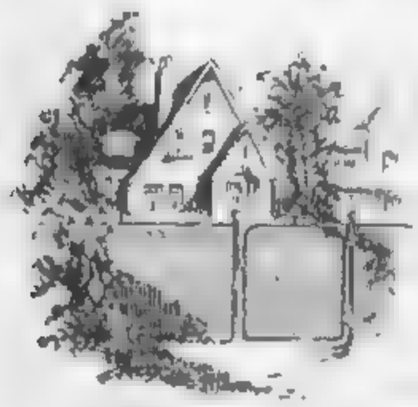

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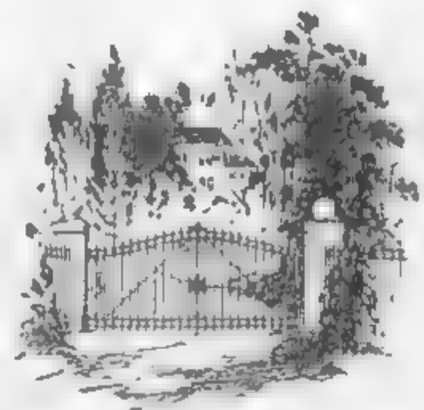

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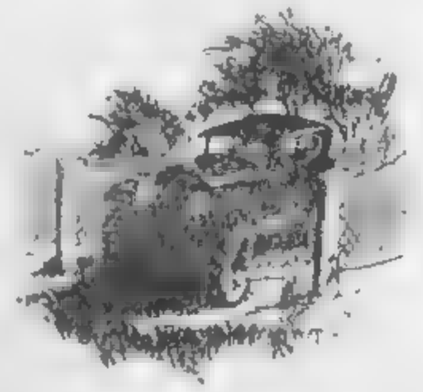

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CYCLONE COMPLETE RESPONSIBILITY MEANS QUALITY FENCE AND SERVICE

(Continued from Page 174)

frustrate Florian was taking definite shape. And he knew that his hour would not come until the afternoon.

At one o'clock the company assembled for lunch. At one end of the long table Florian ate sparingly. A furtive smile played about the corners of his lips. His eyes glowed in anticipation of the evening. If he was conscious of the unfriendly attitude of his associates he gave no sign.

At the other end of the table Exotic Hines also smiled. But his smile was very broad. He was in the excellent position of having seen Florian's hand and then been given access to the entire deck for the purpose of benefiting his own. The evening meal promised to be interesting.

Immediately after lunch Florian disappeared, and Exotic knew he had visited the kitchen. Mr. Hines settled himself in the lobby with an illustrated French magazine. He waited there for two hours. He knew what was happening. Florian was superintending the making of the barbecue sauce, and was personally attending to the basting. He visioned the slender Mr. Slappey standing affectionately over the meat, dipping his gauze swab into the rich seasoning and then dripping it tenderly over the pork. Mr. Hines' mouth watered. He himself yearned for the barbecue but, after all, business was business and it behooved him to frustrate Florian's scheme.

It was three o'clock before Mr. Slappey left the kitchen. He was accompanied by the maître d'hôtel, and as the ill-assorted pair passed through the lobby Mr. Slappey's glance dwelt briefly on the figure of Midnight's cameraman. Exotic smiled frigidly and Florian sneered. Then Mr. Slappey and the maître proceeded into the street.

Mr. Hines waited a few seconds, then rose and went to the window. He saw the two concocters of Birmingham barbecue headed east. Satisfied now that he had ample time for the putting into effect of his Machiavellian scheme, Exotic went—with his package—to the kitchen.

He stepped through the door and was assailed by the exquisitely maddening odor of barbecue which was just beginning to barb. The air was surcharged with the fragrance of roasting meat and of sauce perfectly spiced.

Three huge sides of pork turned slowly on the great spit. An earnest cook moved from one to the other and swabbed each in turn with his gauze mop. He worked slowly and earnestly—dipping his mop into the sauce, then applying it with an artist's touch to the fragrant meat. Exotic advanced. The cook looked up. It was quite evident that he was not a party to the secret which united Florian Slappey and the maître d'hôtel.

Mr. Hines smiled a greeting and gestured toward the barbecue.

"*Vous avez* barbecue?" he ventured with difficulty.

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"M'm'm!" observed the cameraman. "*La parfum est magnifique.*"

The cook returned a broadside in French. Exotic moved closer and stared at the meat in rapt admiration. He lifted a spoon and dipped it meditatively into the pot containing the sauce. This he tasted with the fine discrimination of the epicure.

"*Tres bon!*" he complimented, "but it *demander* more *sel. Sel, sil sous plais, mushoor.*"

The chef obediently placed his mop on the table beside the pot containing the sauce and moved across the kitchen for the salt.

Exotic worked with the speed of a prestidigitator. His hand flashed from his pocket, and with a swift gesture the contents of one small box labeled "Capsicum" were spilled into the theretofore luscious sauce. Almost as swiftly another box was produced and a sizable portion of powdered alum was also injected.

When the cook returned with the salt Mr. Hines was smiling happily. He accepted the salt and sprinkled a bit of it into the sauce, then made an elaborate pretense of tasting. He beamed upon the chef.

"Ah-h-h! *mushoor,*" he observed, "*il est parfait. Magnifique!* Some barbecue!"

He lounged around long enough to assure himself that the chef's suspicions had not been aroused. That dignitary was continuing happily on his job, without presuming to taste the sauce which his chief had prepared and this nice American had complimented. Dab-dab-dab went the sauce over the meat—drop by drop powdered alum and capsicum soaked into the pork. Exotic Hines waved a happy hand and moved from the kitchen. He was a very, very cheerful man.

During the balance of the afternoon Mr. Hines strolled the streets of Paris, dwelling upon the approaching debacle. He knew that Florian was strutting about in great pride, and he knew that this pride was destined to precede a devastating fall

Exotic was exceedingly well pleased with himself. He was back at the hotel at 6:30. The lobby contained a dozen members of the Midnight troupe: Lawyer and Mrs. Chew, Cæsar and Sicily Clump, Forcep Swain, Sam Gin. Latimer was seated in a corner reading, and Exotic moved to his vicinity.

"You ain't reached no decision yet on my sal'ry, has you, Mistuh President?"

"No. But I is inclined."

"Which way?"

"Nemmin' which way. I discusses the matter comprehensive tonight at dinner with Director Clump an' lets you know thereafter."

Exotic's eyes narrowed. "You-all two ain't dinin' with the comp'ny tonight?"

"Nope. We eats in a separate dinin' room, where us talks private."

"But," inquired Mr. Hines with peculiar insistence, "you eats the same food, don't you?"

"Posolutely. What eatments they serves the others they also bring to us."

Exotic moved away beatifically. He drew a mental picture of the toothsome dishes being brought to the company's president and chief director; their loud cries for the name of the person who had thought of the idea and managed its execution. Then their first mouthful of the barbecue—the terrible bite of capsicum and the awful effect of alum! And his own delicate suggestion that Mr. Slappey must have perpetrated this outrage as a means of getting even for their recent indifference!

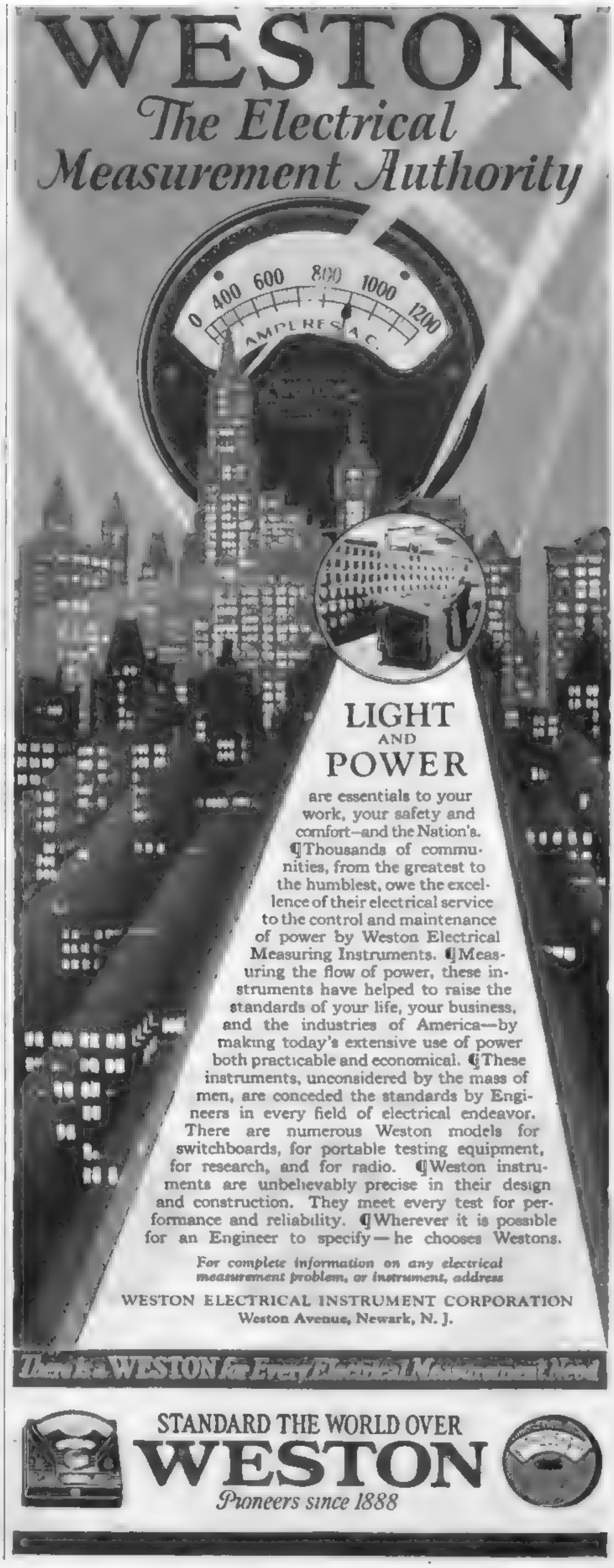
At seven o'clock sharp the doors of the dining room were flung open and twenty-one members of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., trooped into the room. President Latimer and Director Julius Cæsar Clump moved grandly into a small room adjoining. The members of the company were hungry. They glanced at the menu, and somebody dropped a single bitter word.

"*Poulet!*" he groaned.

Florian Slappey did not seat himself with the others. Instead, he moved toward the kitchen where he was joined by the smiling maître d'hôtel. They talked earnestly, and Exotic Hines smiled diabolically.

He visioned the scene which was about to be enacted. The regal entrance of the waiters bearing aloft sizzling barbecue and steaming stew; the howl of glee from the assembled troupers; the moment of delicious hesitation before the first taste; then the reaction! The terrible, awful, catastrophic reaction when their mouths should be scorched by capsicum and twisted with alum. Their demand for the person who had committed this most heinous of crimes. He could see Florian waiting, eager and smiling, anticipating the moment of his triumph. He gloated over the prospect of Mr. Slappey's consternation. Exotic Hines was very happy.

The waiters entered. The maître d'hôtel and Mr. Florian Slappey stood together in the doorway, watching. The members of Midnight, sitting around the table, eyed the strange dishes with interest. Noses crinkled. There was a certain odor—a tantalizing suggestion of ——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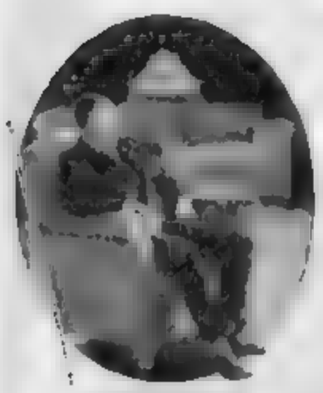

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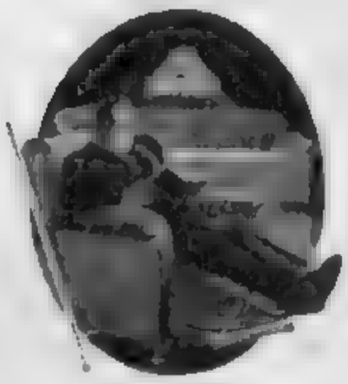

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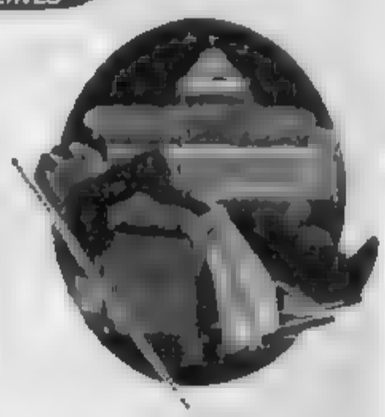

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"Hallelujah!" The roar came from the throat of Professor Aleck Champagne as he leaped to his feet. "Folks! Cast yo' eyes thither. Does you reckernize what has came amongst us?"

And then a thunder of applause went ceilingward.

"Barbecue!"

"An' Brunswick stew!"

A dazed, hushed silence fell upon the group. They stared in awe at this bit of Birmingham brought to Paris. Some were on the verge of tears. Sicily Clump, wife of Cæsar, arose.

"Ladies an' gemmun," she proclaimed loudly, "some good fairy has been heah. Things like this don't just happen. We has yearned an' pined an' prayed fo' this food, an' never knowed what us was craving. Now we has got it. Folks, we got to do this thing right. I suggests that we leave the waiters he'p us all to the barbecue an' stew. But we don't none of us taste it until ev'ybody is ready. When all is served I gives the signal an' we commences together. What says you?"

"Atta gal! What you has got in yo' haid, Sicily, is brains!"

Exotic had difficulty in restraining a burst of open laughter. Things could not have suited him better. No danger now of everybody failing to receive the full blast of bitterness which he had injected into the sauce. His eyes roved to where Florian was standing. Mr. Slappey was perched on the peak of happy anticipation. His lithe figure was tensed, his eyes shone, he was leaning forward. Exotic quivered with unholy joy.

"An' when they taste that capsicum an' alum," he mused, "what a bump Brother Slappey is gwine git!"

The Brunswick stew was ladled out. The barbecue was sliced expertly and each plate piled high with generous helpings. Sicily rose.

"Ready, ev'ybody?" she called.

"Gal, us is!"

"Then"—Exotic could see the triumphant gleam in Florian's eyes—"commence!"

Nineteen forks speared nineteen crispy slices of barbecued meat. Nineteen mouths opened, and nineteen sets of teeth closed eagerly on nineteen dainty morsels.

Florian Slappey was smiling in anticipation of his triumph. Exotic Hines was tensed for the explosion. And then something very queer happened. A great shout arose and shook the room. Nineteen superlatively happy colored persons voiced undiluted pleasure:

"This heah is the grandest barbecue that was ever cooked!"

Exotic Hines blinked. He choked. He grasped the table and stared about. The room swam before his gaze.

They were eating the barbecue! They were consuming it with enthusiastic relish! And the sauce

Someone raised a shout, demanding to know who had prepared this dish. And it was then that Mr. Florian Slappey came forward with the maître d'hôtel. He announced himself as the concocter of the idea. They left their seats and gathered about him.

"Boy," wept Opus Randall, Florian's chronic enemy, "I don't know what manna tastes like, but barbecue is better!"

It was a triumph. They acclaimed Florian as a superman and vowed eternal allegiance and friendship. And when they stepped back and gave him breathing space, Mr. Slappey turned to the pop-eyed Exotic Hines.

"You ain't eatin' yo' barbecue, Exotic," he said. "Ain't it good?"

Mr. Hines blinked. Florian spoke suavely:

"You must of thought us was terrible dumb, Mistuh Hines. Time we come back the chef cook tol' us that somebody had been in the kitchen an' I got a hunch who it was. So I tasted that sauce you fixed."

He moved closer to the stricken cameraman and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"It was lucky," he observed, "that the sauce had only been put on one piece of meat. The others wasn't yet touched when we found out about yo' li'l' scheme. It was real thoughtful of you to try to he'p me out, an' of course I di'n't want nothin' to go to waste, so ——"

His speech was interrupted by a strangled howl, and then another. The door of the private dining room was flung violently back and two wild-eyed figures catapulted into the room. President Latimer and Director Clump were laboring under high excitement and considerable agony. They leaped forward with eyes blazing and hands clasped over tortured mouths.

"It was thisaway, Exotic," finished Mr. Slappey. "I didn't want to see that good barbecue wasted. So the piece what you fixed I sent in to President Latimer and Director Clump with your compliments!"

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YOU'LL call it a miracle, too, when you see the New Easy Washer with its two tubs—one tub that washes and another tub that dries—both working at once.

Let us show you next wash-day how quickly, gently and easily a washing can really be done. You'll see the New Easy wash and damp-dry at the same time. You'll see a batch of clothes as large as sixteen double sheets handled at one time—eight sheets washed while eight more are dried.

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You'll see each piece come out spotlessly clean, without a single button broken off or a single hard-to-iron wrinkle put in. Gentle though your own careful hands may be in handling the clothes, the New Easy is even more gentle.

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See all these wonders, right in your own home. Thousands of women already have opened their eyes in pleased surprise at this remarkable washing machine. Don't wait a minute longer. Just phone the nearest Easy dealer, and on your next wash-day the New Easy will be on the job at your home. You don't have to pay anything or promise anything. Should you wish to keep the Easy, all you do is make a small down payment and it stays right there.

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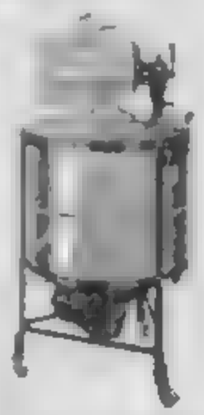

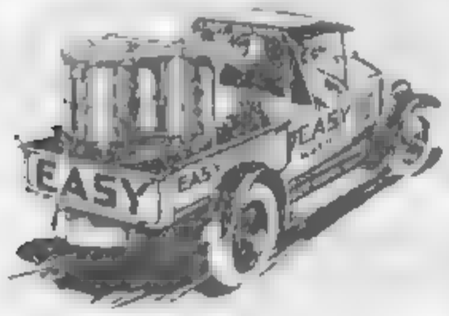

EASY WASHER

Some people just *won't* clean their sidewalks!

So you had better wear rubbers. That is the only SURE *way to keep your feet warm and dry and your shoes dry and clean when outdoors in winter.*

JUST as sure as snow comes in winter, there is bound to be at least one lot that you have to pass where the snow is not cleaned off the sidewalk.

You can probably name off-hand a dozen places where you always have either to plunge through cold, wet snow or try to step in the tracks of those who have gone before you and tramped down the snow.

You don't like to do either. But still you "hate to wear rubbers."

Do you hate to wear rubbers worse than you hate having soggy stockings, wet shoes or cold, damp feet? Do you hate them more than you do taking quinine?

Better be sensible and get yourself some overshoes—rubbers for wet weather and galoshes for cold weather. And when you get them, *wear* them.

Do you enjoy outdoor sports? There are all sorts of Ball-Band rubber, woolen and leather footwear for hunting, skiing, fishing, tobogganing. For indoor and summer sports our regular canvas sport shoes are the thing.

Look for the Red Ball trade mark

Ask for Ball-Band and look for the Red Ball trade mark. Then you will have rubbers that fit and look well and that will give you *more days wear.* The high gloss finish on Ball-Band light rubbers and arctics preserves their new appearance.

For two generations millions of people have bought *more days wear* in rubber and woolen footwear by making sure that the Red Ball trade mark was on every pair.

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CLASSICS OF A RING RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 40)

with fifty cents for a three-dollar one or start a rush for the choice places after the main-bout fighters are in the ring.

Many a time I have given out seats to friends and found myself in the ring ready to fight and forced to watch my friends being ousted from their seats in an argument with a rowdy whose idea of right was might. All that hurts the game—hurts it badly.

I never fought under Rickard, but, in my judgment, he ranks with Campbell on the score of management; and were that not so the fight crowd would still be the hoodlum mob that once it was.

In my day proper handling of the crowd was important to me because it offered Stip and myself opportunity to gauge the percentage amount which should come to us for our services. There were very few promoters whose figures convinced me at all.

These thoughts are recited solely to add facts to your knowledge of the ring as I knew it. Perish the thought, as my chorus-girl friend used to say, that it is all fighting!

However, as champion, Stip and I did save a little money. Stip bought a home in Indianapolis for his mother and once again he enlarged the diamond ring that held first place in his mellow heart. I had some $15,000 laid away after making three fights as champion.

It is, perhaps, interesting to note that when I had felt the sea of defeat envelop me, and finally opened my eyes to the light of day as I sprawled, helpless, on the floor of a ring, that $15,000 had shrunk to exactly $14,787. My last ten fights had cost me money because of the freedom with which a champion spends!

But on with the tale!

In order that our title might not be at stake every time we fought, we dickered a good deal on the matter of weight. We would fight anybody desired, but not at championship weight—a sheer subterfuge to hang on to our belt at any cost. The result was that we found ourselves fighting against men heavier by pounds than I was. We played continuously the game of trickery.

I recall one battle that came perilously close to a grudge affair. The man I fought was pounds above the limit of my class, but used the fact that I would not make weight for him as the medium of much publicity, all of which criticized me. The truth was that he himself could not have made the class weight by any means short of a leg amputation.

But the old ballyhoo built up a lot of interest and, in me, not a little ire. When we crossed gloves in the ring I told this gentle customer frankly that I intended pasting him to a fare-thee-well.

A Light Purse for Heavy Work

The result was instantaneous. He started a foot race that angered me more than anything else could have done. All he did was run away from me and hide behind his own arms. I spent the entire fight chasing him and growing more and more angry. Finally, with the end of the bout but ten seconds away, he straightened from his crouch, assumed a most ferocious attitude and expression, did a meaningless little dance and said, "Now come to it, you big bum!"

If I repeated now exactly what I told him then it would be deleted. Suffice it to say that I would have no score for complaint if it were deleted. I threw one real punch at that leaping leopard's chin, missed, careened into the ropes and was hung out like Mrs. Murphy's wash when the final bell clattered. On the strength of that, which did not help matters a bit, they gave the other fellow the decision!

There ensued a hue and cry for a battle between us at weight. I finally agreed, made the weight, the fight was billed as a championship affair and we met. The long-legged runner climbed into the ring that second time looking like an anæmic eel and still six pounds above the weight limit. He was literally steamed down until his ribs had the appearance of a topographical map of the Alps. I knocked him out in a round because he was too weak to run that time.

Although I had been guaranteed $7500 for the bout, I collected but $3000 because it was not a championship affair! The fact that the customers had fallen, and paid their money the same as though the belt had hung on the result, weighed not at all in the scruples of the conscientious promoters! My opponent had come in overweight. The fact cost me $4500. Frankly, it also accounted for his knock-out in the first round. But that is old stuff now.

Joe Welling—and what a little wonder man of the ring he was—recently dined with me and we talked much of fights. Joe met them all, and is, I think, now instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club.

"You remember Blank?" he said, mentioning a lad who later became lightweight champion.

"Sure—a good boy, too," I agreed.

The Boy Who Wasn't Ready

"Did I ever tell you about my fight with him? That was a sweetheart! I was over in Jersey training when a wire comes asking me to fight this kid. I needed money, too; and I was in great shape.

"I wired yes and named a price. The promoters agreed and I got all set, had the dough spent, pretty near—you know, a promise is almost like cash, and this promise put me on Easy Street.

"Three hours before I was to take the train I got a wire telling me the fight was off. I went out, ate a whale of a meal and drank three glasses of beer. The next morning I get a wire that the fight is on again, and to come a-runnin'.

"Well, I went—slept in a berth the night before the fight. When I get there this kid's manager comes to me and says: 'Joe, this lad is only a kid. Carry him along. Don't break his heart. This is a nice shot for you We knew you'd pack the house, that's why we sent for you. But the kid ain't ready for as tough a boy as you yet.'

"Well," Joe continued, "there ain't any sense in pastin' a kid just for the fun of pastin' him, so I come out at the first bell and fiddle a little, not thinkin' much about the kid. What does he do but bend one over my whiskers that dropped me deader'n a mackerel!

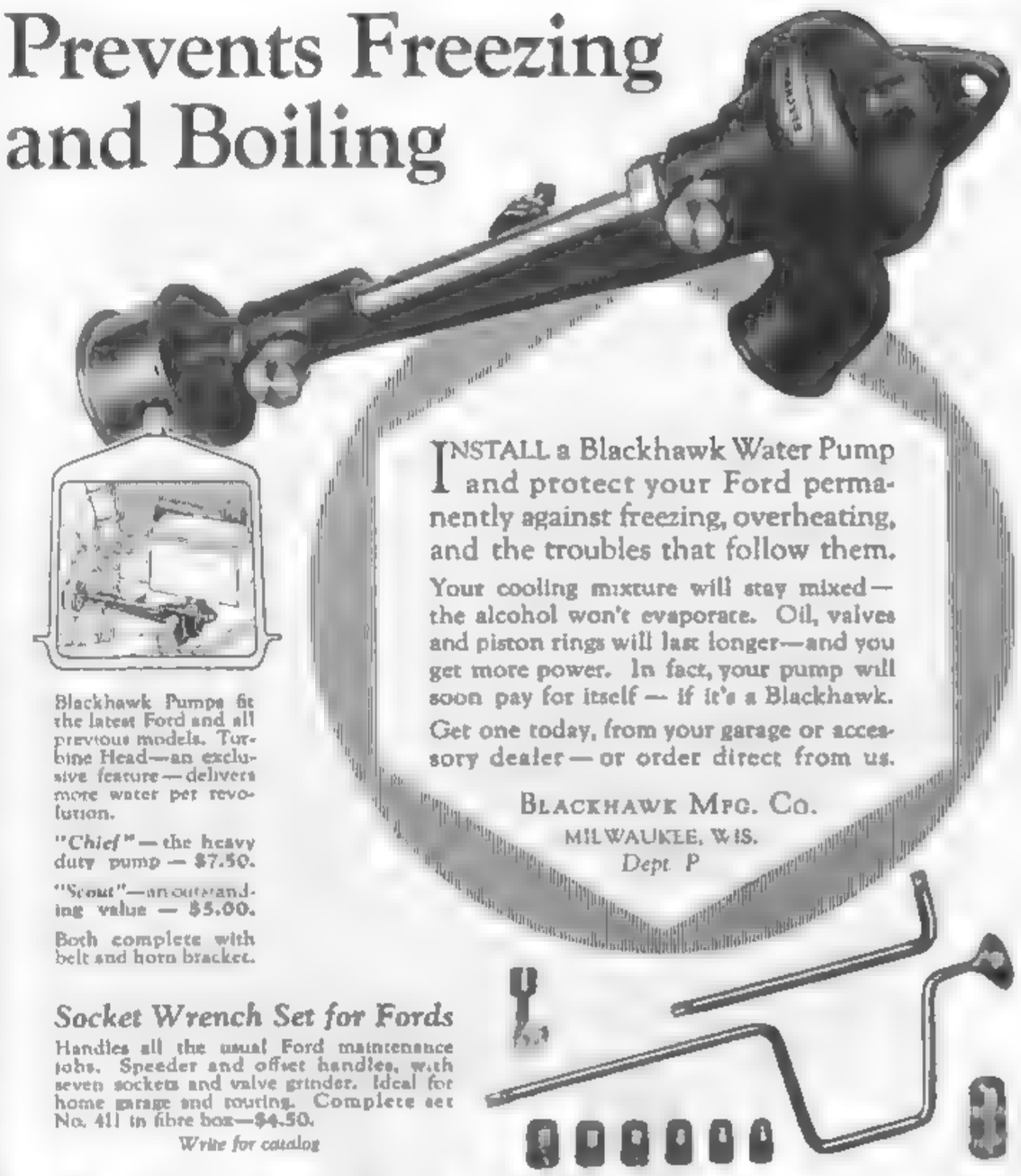
"I'm up at nine, but don't know it myself. I went the ten with that kid on bluff alone. All he had to do was step in and finish me. I remember only half the fight. I took a sweet pasting that night, and the next day I says to myself, 'Joe,' I says, 'the next time somebody ships you a gentle palooka that ain't ready for you yet, run like hell.'"

Joe bore no ill will, despite the fact that he had been, so to speak, struck by the serpent he had shielded. That is characteristic of knights of the whirling mitt.

Smiling proof of their unwillingness to cause others trouble of a lasting nature is found in the experience of a truly famous boxer a number of years ago. He had permitted himself to invest in the leaping dominoes—got into a game of craps where some skilled colored gentry were earnestly endeavoring to make ends meet.

The colored gentry succeeded at the boxer's expense. When the latter became convinced that something more potent than mere hard luck was against him, he took one of the fortunate darkies to task. In the instantaneous mêlée which ensued the fighter narrowly escaped with his life. They all, of course, knew that he was a

Prevents Freezing and Boiling



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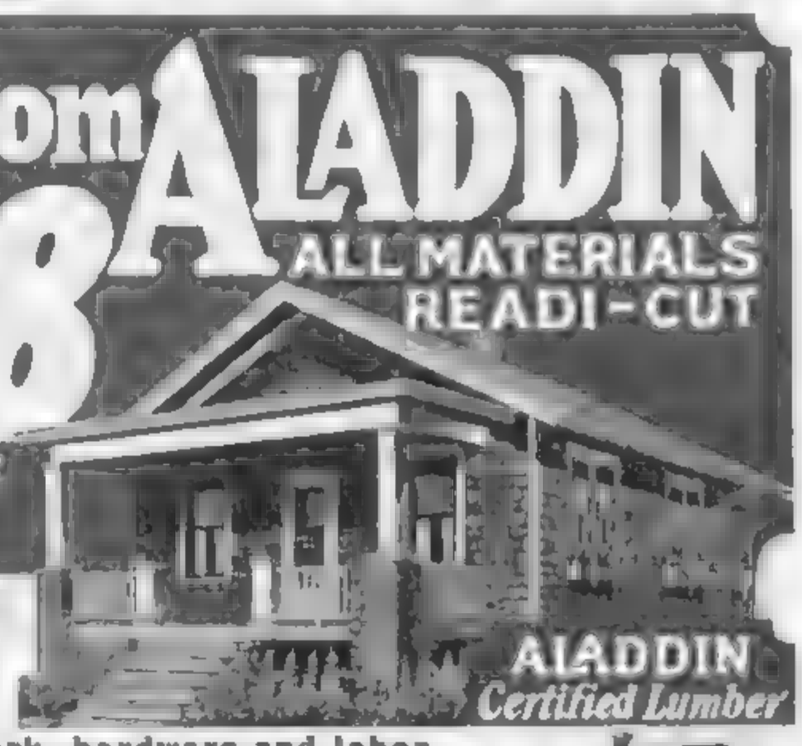

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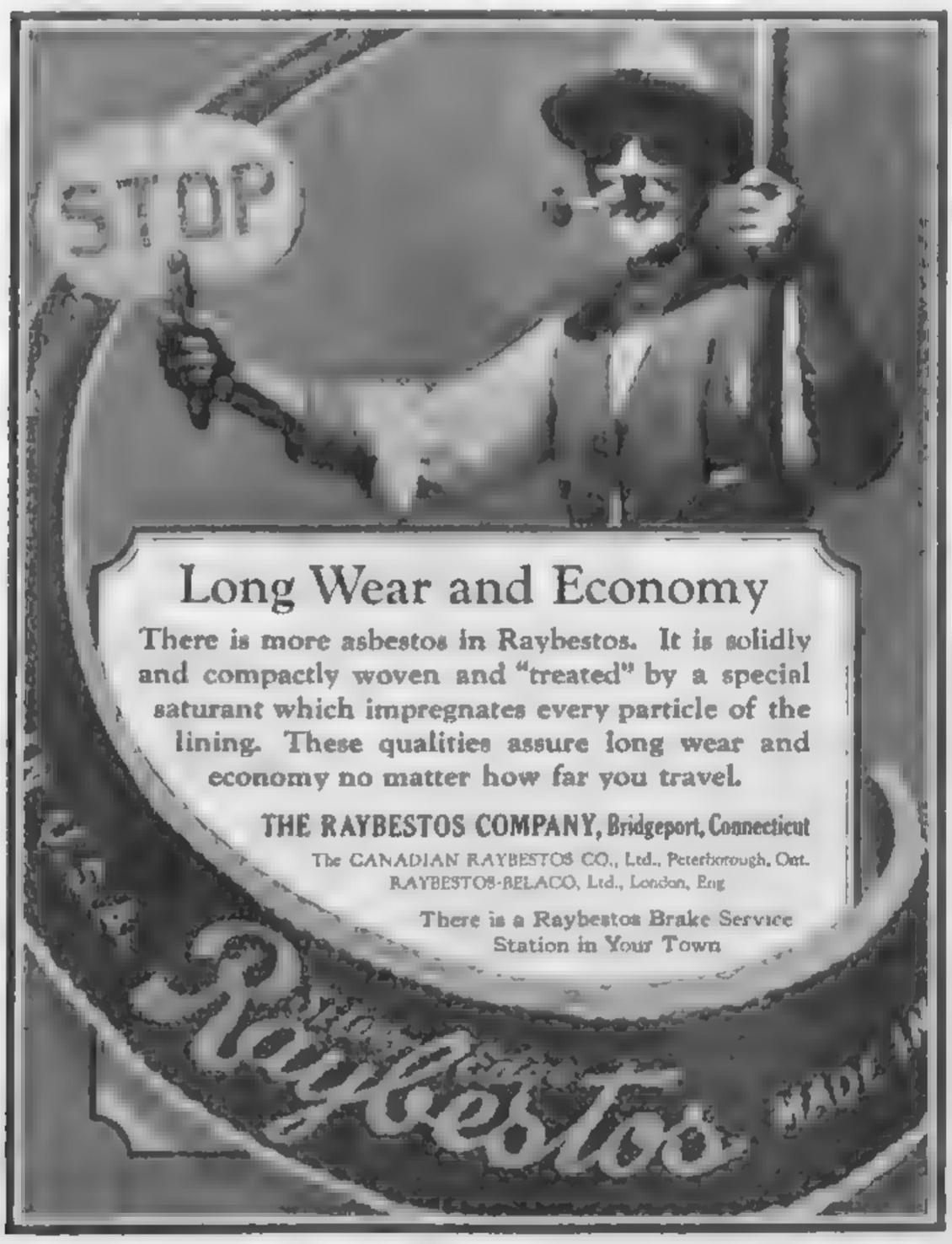
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fighter, and armed themselves with any available weapon to offset his fighting skill. One darky had recourse to his national weapon, and the fighter soon found himself bleeding freely from a cut jaw. The edge of an assertive razor had narrowly missed his throat! The darkies fled.

Later that night, after the fighter had seen his wound cared for by a physician, the police came to him and took him to a station house for the purpose of identifying his assailants. The fighter went quite willingly.

There were his colored friends. The toils of the law had woven about them. It but remained for the police to procure positive identification and their case was complete. The darky who had used the razor seemed to hold a particular appeal for the fighter. He walked toward him, gazing intently into his frightened face.

"Know this coon?" the desk sergeant demanded officiously.

The fighter went closer, ran a speculative hand over the fresh plaster on his cheek, cocked an eye uncertainly

Then he swung a sledge-hammer right square to the black chin of the barber unrestrained. The darky, as the fighter said later, went out like a light.

Before any could speak the fighter turned to the uniformed officer. "It ain't him, sarge," he lamented. "I never seen that darky before in my life!"

It is a good man who can take his medicine like a man, and that ability is characteristic of fighters.

Nevertheless, I should have been wise to follow the excellent advice Joe Welling offered in several of the bouts during my reign as champ. Those were hard days. But they were the same sort of thing that I have already told you about, so I will not dwell upon them. My risks were enhanced by possession of the title. Life for me became a saturnalia of elbows, hair, heads, shoulders, thumbs and the palms of gloves, to say nothing of the legitimate savagery of a man laying his all upon the altar of fame and fortune.

Shortly a promoter of vision sent up a ballyhoo that I could beat the champion of the weight class above me. His idea seemed to be that I fought only heavier men anyway, and that my speed against the other champion's strength and courage would make the ring spectacle of a generation.

Out for a Larger Crown

I was all for that. My title would not be at stake and the purse might be, for those days, a huge one. It took time to build the thing up, but the promoter was patient. Stip showed still his immense confidence in me. Defeat, he believed, was not for me.

Ultimately the match was made and we established our training camps. My pleasantest recollection of all that training grind was the ability of Harry Monroe with a harmonica. Night after night we sat about the camp and Harry played his harmonica and sang. It took the edge off the grind.

"You will be a double champ," Stip would assure me when I grew restive and doubtful. "You will paste this large bum right off'n his shoe leather. He ain't got only two hands!"

This time our campaign was one which never considered gaining a knock-out victory. We knew that the opposition would have from nine to fourteen pounds' weight advantage and that he was stronger than I by city blocks. Thus we hung everything upon the one peg of speed and tricks. Ours was to win by decision.

The fight took place in an open-air arena and during the afternoon of a holiday. The sun was bright and warm, and we tossed a coin for selection of corners. We lost the toss and were forced to take the corner upon which the sun shone brightest.

Stip rubbed a little mud on my cheek bones so that the bright rays would not blind me in the ring. He greased my face illegally, and the referee caught him and with a towel rubbed the grease off my countenance. Stip promptly put it back and we got away with it.

The fight was scheduled for longer than I ever before had fought, but I felt so supremely confident and in such excellent condition that the fact did not impress me. Betting was heavily against me on the score that "a good little man cannot beat a good big man."

I do not think I did much of anything in the first five rounds. My left worked steadily to the other champion's face and he was easy to hit. But hitting him, I must confess, was like pelting a brick wall with feathers.

Once, in that time, he threw his right-hand punch, and what a killer it was! I blocked it easily. Tossed my left up and caught the blow in midair, then stepped in with a wicked right to the body. But my right never landed! The force of his punch bent my defending arm as it might have a reed.

His fist crashed through my guard, caught me above the ear and spun me around. How that lad could hit! After that experience I allotted many, many rounds to a process of terpsichorean fantasy. I thanked my Maker for good feet and legs, and my experience for a million tricks with which to avoid sudden death. At times the ring seemed to me to be about the size of a shoe box in its infancy.

The Great Ring Mystery

My left speared his face and I brought blood from his nose. Finally one of his eyes began to swell. I took a chance midway through the fight with a one-two punch. I landed it, and I know it hurt him, for it cut his eye; but he countered even then with a punch that must have sent a thrill through my entire genealogical line.

Every time he hit me I lost all track of dates, rounds and stock-market quotations. It was like stepping around a corner suddenly and being gripped by a terrific wind. I felt it all over, no more at the point of impact than everywhere else!

Dance, dance, dance! I must have covered miles under that hot sun. And I was winning, in spite of everything. I was far ahead on points. My left hand beat a tattoo on his face that kept the gore running in a most impressive manner. I was not tired—was certain that I could avoid danger all afternoon and fairly romp home with a decision.

So much did this belief appear true that the betting around the ringside shifted from ten to three on the heavier champion to ten to eight. With the glorious end but four rounds away, the inglorious one overtook me.

If I could tell you just how it happened I would explain to myself what has ever been a mystery to me. I recall always, in this connection, the words of the champion I had beaten: "I never expected to lose."

I certainly never expected to lose that hot afternoon. I had the fight perfectly in hand. Stip's face was wrinkled into its well-known grin of victory. The battling had become almost mechanical, and Stip told me just before the debacle that many of the fans had already risen and were making for handy exits, assured now that the last four rounds would be as the procession before them, and that I would win.

I was stronger, I think, than midway through the battle. My legs were in perfect shape; my hands ached but a very little, my second wind had proved inexhaustible and I was certain that I knew every trick that lad had in his bag.

Take my place for a moment and let me tell you what I saw. Then you tell me what happened.

At the opening of the final round both of us were up at the bell. The floor of the ring was stained with blood and a good deal of water had splashed from soaked heads during the Marathon fight we had staged. I had that constantly in mind, for I feared slipping. During that bout I consumed the juice of seven oranges, and once I had kicked an orange seed out of the ring as we fought, and that for fear of suddenly lost footing. *(Continued on Page 185)*

The Romany Road

The carefree road that leads to the fulfillment of immortal longings . .

Adventure. Romance. Beauty. Escape for a little while from the dull sameness of succeeding days . . .

For thousands this summer the road will end somewhere among the painted peaks of the Rockies

And for the largest group of all, it is significant, the road again will be the Burlington.

' ' ' '

The Burlington has become the National Park Line, the nation's largest carrier of summer tourists to the Rockies, *for a reason.*

This railroad has always regarded this part of its work as a great and important public service.

For years it has co-operated with the National Park Service, with local transportation companies, with hotels and dude ranches, in opening the playgrounds of the Rockies

It has helped to make low cost vacations possible for millions The railroad fare in summer is only slightly more than half-fare for the round trip to Rocky Mountain points. In Yellowstone the cost of the 4½ day tour has increased only $2 in twenty years Good accommodations may be had in Colorado today for as low as $17 a week

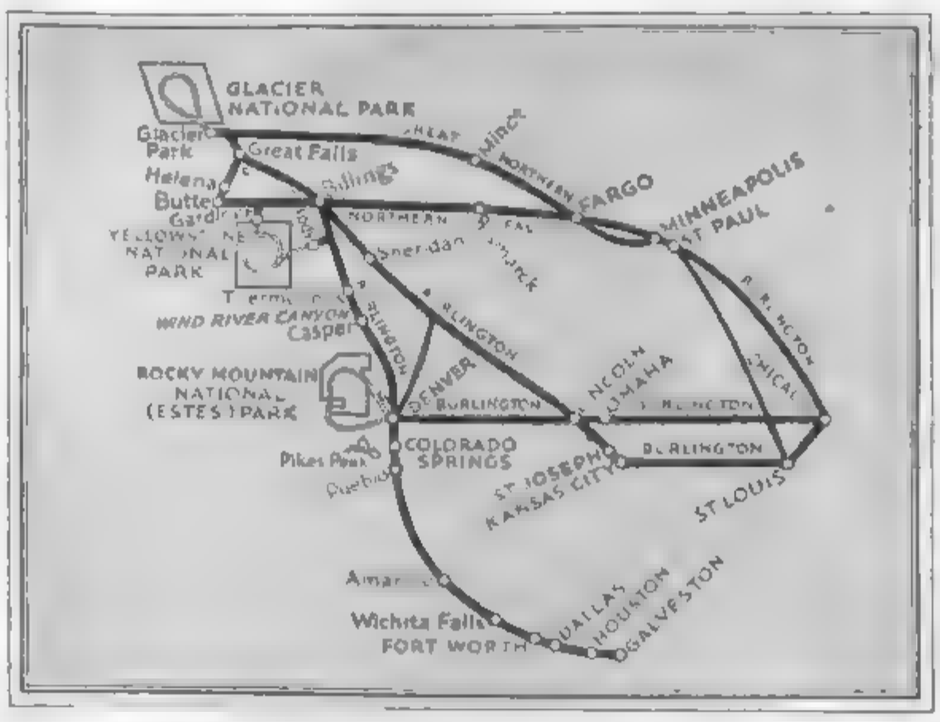
The Burlington follows the Rockies for 1200 glorious miles It links up three great Parks Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park in Scenic Colorado, Yellowstone National Park, and Glacier National Park—giving thousands each year an opportunity to see two or three Parks for only a little more than the rail cost for seeing one. This complete service to the Rockies (see map) is matched by no other railroad

Recently the Burlington introduced Burlington Escorted Tours. On these tours travelers are not only taken to the Parks, but are accompanied by a travel expert who looks after every travel detail at actual cost.

' ' ' '

Year after year the Burlington is called upon to handle a sudden rush of tourist travel during the summer months. Unfailingly this railroad has been ready with the men, the equipment and the experience which enables it to care for this tremendous peak load with smoothness and efficiency

This spirit of doing all work well and **with enthusiasm has made the Chicago,** Burlington & Quincy Railroad a successful railroad for 75 years It has served the nation at work and at play with a constant competence that, quite naturally, has not failed of recognition.



Note how the Burlington offers you the opportunity of seeing two or more of the great national parks on one economical circle trip at only slightly more than the rail cost of seeing one Only the Burlington offers the combination of routes which makes this possible

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

As the hurricane-proof house would look in wood siding.

Build to Withstand Hurricane Winds

The Miami house is stuccoed to conform to the style there.

TWO rules only need you observe to make your home proof against the sustained fury of a hurricane. Frame your house of Southern Pine—the supreme structural wood of the world. Follow the long recognized Fifteen Points of good construction. Then let winds blow!

These Fifteen Points are incorporated in a house now being erected by the Southern Pine Association in Miami, Florida, with the co-operation of the Miami Lumbermen's Credit Bureau, the Associated General Contractors and the Architectural League of Greater Miami.

Several of the all-important Fifteen Points are shown in this engineer's drawing of one corner of the frame of the Miami house. Notice (1) how the sill is anchored, bolted, to the foundation. The sub-floors (2) run diagonally and at right angles to each other. There is corner bracing (3) and the braces are cut into the studs. The rafters (4) are anchored to the main frame. Consult your architect. He will endorse this common-sense construction which characterizes structures that have stood the storms of many decades.

*
These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 18 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.

Any home, whether in storm-swept areas or not, deserves good construction of this character. You can finish your home as you wish—wood siding, stucco or brick veneer—but do not slight its frame. In one laboratory alone—the Forest Products Laboratory under government direction at Madison, Wisconsin—130,000 tests prove the structural strength of Southern Pine.

At any lumber yard east of the Rocky Mountains you can buy Southern Pine and you can buy today with greater confidence than ever before. *You can tell it by its trade-mark. You can judge it by its grade-mark—the grades being in accord with American Lumber Standards.

The Fifteen Points of Hurricane-proof Construction are in book form. The book is free. Write for it today. If you plan, build or intend to own a home, get this booklet—Fifteen Points—now.

As the hurricane-proof house would look in brick veneer.

Arrangements have been made to furnish plans and specifications of the hurricane-proof house for the nominal sum of Ten Dollars.

Southern Pine Association
136 Interstate Building
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SOUTHERN PINE—*THE SUPREME STRUCTURAL WOOD* OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 182)

The other lad pressed in close and I speared him with a left to the face, stepped back against the ropes and rolled along to safety. He shot two wild rights which missed by inches—almost feet. I caught his right hand in midair and pressed it back in the hope of twisting his shoulder. That failed and I dropped two ripping lefts to his battered face.

Then I was back at the ropes again, and I rolled toward safety, as he was too strong and too heavy to clinch with often. I saw, suddenly, his right hand starting over his shoulder. I had avoided a thousand such punches all afternoon. At first the glove looked small. I saw it during all its sweeping drive for my head.

I slipped aside, but the glove seemed to follow me. I ducked the other way and still it followed me. It was as though my chin had suddenly become magnetized and was attracting the blow with a relentless power.

Fear gripped me—sudden fear that that blow was going to land. Then I felt his left hand hit my shoulder and the force of the blow straightened me. The little right was little no longer. It was big, and growing bigger and getting closer with a terrific speed.

I went suddenly helpless—had the feeling that I was deliberately standing there waiting for the big wallop to land. The whole thing could have consumed no more than a fraction of a second, yet it seemed hours to me. It was like a slow-motion picture. I was paralyzed.

I set my jaw for the impact, rolled with the blow. But it was to no avail. The big crusher got over. There came to me a terrible sense of numbness that hit every portion of my body at one and the same instant.

A mighty flash of red-and-yellow fire streamed upward into the heavens and seemed to me to form itself into a scintillating ball and there expand and contract. In a foolish manner I thought I might be looking into the sun, and I remember hazily trying to get its blinding light out of my eyes.

But it was not the sun—I could see that now. For it drew farther and farther from me, and finally became but a pin point a million miles away; a fiery pin point that glared from Stygian blackness. Then it burst into inky darkness that reached down and engulfed me completely.

Nine—and Out!

The next thing I saw was a gigantic affair that fluttered above me. The darkness had turned into gray gloom and this terrible creature of the night gyrated there over my face. It might have been a hovering nocturnal vulture.

But no; it waved in synchronous rhythm, I saw now. Up and down, up and down; and then to my ears came its voice, attuned to its mechanical and awful fluttering—a weird sort of voice that chanted a solemn requiem.

This realization was followed by a strange tingling in my feet that crept quickly upward along my legs. They might have been asleep, I thought.

The gray gloom thinned again and it was almost day, and the evil fluttering thing above me assumed more distinct contour. It was a hand—a vast hand, with one finger pointed outward from the others, and it was rising and falling.

The gray was gone and it was day. I caught sight of a rope and the chant became clear:

"Five. . . . Six ——"

I was down on the floor of the ring! I was being counted out! A rush of returning intelligence roused me. I fought to rise, but I could not find my arms. I seemed in several pieces, none of them connected.

My legs still tingled and I drew them under me, knowing that if I could manage to rise I could totter through the round and then Stip would haul me from the clutch of defeat. My legs worked now. My mind was as clear as the tone of a silver bell. I saw all and I knew all, but my arms were still paralyzed.

It occurred to me that I must get my legs under me and then straighten up. That would start the count again; at least, give me another ten seconds of rest. But my torso, like my arms, was nowhere to be found! There was no feeling there; it refused to respond.

"—— Seven. . . . Eight ——"

Only one more count and I must be up. I remember that tears came and I babbled to the referee that he was counting too fast and that there had been some foolish mistake. I asked him to wait, please, just for a second or two.

"—— Nine—and out!" I heard those fatal words while I was still trying desperately to get my legs under me and to locate my arms and body. I learned afterward that I had slithered over the ring floor like some giant salamander.

The Silence of Defeat

The champion stood above me and I saw his battered and bleeding face alight with the smile of victory. He slipped his hands under my arms and raised me upward. My tingling legs wabbled weirdly and my arms dangled helpless, though I could see them and knew that they were mine.

"Great kid!" the champion greeted as Stip joined him at my side. "Ain't he a beaut though?"

Stip was silent. He threw my robe over my shoulders and half dragged me to the little chair which I had left but a minute before with victory so firmly in my grasp. There he gave me smelling salts and a little spirits of ammonia.

Only a few of the curious were at my corner. Across the ring was the crowd, and I was glad—glad as I could be. I felt infinitely weary and downcast and ashamed. I abhorred the crowd.

A doctor came and asked me how I felt.

"Strong enough," I muttered honestly, "to knock your block off if you mess around here much with that black bag!"

"I guess you'll live, all right," he grinned, and, very sensibly, left.

Stip and I had no trouble getting out of the ring and to our dressing room after this fight. The way was open to us. Just a few of the curious who could not get near the victor remained along the aisle to shoot wondering glances at me as I passed in defeat.

Stip went first and made way for us. I came behind him, and bringing up the rear was a little fellow we had used for towel swinging in the corner.

We got to the room with its rough board walls and I stretched out on the rubbing bench. Nothing had been said as yet. Neither of us had spoken a word. I heard Stip's voice now, terse, tense, brief. I glanced back and he was paying the towel swinger twenty dollars for his afternoon's work. The lad took it as a dismissal and left us alone.

Liniment bottles rattled in the traveling bag we had brought to the arena. Stip came to me and cut off my boxing gloves, which he threw rather violently into a corner. Still we did not speak.

I felt the coarse surface of a Turkish towel on my back and shoulders, then the pungent odor of liniment, and after that the touch of Stip's curative palms and fingers. Also I felt the ring on his left hand and somehow it struck a deep chord in me. Perhaps the ring would never grow bigger now!

Stip rubbed me with his usual care. I can see now the genuine affection that actuated him. All during the rub there was not a word spoken between us. Once I was on the point of speaking, when I felt a hot tear fall on my naked back. After that words were as scarce as ducks in the public library. I had never known Stip to cry before.

I was half dressed when another doctor rapped at the door and asked if all was well with me. Stip answered the summons and

Keeps Your Hair Neat—
Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

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Get my special introductory price on this wonder of wonders new electric fireless cooker range. Better yet, let me send you this range upon 30 days' approval test so that you can cook and bake and find out just how wonderful it really is. Read my offer below.

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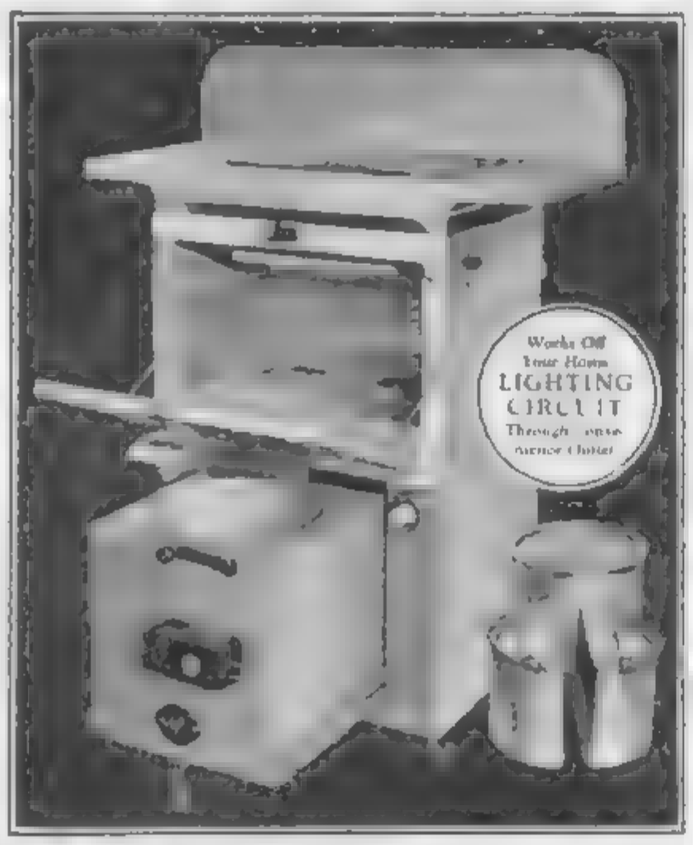
The same wires that light your home will do all your cooking. You will be surprised at how little it costs. Electricity in the oven turns on and off automatically.



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The automatic control insuring steady, even heat uniformly distributed to all sides, top and bottom of the oven takes all the uncertainty out of baking. Once you use this range you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Easy payments.

Current is used only about one-third of the time. Set the oven control for the heat desired and the automatic regulator keeps the heat at the same temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—always just right for best baking and roasting results. Oven door, large cooking top and splasher back made entirely of aluminum. Range beautifully finished with French Gray enamel. Large electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Takes up no extra room in your kitchen—also *automatically* controlled. Put in your cooking—turn on the electricity, when the right cooking heat is reached the electricity automatically shuts off and the cooking continues. Money saving—time saving—cooks foods better.

Write Today and Get My Special Offer

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THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 1015 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio
Manufacturers of a full line of electric kitchen cooking equipment

the question chronologically. For the first, he opened the door; for the second, he closed it.

We could tell that the crowd had cleared away, because the tramp of feet over our heads had gone. All was quiet where before had reigned the vociferous excitement of the fight mob. It was better that way.

I still sat on the rubbing bench, and Stip opened a bottle of turpentine and went to bathing the tape marks from my hands. The hands had perspired a good deal and the marks were thick and black. The turpentine seemed to burn my flesh, I remember.

We took all the time we could. I remember wishing that it was night and that we could sulk away from the scene of my defeat in a cloak of friendly darkness.

Ultimately there came another knock on the door. Still neither my little helper nor myself had spoken a word. Again Stip answered the summons, and it was a hack driver with whom we had arranged to take us to our hotel after the fight.

"I'm still waitin', chief—want me to wait?"

Stip nodded affirmation and closed the door. After that he went about packing up our few effects.

I caught up a piece of the tape which had been removed from my hands and pulled it apart, my eyes refusing to move about the room for fear they might encounter Stip's. There was a lassitude about Stip, I could see. He moved listlessly, uncomprehendingly.

Finally, when there was absolutely nothing more to keep us in that unhappy room, I went to the door and pulled it open. One or two boys stood around curiously and the hackman was there with his carriage. Stip and I had laughed at his crow-bait horse as it dragged us joltingly out to the arena. We did not laugh now. The horse had simply discovered defeat ahead of us.

We jumped into the hack and slammed the aged door after us. In there, we simply had to look at each other. In a sudden burst of false courage I looked up, a manufactured grin on my swollen lips. Stip's eyes met mine and for a moment we looked at each other. I meant to say something, but somehow I did not.

New Recruits in a Large Army

I saw Stip's lips moving—words there which would not articulate. Into his eyes came tears again—tears that were frank and unashamed. I looked away because I had to, and by way of hopeless expression I slapped a hand on his knee and squeezed very hard.

Suddenly I saw his left hand, the blatant diamond aglow even in the gloom of the cab, jerk upward. His right hand caught it and for a moment he twirled the beloved ring between his fingers. That old caress of his. That pride of ownership combined with loving admiration!

Then he slipped the ring off his finger and held it out to me, his eyes swimming with tears, a look of earnest supplication on his browned face. "Take it, kid," he begged—"take 'er along. I'd like fer you to have it. I been plannin' on that right along."

Unto me, in defeat, Stip gave even more than he had in victory!

And, after all, what is victory? Some of life's greatest victories are defeats in their making. The heavier champion must have sensed something of that when, in a spirit worthy of so true a sportsman and so great a fighter, he came to us at the hotel.

He stepped into the room and held his hand toward me. The very hand it was which had toppled me into a sea of defeat. "A great fight, kid. More power to you. I'm glad I won and sorry you lost. There's darn few guys that'll lick you." Magnanimously he turned to Stip: "Hello, old-timer. You done a good job too."

Stip accepted his hand and grinned. His voice was a bit husky as he spoke, had in it a sort of croaking note. But his eyes glowed as they swept in appraising glance the face of the victor. "I bet," he jeered unafraid, "that no guy takin' a peek at your dial will pick you fer a winner! What a pastin' you got all afternoon!"

Credit the champion with the fact that he burst into laughter and slapped Stip's narrow shoulders in delight. Then he turned to me and winked. That wink has always appealed to me as one of the greatest tributes ever paid my Stip.

There I would like to have my story end. From that point on I would like to be submerged in the glamour of the future. For right there both Stip and myself enlisted in the great army of has-beens and there we have both remained, and would continue to remain.

True, I was still a champion in my class. But I had been defeated. I had tasted at last of the great abyss; learned that vital lesson that nowhere on earth can be found the one best man, because none such exists. Any man can be replaced.

A Game for Men

A new world opened to me, and that has no part of these articles. But you may think of Stip as wearing again the wrinkled smile that you have become acquainted with while we were champions. It returned as life opened to him.

But the diamond, that diamond which, had we been champions throughout eternity, never could have grown as great as the heart of its owner—has gone.

From the rubbing table Stip rose to a little desk before a littler chair, and there undertook a task at which he was destined to succeed. His job grew as had the diamond in our old ring days.

There came a day when men asked Stip for direction in the ways of commerce. He had made good, just as I knew that he would. Success is a part of a man, not of a job or of chance. It is a combination of human ingredients, and Stip had the ingredients.

As his importance to his employers asserted itself Stip changed. He grew to his environment. Then one day he came to me.

"Champ," he said a little shamefacedly, "I was figuring I might git along without this ice." He held forth the mammoth ring.

"Yes?" I queried. "Going to cash in on it, Stip?"

"It ain't that so much. I don't need money, champ," he assured me. "But the thing is so big I guess it's scratchin' up all the furniture."

My hope is that these writings have made the fight game clearer to you. My belief is that, this being so, you will join with me in placing the taboo upon him who screams "Yellow" at a lad who has done his best.

It is a man's game, this fighting, and men are in it. The world needs men. Give to them the glory that is theirs. They have courage, even to try, and, remember, champions are made overnight.

Here's to the lad who would do or die,
Him that is ever game to try;
For whether he's wrong, or whether right,
At least he was there with the heart to fight.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Coe.

KRISS-KROSS
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Men!

Here's 100% Shaving Satisfaction at Last! -Just Use this Amazing New Invention and

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KRISS-KROSS marks the beginning of a new era in shaving comfort and economy. Its performance is so surprising that it seems hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper or blade-rejuvenator! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day. No longer do you find that your blades "die" after five or six shaves. KRISS-KROSS "brings 'em to life" a surprising way, week after week and month after month, and endows them with a keenness that they seldom possess when brand-new!

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But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from heavy to light. It's absolutely uncanny the way the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that your blade is ready—ready with the *keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

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AGENTS

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By W. J. Holden

WJH:LL

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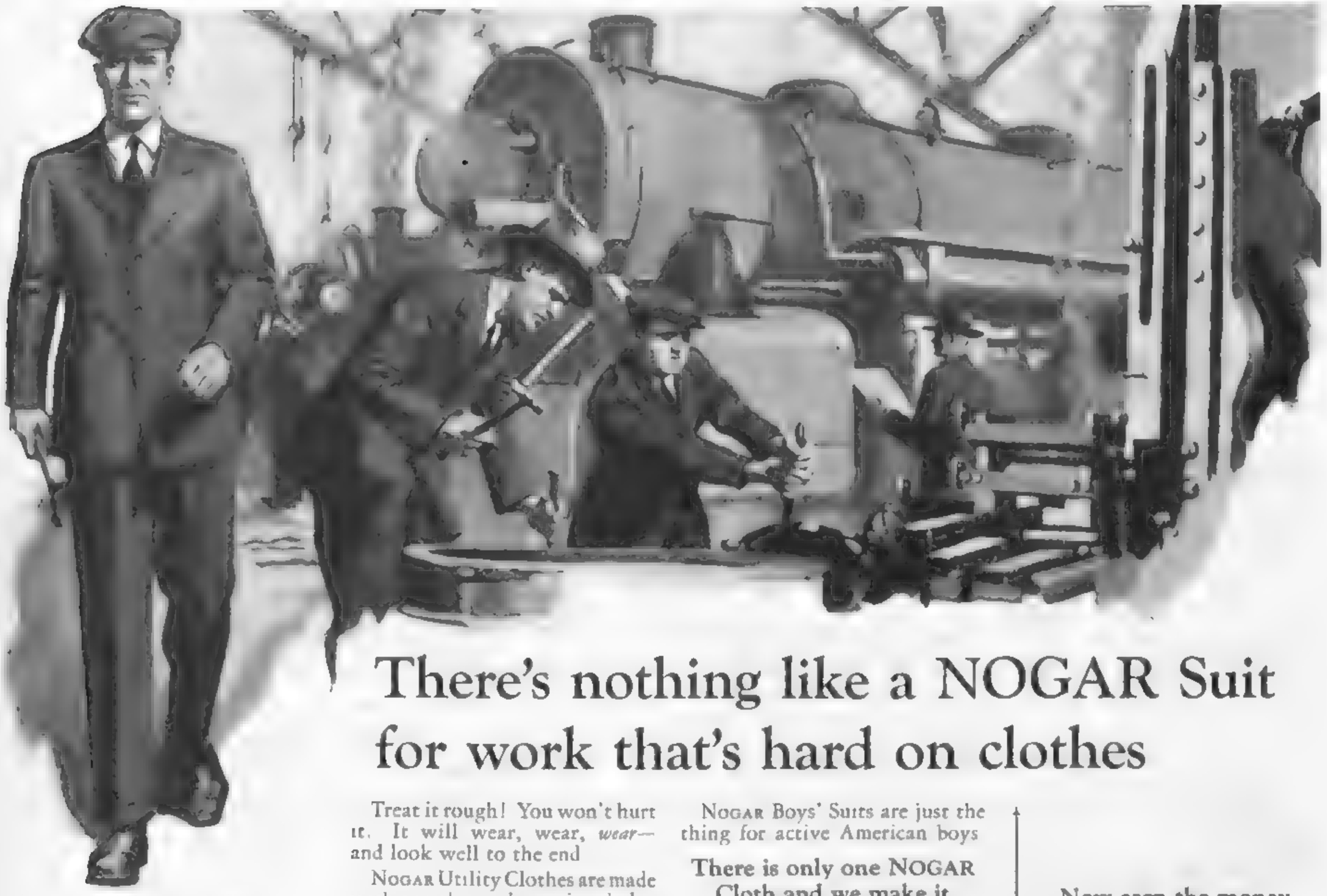

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Now earn the money you'd like to have!

Here's your opportunity and it's real

There are several million men in this country right now who will buy Nogar Suits or Topcoats as soon as they see them and learn their wonderful wear and economy

There's a prospective sale of boys' suits in every home where there is a boy

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MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

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Dept. S-2, Reading, Pa

Please send me further information about Nogar Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐ Check which you are interested in

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

He could count on one little friend to help him forget sorrow and suffering

HE was a great physician, a specialist in nervous diseases. All day long he listened to the story of suffering as a stream of broken humanity passed through his office.

He began to feel depressed himself, to lose that buoyancy of spirit that was essential to his own health and work.

He has often prescribed the song bird cure

Then a friend sent him a little golden canary with this note—"Here is a comrade whose only language is a song of pure joy. I believe you'll find his cheerfulness infectious, as I have."

The happy companionship of the little feathered friend did prove an effective antidote for the sense of depression that had been troubling him and since then he has often prescribed "the song bird cure" for others who needed cheering up.

"It always gives them a new interest and a new pleasure in life," he said.

House Your Feathered Friend in a Charming Hendryx Home

Not only will a bird help to banish dark moods, but its living quarters will add a note of distinction to the decoration of your home, if you select one of the charming new Hendryx creations. For more than half a century the Andrew B. Hendryx Company has built the best and most attractive homes for our little feathered guests, and today they continue to originate the smartest and most colorful designs.

Select one of the charming new Hendryx Homes

You can buy Hendryx designs at bird stores, house furnishing, hardware and department stores, seed stores and florists'. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00, stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Dear, dear, dear-e-e-e!" sweetly trilled the Littlest Bird. "What makes you so flirtatious this morning?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "Well, that man looked as though nobody loved him, so I just tried to cheer him up a bit," chirped the Littlest Bird.

No. 2030—One of the newest and most charming Hendryx designs comes in brass or Duco finish such as Chinese Red and Black, Ebony and Gold, National Blue and Gold, Forest Green and Gold, Salmon and Blue—stands to match.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES

Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to the Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

"I wondered whether you'd ask about him. Oh, they gave him the Pasteur treatment as soon as possible, but it wasn't soon enough. They couldn't save him. The deadly virus spread too rapidly."

"The dog died, then?"

"Oh, no, he didn't die. They simply couldn't save him. He went into the movies." —*Douglas Turney.*

Dance Music

FREE verse, I guess, is well enough
For those who chance to dwell enough
In lofty, crofty aeries of the intellectual peaks
Where esoteric mutterings
And devious Delphic utterings
Cause eyebrows of the highbrows
To be wrinkled up for weeks.
But I'm quite mid-Victorian—
A fact I rather glory in—
A votary of Rotary,
A Babbitt, I opine;
I'm fond of verse that has to it
A rhythm with some jazz to it,
I rather like a poem with a swinging, singing line!

The lays I like are numerous,
Sweet, bitter, sad or humorous,
Ingenuous or strenuous,
Or tenuous as air.
But out of all the mob of them
It is the beat and throb of them,
The chiming of the riming,
Dancing, prancing here and there,
That slips into the heart of me
And skips through every part of me,
That makes my liver quiver,
Gives a shiver to my spine,
And sets my pulses battering
And gets my feet to pattering;
I rather like a poem with a swinging, singing line!

A sort of banjo thrum to it,
Or rhythm of the drum to it,
Or flaring, blaring trumpets
Or the shrilling, trilling flute,
A meter hurdy-gurdy-like, or Wagnerian or Verdi-like;
Than meter what is sweeter?
So—most any kind will suit.
But song should have a lilt in it;
A bit of rapture spilt in it,
A glimmer and a shimmer
And a bead like bubbling wine.
So be it gay or serious,
Or simple or mysterious,
I rather like a poem with a swinging, singing line,
A gayly winging, ringing, swinging, singing
Sort of line! —*Berton Braley.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Warm *in February*

(Drawn from photograph)

Mr. H. G. Wehmann, Interlachen Park, Minneapolis, is enthusiastic over the results he has secured with Celotex. He says "Several mornings, with the weather below zero I have had to open the windows to lessen the heat. I believe I could get along with half the fuel I have been consuming . . . and last summer my home was about 20° cooler inside than on the front porch."

And you can save about ⅓ your fuel money when you build with Celotex

* * *

SEASONAL discomforts have been conquered at last! When you build with Celotex Insulating Lumber you are always comfortable in your home . . . no matter what the thermometer says outdoors.

Already more than 119,000 families are enjoying the new comfort and money-saving that Celotex brings.

For the usual building materials (wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboards, plaster, etc.) *alone*, offered too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold. Without a special heat-stopping, or insulating, material furnace heat leaked *out* and sun heat beat *in* . . . *through solid walls and roofs!*

Celotex was produced six years ago . . . to meet the great need for house insulation that would not be a costly extra in building.

INSULATION *plus structural strength.* Celotex is not cut from trees but manufactured from the toughest fibre known. It offers you properties never before available in a building material.

Cool *in July*

For Celotex *combines* effective insulation with great structural strength. Tests prove it stronger in house walls than wood and from *three* to *twenty-five* times more effective in stopping heat and cold than wood lumber, masonry and other usual wall and roof materials.

Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness. It is scientifically sterilized and waterproofed.

It *replaces* wood sheathing, lath, building paper and wallboards (see the illustration below) insulating as it builds. Thus, unlike other insulating materials Celotex adds but little to building costs.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* Celotex has made house insulation a downright economy. Its first cost is very little more than that of the materials it replaces. A smaller, less expensive heating plant is required with Celotex in the walls, ceilings and roof of a house. And year after year, Celotex can *save you from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.*

No wonder that people everywhere have eagerly accepted Celotex . . . that men who know building and building problems intimately urge the use of Celotex in *every* home. They have given this amazing material every conceivable test and approved it beyond all question.

GET ALL *the facts.* So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of them. Today's building standards demand insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

And mail the coupon below for the Celotex Building Book. Its pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean more comfort in your home and money in your pocket.

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Mills: New Orleans, Louisiana
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

How Celotex Is Used

Celotex should always be built into both walls and roofs (1) Celotex as sheathing, replaces wood lumber and building paper. Adds greater strength . . . costs no more (2) Under plaster, replacing lath. Celotex builds stronger walls and ceilings . . . less apt to crack . . . free from lath-marks (3) and (4) Celotex is used as interior finish and attic lining either in its natural tan color or decorated (5) As roof sheathing, replacing wood lumber, Celotex provides insulation where it is most needed (6) As garage lining it protects the car against freezing.

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INSULATING LUMBER

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City.....*State*.....

S. E. P.—2-5-27

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YET— *Obtainable, in an instant, at a neighbourhood store no more than a few squares away from wherever you are at the moment!*

IN some matters of social custom, there may be an option; but in chocolates it is Johnston's . . . at Palm Beach, at Del Monte, along the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, in the fashionable Park and Lexington districts of New York; on Nob Hill in San Francisco and Peachtree Street in Atlanta—wherever graceful social amenities are observed.

The Valentine Heart Package, illustrated, is one of the most popular of all assortments offered under this famous name. Many kinds of chocolates are contained, assuring variety . . . and the certainty of pleasing *her.*

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Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

PIECES OF 8 CHEST

HERS WAS THE THRILL of a TREASURE FINDER

AND of *all* thrills, what can equal that of being the first to discover something gloriously new, decidedly smart!

She first saw it — the Pieces of 8 Chest—in her dealer's show window, a treasure-box of silverware unlike any she had ever seen before.

Not just six knives and forks and spoons, but *eight* of each . . . enough for her daily needs — with some to spare—to free her of embarrassment when chance guests dropped in or the luncheon called for two tables.

She could have her choice of patterns, all were charming—in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate, a synonym for silverware superlatively fine in her family for generations.

And the price was the greatest surprise of all! Only $43.50 in a handsome gift box and but $49.50 when encased in the wonderful Spanish Treasure Chest of green and gold.

Of course she bought it, her friends envied it, and she was supremely happy.

POSTSCRIPT: *A few copies of "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense" still available . . . Booklet B-90 sent gladly on request . . . Address Dept. E., International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

Tea and coffee sets . . . together with complete dinner services and decorative pieces . . . may be had in patterns to match spoons . . . forks and knives

·1847 ROGERS BROS·
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO....CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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—FRITZ KREISLER.

Kreisler is *actually* Kreisler on the New Orthophonic Victrola

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